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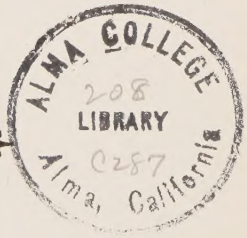

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Ven. Margaret Clitheroe.

BY THE REV. A. B. GURDON.

THE story of the first female martyr in the cause of God's truth, in any country or at any time, must always be interesting; for God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and our faith in His over-ruling presence and grace is brightened by reading about it.

But when the scene is laid in our own country, and in times when the names of persons and places sound very much as they do now, the effect is increased. The question occurs to all of us. If we were called to undergo the same ordeal, should we be faithful as she was?

Just three hundred years ago, there lived in York a little girl called Margaret Middleton. Her lot was cast in terrible times, for wicked people ruled England then.

For nine hundred years every man, woman, and child in England had been Catholics. They were all united to the Pope, and united to one another. Many of them were very good Catholics. They devoted their money and their time to advance God's kingdom in every way. They built and adorned most beautiful cathedrals and churches all over the country, and went in crowds to worship there. York Minster and other glorious churches, all built and decorated by pious Roman Catholics, remain to this day.

But just about the time when Margaret was born, a great change came over the land. Queen Elizabeth,

for her own purposes, had set up an entirely new religion. She banished, or imprisoned, all the Catholic bishops, and about two thousand priests and had new bishops of her own, without proper orders, jurisdiction, or mission: and these she intruded into Catholic sees, and gave them ministers instead of priests to assist them in the new worship. This was the beginning of what is called "the Church of England."

Not content with doing away with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the beautiful offices and ceremonies which for centuries all Englishmen had revered and been accustomed to, Elizabeth caused a new Prayer Book of her own to be adopted in the churches, and passed a number of cruel laws, by which it was made death, fine, or imprisonment, to worship in the old way, or indeed, not to worship in the new way.

Thus the poor English Catholics were cheated out of their religion. They could not pay the fines; they dared not face the dreadful tortures which the law inflicted upon those who would not submit to the Queen's church; and they did not know what to do.

But God never leaves his faithful children without consolation. He raised up holy and zealous priests, who came over from abroad, and hid about in various houses all over the country, ministering as well as they could to the dying Catholics, and encouraging the living. It was death if they were discovered, and so generally they went about disguised as labourers or mechanics; and, as we shall shortly see, it was death for any Catholic to harbour them or give them shelter.

Such were the circumstances under which Margaret Middleton passed her childhood. Her father and mother, who were wealthy people in the city of York, had conformed to the new religion, and Margaret was brought up a Protestant. We know very little of her girlhood; but in the year 1571 she was married to a rich butcher of the city of York, of the name of Clitheroe, so Margaret Clitheroe we will henceforth call her.

I told you that when Queen Elizabeth, for her own purposes, determined to put down the old religion and invent a new one of her own, she fixed upon ministers of

her new religion who would best forward her impious designs, as bishops of her Church.

Accordingly, Dr. Grindal was intruded into the see of York. His great object seemed to be to destroy, if possible, all traces of the old religion. Many beautiful churches in York were levelled to the ground, and the holiest objects were purposely chosen as suitable instruments for his spirit of sacrilege.

In order to root out, as far as he could, all remembrances of that Holy Faith which had been the support and consolation of thousands for so many centuries, he ordered the altar stones, which, as you know, are solemnly consecrated, to be placed in the pavement of the churches on the floors, so that all who passed might walk upon them. To this day some of these sacred stones may be seen, with their five crosses, in the floors of the York churches.

All idea of the Sacrifice of the Mass was thus to be extinguished; and the very words 'priest,' 'altar,' 'vestments,' were used in terms of mockery and hatred.

We see from this the great hatred that the enemy of Jesus Christ and His Church has always shown to the central act of Christian worship, namely, the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Once get rid of that, and you get rid of all. This mystery is the fountain of all spiritual life in the Church. Here Jesus is offered up to His Eternal Father, as Victim of propitiation for sin, as the Great Intercessor for our necessities, as the great expression of the worship due from the creature to the Creator. Here too is consecrated that which is the very life of our souls; the only means by which we can persevere in following Christ to heaven, and the only means by which we can secure a blessed resurrection for our bodies after death.

Without the Mass, there is no witness to the claims of God on earth; and this is why the devil hates it so much, and why we should love it, and assist at it as often as we can with the greatest devotion and thanksgiving.

It is no wonder, then, that Margaret Clitheroe found no peace in the new religion in which she had been reared. She was not a learned woman, but she knew

enough to be quite certain that the religion she saw around her could not be the religion of Jesus Christ.

Besides that, there were many more Catholics in York at that time than there are now. Persecution and false teaching had not had time to do its evil work when she lived. Above all there was the tradition, still fresh, of the holy religion, the mother of saints and the mother of martyrs, to point to the old paths, and to claim her obedience.

The more she looked, and thought and prayed, the more she saw there was but one thing to be done—to be received into God's One, Holy, Catholic Church, and that at once; for time is short, and eternity is long. Accordingly she applied to one of the priests who was hiding about in the neighbourhood, and by the grace of God was admitted by him into the One Fold of the One Shepherd.

And now began her grand life. She did not, as some converts do after their reception, go back to her old ways, friends, and acquaintances, and so risk losing the grace of her conversion; but she gave herself to forming the acquaintance of all the good Catholics she could see, and above all, of those holy priests who were endangering their lives to keep up the Faith amid their scattered flocks in England.

Her husband seems to have been a good-humoured, kind-hearted, well-to-do man, such as we often meet with among Protestants now. He let her do pretty much as she liked. He even allowed her to talk to her children of the doctrines of the Faith, and to teach them their Catechism; and when she could find a suitable room in her house she fitted it up as a chapel, and supplied vessels and vestments for the celebration of Mass whenever a priest came by.

And many there were, whose names, we know now, are written in God's Book of Life, who frequented that house, and said Mass in the humble chapel in the Shambles. There was the Blessed Fr. James Thompson, and the Blessed Fr. William Hart, and Blessed Fr. Richard Thirkill, who all died martyrs at the gallows erected at the York Tyburn, about half a mile outside the walls of the city.

Often and often would Margaret go to that sacred spot. It was dangerous to be seen going there in the daylight, for Micklegate Bar, the gate of the city which led to it, was carefully guarded by a porter who watched every one passing in and out; and there were spies, besides, all over the town, who knew that the place of martyrdom was dear to Catholics, and were on the look out for any one they saw going there.

And so Margaret generally went at night. She would set out with other Catholic women when all was quiet, sometimes barefoot, and saying her beads the while. Can we not almost follow the very steps of her blessed feet? Down the narrow street of the Shambles, and across the pavement to Ousebridge, she would pass by St. William's chapel which was then standing on the bridge, and the Tolbooth, where she was to suffer her cruel martyrdom, and along Micklegate, and under the Bar, having bribed the porter to let her pass, and along Blossom Street, by the very doors of the new Catholic Church, to the grassy mound which stood in the middle of the present road, just past the White House, opposite Hob Moor Gate.

There she passed hours in prayer, and learned the science of the Saints; there she obtained those graces which were to support her in the hour of need and make her a martyr in her turn. Then she would go back to her home, fortified for her life of danger and charity.

What Masses must she have heard in that little chapel in the Shambles! What Communions she must have made!

Priests would come for a night; and she would receive and entertain them, and with joy make use of their ministrations, and prepare the necessaries for their Mass in the morning, and send them on their way in secrecy.

Let us never forget Margaret was no foreigner—she was an Englishwoman, and spoke our language, and practised our ways and manners; and this is what *she* thought of the Sacraments, and the Priesthood, and the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. She risked her life that she might see a priest and assist at his Mass, and receive her Lord in the Holy Communion.

You will see Catholics now who have priests and Mass and Sacraments quite close to them; and they have no persecution, and no risk, and no danger; yet they will get out of the way of the priest, and never go near either Mass or Sacrament.

And so her quiet home life went on. There were times when a priest would come and take up his abode in her house for some little time, going out from his hiding place every now and then to hear the confessions of the poor dying Catholics in the neighbourhood, or, disguised as a servant man, visiting the faithful who had been imprisoned by Elizabeth in York Castle.

At such times Margaret would be overjoyed. She made the most of her opportunities. We hear of her going to confession twice a week, and she heard Mass with the greatest devotion every morning, kneeling by the door of the little room behind her servants and all the others, who were huddled together while the Sacrifice was going on.

When no priest was in the house she did not give up her pious exercises. She could not hear Mass, it is true; but she made up for it by praying in the room, and reciting the Office of Our Lady, which she had learned by heart, and waiting for the next priest who should visit her.

Venerable Margaret Clitheroe valued the Mass. It was this love of the Mass which led to her harbouring of priests: and it was the harbouring of priests which kept up the offering of the Holy Sacrifice uninterruptedly, in our land, up to our own days.

Her confessor, Father Mush, who wrote her life, tells us how she would assist at Mass "with her eyes fixed on the sacred altar, intent on what was being enacted there," and when (as we shall presently see) she hired a room a distance from her home, for greater security, where the faithful could more easily assemble for Mass, but whither she herself could less often come, owing to spies upon her steps, she thus answered one commiserating her loss; "My heart is with you—I trust you remember me toiling in the world—though I cannot come as I desire, yet it doth me good, and much com-

forteth me, that I know I have priests here, and that God is any way served by my means." It was by assisting at Mass that she learned to sacrifice herself daily with the Divine Victim on the altar, and therefore she led daily a life of self sacrifice in her home duties. There she learned the dignity of the priesthood, upon whose valid consecration the Sacrifice, the centre of religion, itself depends.

This state of things did not last very long. The Catholics in the north were so numerous, and the labours of the hiding priests had done so much to keep up the faith of the people, that Queen Elizabeth became alarmed.

Dr. Grindal had told her of the numbers at York alone, who still belonged to the real Church of England, and refused to join the new religion which he had done his best to enforce.

Accordingly, the Queen established a tribunal at York, presided over by a fierce Protestant; and armed it with laws of extra severity against all priests, whenever they could be hunted up, and against all who received priests into their houses, especially if they presumed to have Mass said in them, or to assist at it.

Margaret was not daunted by this cruel law. She had lately seen a great deal of her own confessor, Father Mush, and his companion Father Ingleby, and knew well of what consequence they were to the Catholics of York; and she was determined to keep up the chapel, and at the same time to provide for the safety of all. So she hired another room in a distant part of the city, where Mass could be said as well as in her own chapel in the Shambles.

Thus, she baffled the persecutors. While they were lying in wait to see who went in and out of her house, the faithful were gathered together in the other room far off, and were able to worship in peace and security.

This went on for a little time, but at last a thing happened which brought the whole to a crisis.

I told you that Mr. Clitheroe was a kind-hearted Protestant, who loved and respected his wife, and did everything she wished. I need not tell you that the great thing she wished, and for which she cared most,

was, that her children, Henry and Anne, should be brought up as Catholics. Accordingly her son was sent abroad to a Catholic school. This was against the law, and came to the ears of the Council of the North. Mr. Clitheroe was sent for and asked about it. Everyone knew he was a Protestant; so after a little more inquiry the whole of Margaret's life and way of going on was known to the Council.

They took care not to ask the husband any questions; but they got hold of a foreign boy whom Margaret had taken into the house and been kind to, and from him they got all the evidence required.

The searchers came to the house in the Shambles, with Sheriff Fawcet at their head, and frightened the boy into telling them where the chapel was, and where the church plate and vestments were kept. These they seized; and having examined the various hiding places which Margaret had contrived in case of a sudden visit of this kind, they carried everything off—books, plate, vestments, and altar ornaments—and bid Margaret follow them in close custody.

The servants and the little Anne were all taken up and lodged in various prisons in the city, but Margaret was taken alone; and about seven in the evening was sent to the Castle, which was then, as now, the principal gaol in York.

There she sat in her gloomy cell. Gaols were not then as they are now. Of course prison cannot be made a very pleasant place but modern prisoners have clean cells, and wholesome food; and this was not the case in Margaret's time, especially in the places where the Catholic prisoners were confined.

Many of them died from the filth and squalor of their dungeons. A miserable bed, swarming with vermin, a broken stool, a pitcher of water, and a loaf of bread, which could hardly be seen in the darkness—that is the gloomy picture which the young wife of thirty years found around her on this spring evening.

And was Margaret unhappy? Did she sit down and cry, and rock to and fro, because she found herself alone in this horrible place?

No: when the gaolor came in to see her he found her singing. She only asked after husband and children, and when she found that nothing serious was likely to happen to them, and that no fear or compulsion had caused them to tell lies, or commit sin she was merrier than ever. Shortly after, her friend Mrs. Tesh came in. She also, it appears, had been committed to the Castle for refusing to go to the new services, and the two friends had a happy night of it together in the cell.

"They laughed pleasantly," we are told, "over their supper, because of the various shifts they had to make so as to manage without plates or cups, for they had neither."

Only, before she retired to rest Margaret threw herself on her knees, and thanked God that no priests had been apprehended, and that those who were dear to her had not been led into sin. So full of joy was she that she said to Mrs. Tesh, "Sister, we are so merry together that, unless we part, I fear we shall come to lose the merit of our imprisonment."

So happy was she, that a little time before she was called to the judges, she said "'Yet before I go, I will make all my brothers and sisters on the other side of the hall merry:' and looking out of the window towards them—(they were five and thirty, and might easily behold her from thence,)—she made a pair of gallows on her fingers, and pleasantly laughed at them."

The parting, however, was soon to come. Next day she was ordered to appear before the Council.

The place where Margaret was tried has little altered since then. It was a beautiful building called the Gildhall. The massive pillars were each separate trees brought from a forest far off, and the windows, though they have other subjects in them now, were filled with stained glass, probably illustrating the lives of St. Christopher and St. George, the Patron Saints of the Gild. That open timber roof was the same that Margaret looked at, when first she entered the hall to be put on trial.

Judge Clinch was on the bench. The hall was crowded with people to hear the trial, and Margaret was placed at the bar. The charges were read.

They accused her of harbouring priests, assisting at Mass, and sending her boy to a Popish college.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the Judge.

She answered, "I know of no offence of which I could confess myself guilty."

"But you must plead," said the Judge.

Margaret still refused. At this moment a number of men came into the hall bearing in their hands, chalices, books, and vestments of every kind and colour. These they put upon the table before the Judge, and then proceeded to put them on themselves, dancing, and marching about amid the laughter of the crowd. We can see the whole thing now in imagination. The ruffians with the albs and chasubles on, some of them inside out; and the ignorant coarse faces of the mocking bystanders, while the holy Margaret, though indignant at their shocking profanity, quietly prayed for them.

"Now," said Judge Clinch, "these things were found in your house; are you going to plead guilty or not guilty, that a jury of your country may try you?"

But Margaret still refused to plead. She knew perfectly well that they would bring her in guilty, and that the sentence in store for her was a fearful one. It was nothing less than to be taken to Tyburn, and then hung on the gallows till she was half dead, then cut down, and laid on the scaffold, while the executioner ripped her up with a sharp knife, pulled out her heart, and burnt it on a cauldron of coals which was ready for the purpose. This was bad enough, but if she did not plead there was a worse punishment before her. It was this—she was to be taken to the Tolbooth, and tied down on the ground, and a heavy door placed upon her, on which immense weights would be put which would crush her to pieces.

This refusal of Margaret to plead has led to much comment. Many Protestants who have been much impressed by her life and death, have condemned her for thus throwing away her life: and are inclined to rebel against the word 'Martyr' being used of one who refused even to be tried, knowing that certain death was before her.

The true reason was, that her children, servants, and other weak people, would be brought up as witnesses against her, and she would not run the risk of the scandal to them, which their enforced testimony might occasion.

As she said herself, either they would tell the truth, and then her blood would be shed on account of their accusation—a life-long sorrow to them; or they would tell lies, and so offend God.

Therefore she would not plead, and preferred the extra torment her conduct involved, to being the occasion of one soul being saddened or stained.

This is the way the Saints looked on the sin of scandal. I need not say, that when we too often make others sin from pride or pleasure, we regard things differently from the Saints.

At last Judge Clinch sentenced her to death, and it was to be the death of those who would not plead. She was to be crushed to death.

The Judge was not a cruel man. He spent the next few days, while Margaret was taken back to her condemned cell, in Mr. Trewe's house, in doing his best to get the sentence changed, but the other Lords of the Council would not consent. No, the sentence must stand. Margaret must die.

And now, dear readers, I want to show you a wonderful coincidence.

You know that those whom Jesus loves best He makes most like Himself, and this faithful copy of His own Passion and mockery, and bitter death, He would bestow on Margaret. He also had an unjust Judge, who tried to release Him, but found he could not do so without displeasing the world. That was Pontius Pilate.

Whenever you say the, "I believe," you say that our Lord "suffered under Pontius Pilate." His name is branded with infamy for ever! So with Judge Clinch. Wherever the story of Margaret is told, there the name of that bad weak man will be published. "He that is not with Me is against Me," says our Lord.

We have seen that all this was happening in the spring-time of the year, when we keep Lent. It is very difficult to fix the exact date in the Church Calendar of

her martyrdom, owing to the confusion between the old and new style of computation. It certainly happened on Friday, March 25th of that year.

It was, therefore, Lady Day, but whether it was the last Friday in Lent, Good Friday, or the Friday before, when we keep the Feast of the Seven Dolours, we cannot quite determine. At any rate, whether her passion was to be brought into union with that of her Blessed Lord Himself, or with His Mother's sorrows, it was God's will that the circumstances of her pain should resemble His.

It was on the last evening of His life, that our Blessed Lord went into the Garden of Olives with His chosen Apostles, and underwent His fearful agony. He "began to fear and to be heavy," and "His soul was sorrowful unto death." And Margaret must have her agony too, and like her Master, "tread the winepress alone."

There in the little room of John Trewe's house she passed that fearful night. A kind-hearted Protestant woman, Mrs. Yoward, who could not in the least understand Margaret, stayed a short time with her, and then went to her bed. Margaret fell on her knees and prayed in agony for strength. "The flesh is weak," she said, as Jesus had said before her. But what could Mrs. Yoward say? She begged her to eat something; but Margaret knew that at such an hour bread alone could not cheer the trembling heart, and on her knees on the chill stones only, could she find comfort. Look at her for a moment: no priest, no Sacraments—none of those consolations we hope to have when we are dying—no, alone seems us pray—but God was very near her. He is never so near, as when we are most alone

Mrs. Yoward woke in the early morning, and there was Margaret still kneeling on the cold floor; but there was a look of unearthly happiness in her face—the Angel of consolation had come!

"And will you not come to bed," said the kindly woman, "and warm your chilled limbs?" Margaret did as she was desired, and waited for the dawn of her last

Good Friday. At eight o'clock the sheriff and his officers were to come.

Once more Mrs. Yoward tried to throw some comfort on the scene. "I will get some friends of mine to heap greater weights on you, so that your death may be more speedy." "No," answered the martyr, "God forbid that I should procure any to be guilty of my death and blood." Even at such a moment Margaret thought of scandal.

And now the last moments had arrived. They told her of her husband's distracted state of grief ever since her condemnation; and she sent him her hat, with a message that it came from "his loving wife, as a sign of her duty and obedience." To her daughter, little Anne she sent her worsted hose, and her shoes.

We do not hear much more of Mr. Clitheroe. He was dreadfully affected when he heard of his wife's condemnation, and had been sent out of the city a few days before her martyrdom, so as not to be actually present while the deed was being accomplished. I regret, however, to say that what we do hear is not much to his credit.

Although he had his blessed wife's example and that of a brother of his own, a priest into the bargain, we hear of his being "a man of good behaviour, and a dutiful subject, obedient to her majesty's laws, and one who dutifully and orderly hitherto had repaired to the church to hear divine service and sermons." And this shortly after Margaret's death.

He had married again, and "was of the best sort of the citizens, and well liked of this court" (the corporation of York), and he was chosen, as one of the best inhabitants of the city to have "a decent and comely gown made after the citizen's fashion of a sad colour," to receive King James, as he passed through York on his way from Scotland, on his accession. I am afraid it looks as if he had an eye for "comely gowns" and this world's prizes.

Ah! it is not enough to be kind-hearted and mean well. When we come near the martyrs, we must either share their cross, or miss their crown.

But Margaret's prayers were heard for her children. Her two boys both remained firm, and became priests abroad.

I think we might almost make a meditation on Margaret's joy in heaven, as the Mass-loving Martyr assisting in spirit at the first Masses of her only sons!

Of little Anne there is more to be said. When Margaret was arrested, she was "at the first committed to ward because she would not betray her mother, and there extremely used for that she would not go to the church." What this "extreme using" was we do not quite know. Some say that she was cruelly whipped but of this we cannot be certain. After her mother's martyrdom, "the heretics came up to her and said, that unless she would go to the church and hear a sermon, her mother should be put to death." This lie had its effect. "The child, thereby thinking to save her mother's life, went to a sermon, and thus they deceived her."

Anne was about twelve years old at the time of her mother's death, and it may be that when her father married again, her home was not a happy one. At any rate, we are told that "without his consent or knowledge she left York, and soon afterwards, for 'causes ecclesiastical' was imprisoned in Lancaster gaol."

We gather from this that little Anne's faith grew stronger by sorrow and suffering. Her stepmother was almost certainly a Protestant, and her whole life was sadly altered from what it had been in her blessed mother's time. She had evidently also done something to excite persecution; probably by refusing to attend the Protestant services and sermons.

When she was about eighteen years old, a petition was sent to the Privy Council, that she might be released from gaol, on condition of her returning to her father, and conferring with "learned and godly preachers for such reasonable time as to their honours should seem convenient." Accordingly, she went back to York, but her mother's hose and shoes were more fruitful sermons than any the preachers could offer, and she refused bravely to 'conform.'

Three years afterwards, she contrived, either by banishment or escape, to get across the seas, and in 1596, just ten years after her mother's death, she became a nun in St. Ursula's Convent, Louvain, and was one of the four English sisters who remained there, when the others established St. Monica's Convent. So that was the end of little Anne—and that was the way she wore her mother's hose and shoes.

Anne Tesh, Margaret's great friend, became a valiant woman indeed.

In the year 1596, ten years after the martyrdom, she was condemned for treason, and sentenced to be burnt alive, for "persuading a minister to be a Catholic." She was reprieved, and remained in York Castle as long as Queen Elizabeth lived.

When first apprehended with Margaret, she was put down in the list as one "who cometh not to the church, because her conscience will not serve her, for there is neither priest, altar, nor sacraments."

It is rather interesting to think what Anne Tesh would have thought of some people who come to us now-a-days and say they are "Catholics, but not Roman Catholics." The minister whom Anne Tesh persuaded to become a Catholic, was a brother minister of the ministers of the "Church of England" now. If he were a Catholic all the time, why did he not say so, and why did he allow himself to become one? and, above all, why was Anne comdemned to be burnt alive, for persuading him to be what he always was?

There were no "Catholics" who were not "Roman Catholics" then. It is a new phrase, like a great many other new things that we see now; and there is nothing like the lives of the Martyrs to answer emphatically all these attempts to confuse the history of the Catholic Church in England. The word "martyr" means "witness." They were witnesses not only to God's Truth, but to man's truth as well.

At eight o'clock, the Sheriff Fawcet and his men arrived, and the sad procession set out from Mr. Trewe's house, across the road, for the Tolbooth on Ouse Bridge.

The people were crowded on the bridge to see the Martyr pass. Do you not think that many must have looked up at the Minister towers, and the beautiful belfries of the churches, and thought, "What is all this for? She is only practising the religion of the good men who built these churches!" Whatever they thought, they were very respectful, and full of pity for the fair young woman, who was going to her death so calmly and modestly.

She walked barefoot, carrying the linen garment she had made for her martyrdom on her arm, from her prison to the Tolbooth, across the road.

The old Tolbooth is taken down now, and the bridge itself has been much altered, but the Catholic children of York know well where the spot is—a little wide of the pavement, on the west side of the bridge, jutting out into the road a few feet before you come to the first arch.

It was probably a vaulted chamber of stone, of no great size. When Margaret entered it, she saw at once the preparations for her awful martyrdom. The heavy oaken door, the sharp stone about the size of a man's fist, which was to be placed underneath her back; and the great stone weights which were to be put on the door.

The minister Frost came forward and offered to pray with her.

"No, Sir," said Margaret, "I will not pray with you, and you shall not pray with me; neither will I say Amen to your prayers, nor shall you to mine."

What did Margaret mean? She was very near God now. She was either very right or very wrong. Some people would say she was very wrong. If the prayers are good surely it is good to join in them.

As I said before, Margaret was not a learned woman, but she knew her religion. She knew that over and over again God has told us by His Church, that He will not have us join with heretics in prayer, and for this reason. It is not the question as to what prayers are said. It may be God's own prayer, the "Our Father," which is said; but the Holy Scripture tells us that no one can say "Abba, Father," to God rightly, unless the Holy Spirit guide him; and heretics are opposing the Holy

Spirit of Truth, and therefore, to pray under the guidance of the Holy Spirit with those who are opposing the same Spirit, is a sin.

What Margaret said, St. Augustine, in the Council of Carthage, twelve hundred years before, had said; and Pope Paul IV. had reiterated to the persecuted Catholics in Margaret's time.

We can quite understand, now, what Margaret would have thought of Catholics going to Protestant prayers.

This was her last Act of Faith. The Martyr knelt on the ground, and the women put the linen garment on her.

When all was ready, the Sheriff ordered the door to be put upon her. Her hands were tied to posts, one on each side. Under her back was put the sharp stone.

She was very like Jesus, with His arms extended on the Cross. Then four men came in bearing the heavy stone weights, and laid them on the door.

"Bring more weight," said the Sheriff, and as, with frightful violence, they hurled them on the door, the Martyr's bones gave way.

She gasped out piteously—

"Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, help me, Blessed Jesu, I suffer this for Thy sake."

The blood poured from under the door. The face of the Martyr, convulsed with agony, still pleaded for dispatch.

"Bring more stones," said the Sheriff in a husky voice.

They piled more stones upon her, and still the eyes moved. The women, shrieking, ran to the gates of the prison, and entreated the men to be quick.

She was a quarter of an hour dying—at last—"Jesu Jesu, Jesu, have mercy upon me," and all was still.

By that door she entered into the presence of her Jesu, and though, amidst pools of blood, her mangled body lay under the heavy weights, are we not reminded of St. Paul's beautiful words: "For that which is at present momentary, and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly, an eternal *weight* of glory."—2 Cor. ii. 17.

The body lay as it was, till three o'clock in the afternoon, at the hour when the body of Jesus was taken down from the Cross, on the first Good Friday.

They buried it in a foul dunghill, near the city walls. But six weeks afterwards the Catholics secretly recovered it. They took it a long way off and buried it in honour. But the days were dangerous, and the secret of the tomb was observed so well, that to this day we do not know where the body is.

It may be that, if we pray very hard, God may see fit to reveal this resting-place of His servant, and we may have her blessed relics again.

One very good thing they did. They cut off one of her hands; and by an unbroken tradition of two hundred years, this hand has been preserved in the Convent of St. Mary's just outside Micklegate Bar, at York, where it is shown in a beautiful reliquary.

We are the countrymen and countrywomen of Margaret—what can we do for her?

Margaret is alive—and Queen Elizabeth, and Judge Clinch, and Sheriff Fawcet—they are all alive somewhere: for our Heavenly Father is not "the God of the dead, but of the living."

Margaret is alive, and the Church has told us she is a "Venerable Servant of God," and you know that by the blessed Communion of Saints, the servants of God are not strangers. We can do things for them, and they can do things for us. Her intercessory power is indeed required in these days.

Seventy thousand mortal sins, at the lowest calculation, well up to God's throne every year from London alone. Seventy thousand Catholics refuse to make their Easter Communion—and this in the land where Margaret died for the Faith!

It may be, that when we are dead and gone, the Holy Church will give her a higher title than she has got.

It may be that 'all generations shall call her Blessed,' and her name may be enrolled among the Saints.

It may be that through the glorious aisles of York Minster, a Catholic procession once more may pass,

with thuribles, and banners, and lights, and bishops in their mitres, up to the blazing shrine where Margaret is honoured.

But far better than joining in a beautiful procession, we can do something *now* to advance Margaret's honour.

When the evil world is putting its baits before us to seduce us from our Faith—let us remember Margaret.

When pleasure and sense would suggest "going with the swim," and living as those around us do, and not as Catholic children of the Saints—let us remember Margaret.

When the breath of the tempter is on us, and we quail in the battle, and are ashamed of our religion, and flinch from ridicule—let us remember Margaret.

The word Margaret, in Latin, signifies a Pearl, and that is why the people of the North have called her the "Pearl of York" the Pearl of great price in the treasury of Heaven.

When the King makes up His jewels, and we next see Margaret, it will be no light reward to be told that though we were poor, and obscure, and not Martyrs, we had done some little thing to increase the lustre of "The Pearl of York."

Hymn to Ven. Margaret Clitheroe.

1.

Holy Martyr bending o'er us
With thy fair young English face,
Faithful heart and valiant spirit,
Glory of our land and race;
We, in days of peace and softness
Look to thee lest we forget
We are children of the Martyrs,
Brave and holy Margaret!

2.

Was it for thy simple virtues,
For thy pure and blameless life,—
Prudent mother, kindly mistress,
Loving friend and faithful wife—
That our Lord in mercy crowned thee
With Faith's blessèd coronet,
And that Faith, by thine allegiance,
Crowned thee martyr—Margaret?

3.

Ah! *we* have not waited for it,
That dear Faith was ours at birth!
Teach us then, like thee, to prize it
As the dearest thing on earth:—
If, like thee, we may not seal it
With our blood,—Oh may we yet
To our Faith live ever loyal
Faithful martyr, Margaret!

4.

By thy brave and secret service
To the hunted priests of God,
By the Masses heard so often
At the peril of thy blood,
Win us grace a higher value
On Christ's Sacrifice to set
Whose divinely fruitful virtue
Made thee martyr, Margaret!

5.

Barefoot through the silent city
Thou wouldst make thy way by night
To the tree where hung the martyrs
Who had won the bloody fight.
Kneeling on the grassy hillock
With the victors' life-blood wet
Thou didst win a martyr's graces,
Brave and blessèd Margaret!

6.

When the King of Martyrs called thee
In thy turn to die for Him,
For thy very joy they found thee
Singing in thy prison dim.
Teach our earth-bound hearts the lesson
We so easily forget
That we have no lasting city
Till we join thee, Margaret!

7.

By thine own heroic silence
When they urged on thee to plead,
Lest the word that saves thee torment
Were to others sinful deed,
Let no word or act of ours
Wrong in other souls beget—
From the lightest sin of scandal
Shield us, saintly Margaret!

8.

By thy soul's terrific anguish
Thro' that last most lonely night,
By the patient prayer which brought thee
From the darkness to the light,
By thy likeness to thy Master
In His prayer and bloody sweat,
Pray for us that in our sorrows
We may pray too, Margaret!

9.

Lying with thine arms extended
Like thy Master Crucified,
Dying for the love of Jesus
On the day when Jesus died;
If the stones pressed heavy on thee
Other weight pressed stronger yet,—
Love of Margaret for Jesus,
Jesus' love for Margaret.

10.

As thy mangled body lieth
Crushed beneath the oaken door,
Thro' that door thy soul is passing
To the bright and distant shore.
In Christ's diadem of glory
As a jewel thou art set,
Pearl of England, pearl of Jesus,
Blessèd martyr Margaret!

HENRY VIII.

AND

THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES

BY CARDINAL MANNING

De Maistre said truly that history for three hundred years has been in conspiracy against the Catholic Church. The Protestant historians of Germany, France, England and Scotland, have written a mass of falsified history and falsified biography which reigned supreme and unchallenged until our day. A reaction at last set in. In Germany, Schlegel, Hurter, Ranke, Döllinger, and many more; in France, Montalembert, Ozanam, de Broglie, Rohrbacher, and others; in England, Lingard, Tytler, Hallam, and Friedmann, have broken the spell of historical falsehood. Maitland, in his book on *The Dark Ages*, was the first to expose the persistent unfaithfulness of anti-Catholic historians, who handed on, with continual embellishment and exaggeration, a multitude of traditional fables. Perhaps no greater example of this immoral practice can be found than in the history of the dissolution of the monasteries in England.

We propose in this paper, following Fr. Gasquet's excellent work on *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries* (from which the passages cited in these pages are taken), to give what seems to be a faithful account of the dissolution and of the character of its chief authors,

commencing our task by tracing out the series of events which rendered possible the acts of Henry VIII. First amongst these was the vast change which passed upon the social state of England by the ravages of the Black Death. Though one hundred and fifty years had elapsed before Henry VIII. came to the throne, nevertheless its effects were still perceptible. In the years 1348–9 about one-half of the entire population was swept away. In Norwich alone, 57,304 people, besides religious and beggars, and 863 incumbents of livings, were said to have died. Out of 799 priests in the county of Norfolk 527 died of the plague. The bishop obtained from Clement VI. power to dispense sixty clerks who were then only twenty-one years of age, and allow them to hold livings; a thousand livings had been rendered vacant; two-thirds of the clergy of England had been carried off by the Black Death. The effect of this was to produce a crisis between the labourers and their employers. The permanent retainers of the nobles and the monasteries had disappeared, and the modern system of letting had been introduced. Peasant proprietors were greatly reduced in number, and the people were no longer bound to the lords of the land by the old ties. This destroyed the power of the nobles and exalted that of the king. The poverty and distress following upon the diminution of labour and of agriculture, and the suspension of religious care and teaching caused by the sudden removal of a great multitude of the clergy, had disastrous effects. Upon this followed all the evils of thirty-five years of warfare between the Houses of York and Lancaster. The power of the nobles was finally broken, and the power of the king became sole and supreme. Two evils followed upon this. First, the creation of new peers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who had no sympathy, by birth or training, with the traditions of the past; and secondly, the rise of a new race of men—namely, the "Officials," adventurers, ill-paid, restless, discontented and grasping. Their whole hope and dependence was in the king, and they became ready tools of his despotic will.

All these preludes made possible such a career as that of Thomas Wolsey. As the favourite of the king, and Lord High Chancellor of England, he gradually clothed himself with all the powers of the State, and by the favour of the king he obtained all the highest powers of the Church, one only excepted. He was Archbishop of York, and held Winchester and other bishoprics *in commendam*, together with the Abbey of St. Albans. He was Cardinal and Legate, and, during the imprisonment of Clement VIII., he obtained faculties for himself and for the King of France to confirm all kinds of ecclesiastical matters with a *quasi* papal authority. For the first time in the history of England such civil and ecclesiastical powers were united in one person. The transfer of the same as a whole afterwards to Henry VIII., followed almost as a matter of course by the Statute of 1534.

It must not be forgotten that at this time the minds of men had been distracted by the great Western Schism, by the frequent subtraction of obedience, by the doubtful election of Popes, and the simultaneous existence of two or even three claimants to the Holy See, that the supreme Pontifical authority had become in many places a matter of academical discussion. Nothing but such preludes could have instigated even Gerson to write on thesis *de Auferibilitate Papæ*. This throws much light upon the singular fact attested by Sir Thomas More, in speaking to the jury and the judge by whom he was condemned, when the sentence of death was pronounced upon him :—"I have, by the grace of God, been always a Catholic, never out of communion with the Roman Pontiff; but I have heard it said at times that the authority of the Roman Pontiff was certainly lawful and to be respected, but still an authority derived from human law and not standing upon a divine prescription. Then, when I observed that public affairs were so ordered that the sources of the power of the Roman Pontiff would necessarily be examined, I gave myself up to a most diligent examination of that question for the space of seven years, and found that the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which you rashly—I will not use stronger lan-

guage—have set aside, is not only lawful, to be respected and necessary, but also grounded on the divine law and prescription. That is my opinion; that is the belief in which by the grace of God I shall die." Already in those days the name Papist was used as a reproach.

Wolsey was the first at that time to set the example of suppressing monasteries, for the purpose of founding a college at Oxford. The king followed his example, in asking to suppress monasteries for the foundation of new cathedrals. Men were, therefore, prepared for such a policy.

Whatever faults may be charged against the career of Wolsey, there is a grandeur about it, both in his prosperity and in his fall. Few things in our history are more pathetic than the suddenness with which he fell. The tyranny of Henry VIII. was oriental. His favour was life, his displeasure death. Surrounded by enemies, watched day and night by spies, betrayed by those he trusted most, the great Cardinal and Chancellor found himself in a day stripped of all power, banished from court, and a prisoner in his own house. Mr. Brewer has written this history with a worthy compassion. The few months of Wolsey in the Archbishopric of York, visiting his churches, confirming children, and living among the poor, were a beautiful picture of Christian humility, and the best preparation for the end that awaited him at Leicester on the way to the Tower. The fall of Wolsey was the fall of an ecclesiastical period. The next Lord High Chancellor of England was Thomas More, and with him came in the lay world, which has reigned more and more until this day. It is strange that the first layman that kept the king's conscience should have died a martyr for resisting the royal lusts.

The martyrdom of Blessed Thomas More made way for a man as bad and as base as the king and the times demanded.

Thomas Cromwell is said to have been the son of a blacksmith at Putney. He was, it seems, for some offence, thrown into prison, and obliged to leave the country. Then he was a common soldier in Italy. He was, as it was believed, in the army of the Duke of

Bourbon, which in 1527 sacked Rome and imprisoned Clement VII. It is said that among those who outraged Rome was "an Englishman of low, vicious habits and infidel principles, who afterwards became of terrific importance in the Church of England." Cromwell told Cranmer "that he had been at one time a ruffian." Then he became a merchant, a scrivener, a money-lender, a lawyer, a member of Parliament, a courtier and dependant of Wolsey, a dealer in "Boston pardons," and a disciple of Machiavelli, whose works he studied while he was in Italy. The history of his rise and iniquities verifies the Italian proverb—

Inglese Italianato
È Diavolo Incarnato.

Henry VIII., when at cards, if a knave was dealt to him, used to say, "I have Cromwell."

When Wolsey fell, Cromwell had to take care of himself, for the people had already consigned him to the gallows. It was believed that he saved himself by destroying his master—that is, by stealing and delivering to the king the royal permission, under the great seal, whereby Wolsey had exercised his legatine powers. Certain it is that Wolsey, not being able to produce this document, was in *præmunire*, and compelled to throw himself on the king's mercy. This was final and fatal. All the Cardinal's possessions were forfeited, but Cromwell retained, by royal leave, the administration of them. In this office he made himself profitable to certain nobles; and from that time his rise was rapid. He became Master of the Jewels, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Rolls, Secretary of State, Vicar-General of the king in ecclesiastical matters, Lord Privy Seal, Dean of Wells, High Chamberlain. In 1533 he was knighted, then made Earl of Essex. In 1534 the king had made himself, by Act of Parliament, Head of the Church in all matters spiritual and temporal. In all this usurped power Thomas Cromwell was Vicar-General, and, in fact, the sole executive of this twofold supremacy, ecclesiastical and civil.

The suppression of monasteries was, as we know, no

new thing in England. Edward I. and Edward II. seized the alien priories; Edward III. re-established them, but took them into his own hand; Henry V. finally suppressed them all. William of Wykeham founded New College with ecclesiastical property. Winchester, Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, were likewise endowed by suppressed religious houses. Out of suppressed houses Chicheley endowed All Souls in Oxford; Waynfleet founded Magdalen College; Bishop Alcock founded Jesus College, in Cambridge. Bishop Fisher advised the dissolution of Brome Hall, in the diocese of Salisbury, and Lillechurch, in his own diocese of Rochester; but all these suppressions were made with the sanction of the Holy See. In like manner, afterwards, Wolsey suppressed many monasteries for the purpose of founding Christ Church in Oxford and a College in Ipswich. Henry VIII. at first opposed Wolsey's suppressions, but afterwards, to supply his own needs, followed his example; and this he carried out by the instrumentality of Thomas Cromwell. Wolsey had before employed Thomas Cromwell with Dr. Allen for the same purpose, so that the work was not new to him. But he added to it all the aggravations of corruption, cruelty, and hypocrisy. The royal treasury was empty, and no readier source for its replenishment than the robbery of the monasteries was at hand. The Vicar-General, therefore, in the year 1835, began by issuing injunctions, which it was impossible for the monasteries to accept, for the purpose of driving them either to rebellion or to surrender. The first article of these injunctions was the acknowledgment of the king's headship over the Church. Finding the Carthusians and the Franciscans firm in refusing this act of apostacy, every form of persecution, from the intrusion of strangers into their community, the violation of rule, the sowing of dissension between subjects and superiors, and finally imprisonment with torture, the rack, and the axe, were inflicted on them.

Then for the visitation of monasteries throughout England four memorable persons were appointed by Cromwell as his agents—viz., Layton, Legh, Ap Rice, and London.

The insolence, avarice, and servility of these men are proved by their own letters to Cromwell, of which sufficient proofs will be given hereafter.

When this iniquitous mockery of a visitation was drawing to a close, the Parliament was assembled to carry the Act of Suppression. The writs for the election of members were sent out with the name of the persons to be elected. In the election at Canterbury two burgesses were returned contrary to the pleasure of the king, and the mayor was compelled to cancel the election, and to send the two royal nominees. In like manner, in summoning the House of Lords, peers that were not of the king's mind were passed over. Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, was advised, on account of his age and infirmities, not to expose himself to the long journey from Durham. Nevertheless, he set out, but on his way was met by a royal letter that sent him home again. But even this packed Parliament would not do the king's pleasure:—

> On Saturday in Ember week the King's Grace came in among the Burgesses of the Parliament, and delivered them a Bill, and bade them look upon it, and weigh it in conscience. He would not, he said, have them pass it nor any other thing, because his Grace giveth them the Bill, but they to see to it if it be for the common weal to his subjects, and have an eye thitherward, and on Wednesday next he will be there again to hear their minds.

The preamble of the Bill asserts that, in consideration of the evil lives of those in the smaller monasteries, "the King's Most Royal Majesty . . . . having knowledge that the premises be true, as well as by the *compertes* of his late Visitation, as by sundry credible informations; considering also that divers and great solemn monasteries of this realm, wherein, thanks be to God, religion is right well kept and observed, &c. . . . . Whereupon the said Lords and Commons, by a great deliberation finally be resolved that it is, shall be much more to the pleasure of Almighty God that the property of those Religious should be converted to better use, and the unthrifty persons so spending the same should be compelled to reform their lives;" therefore they pray the king to take all the property of monasteries having an income of under £200 a year. And even this limited submission was not

obtained without threats which destroyed all liberty of action. Sir Henry Spelman tells us as follows :—

It is true the Parliament gave them (*i.e.*, the monasteries) to him, but so unwillingly, as I have heard, that when the Bill had stuck long in the Lower House and could get no passage, he commanded the Commons to attend him in the forenoon in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon ; and then coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two among them, and looking angrily upon them, first on the one side and then on the other, at last, "I hear," sayth he, "that my Bill will not pass, but I will have it pass, or I will have some of your heads."

And here we have an example of a tradition which has been handed on without hesitation and with much embellishment by anti-Catholic writers, for which no foundation in history can be found. It has been said by all writers, from Burnet to Dean Stanley, that the "Black Book," detailing the crimes of the monasteries, was laid before the Parliament in the Chapter House of Westminster. Dean Stanley tells us "that on the table of the Chapter House was placed the famous 'Black Book,' which sealed the fate of all the monasteries of England, and sent a thrill of horror through the House of Commons when they heard it." Now, no such book has ever been found, and there is not a shred of contemporary evidence to prove that such a "Black Book" ever existed. The preamble of the Act of Suppression cites the "knowledge of the king, the *compertes* of the Visitation, and credible informations." The following is the summary of the evidence against the monasteries :—

In the *comperta* and letters which report as to the monasteries of a considerable portion of England, scarcely 250 monks and nuns are named as guilty of incontinence. In the same districts the religious must have numbered many thousands. Of these 250, more than a third part can be identified as having subsequently received pensions upon the dissolution of their houses, a fact which even Burnet would consider as disproving the charge in their regard. Of the entire number of convents of women visited and reported upon by Layton and Legh in the North, they are able to relate very little amiss. Only some twenty-seven nuns in all are charged with vice, and, of these, seventeen are known to have been afterwards pensioned. Further, in their whole visitation, extending over thirteen counties, they only report that some fifty men and two women were anxious to abandon the religious life, even under the restrictions imposed by Cromwell's injunctions.

This summary accumulates the worst that can be found in the Reports of the Visitors. All those, who have had experience of what popular allegations are worth, will know how to estimate the figures and the charges above given. But where in all this is the "Black Book"?

The wealth of the English monasteries was undoubtedly great. It had accumulated for centuries by the gifts of the devout as their free-will offerings, and of the penitent in reparation for their sins, and for the relief of the poor. The monasteries were a thousand in number, and they possessed a third of the land in England. In the reign of Edward I. the soil of England consisted of 67,000 knights' fees, of which ecclesiastics held about 28,000. They were as a rule good and kind landlords. It was a proverb that "it was better to be under the crosier than under the lance." The tenants of the abbeys and priories were a contented race; and the abbey gate was ever open to the needs and the sufferings of the poor. It is a mistake to say that the poor were provided for by the doles of the monasteries, for they were to be found only in a third of the land of England. But they were a thousand centres of constant beneficence; and in the other two-thirds of the land, the palaces of the bishops, the homes of the clergy, the castles of the nobles, and the houses of the faithful, maintained all the year round the Christian law of almsgiving. There was poverty in England, because there were old age and sickness, and the vicissitudes of life and fortune. But there was everywhere the faith which honoured the poor as the brethren of Christ, and the charity which spontaneously ministered to Him in them. Then came the robbery of God and His poor. By the Act of Suppression

The monasteries were given to the King and his heirs only "in as ample a manner" as they were possessed by the religious superiors. These were trustees for common purposes and never regarded their property in any other light than as held for the support of religion and the poor. Further, the purpose for which the monastic property was diverted by this Act from its possessors and given to the King is stated to be "that his Highness may lawfully give, grant, and dispense them or any of them at his will or pleasure to the honour of God and the wealth of this realm." . . . . It was further enacted that on the site of every dissolved religious

house the new possessor should be bound, under heavy penalties, to provide hospitality and service of the poor, such as had been given them previously by the religious foundations. . . . . The repudiation of these rights of the needy by those who became possessed of the confiscated property is one of the greatest blots on our national history. It has caused the spoliation of monastery and convent to be regarded as the rising of the rich against the poor.*

It has been the fashion of political economists to describe the demoralization of the poor by the alms of the monasteries, and to cite in proof the statutes against "sturdy beggars" and the like; but we have it upon a high economical authority "that the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth were the golden age of the English labourer, if we are to interpret the wages which he earned by the cost of the necessaries of life." When the greater monasteries had been plundered and wrecked, and the Church had been robbed, the poverty of England began. The faith and charity, that is the Christianity, of the people had so rapidly declined as to need the intervention of public law. The bishops and clergy were commanded to stir up the charity of the rich to help the poor; but with so little result that an Act of Parliament, 5 Eliz. c. 3, made the relief of the poor compulsory, and England for the first time had a Poor Law. For two centuries this law was administered with a recognition of its natural justice, but for the last fifty years it has been the butt of all kind of denouncement. Nevertheless it has saved the land laws of England until now, and perhaps few are conscious how powerfully but surely it has guarded our social peace. The foresight of St. Thomas of Canterbury made him defend the goods of the Church as the patrimony of the poor. We see at this day the twofold poverty, temporal and spiritual, which the Tudors inflicted upon the people of England. It was not so much the Church as the poor whom they robbed of their inheritance.

Cromwell's tyranny lasted eight years. His account book shows the immense wealth accumulated by private

* *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, by James Thorold Rogers p. 326.

and public extortion. "Archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, nobles, commoners, officials, unknown laymen, towns, colleges, cathedral chapters, all sent fees and new year's donations to propitiate the favour of the great man." For instance, in January, 1539, £9,000—gifts of £10, £50, and £300, £100, and £266, came from all over the country; for the elections at Fountains, Gisboro, Whitby, and many other places, large bribes are offered for nominations. If he will make a certain monk Abbot of Vale Royal, "he will be contented," writes Sir Piers Dutton, "to give you £100 in hand, and further to do you as much pleasure as any man shall." William Penison wishes to be Receiver at the dissolution of Reading Abbey, and presents a diamond, "set in a gold ring, meet to be set in the breast of a George." The Abbot of Miravale writes that he learns from Dr. Legh that "Cromwell is looking for the £40 promised to you, for his trouble in my regard. I have already paid £100." The Abbot of Pipwell "will do all that a poor man can to gratify your lordship with £200." To avert the dissolution of Colchester he was offered £24,000. The Abbot of Leicester sends £40. His successor had to pay a yearly tax of £240—and so on for pages. As for presents: of a brace of fat oxen, and a score of fat wethers; fish from Croyland; apples from King's Langley; partridges and pheasants from Harrow; Irish hawks from Bath; and £40 from one John Hunter "towards furnishing your cellar with wine" in recompense for Cromwell's part in a law case relating to the property of John Hunter's wife. Then again "money in a purse," "in a white leather purse," "in a crimson sateen purse," "in a handkerchief," "in a glove," "at Arundel in a glove," "in a pair of gloves under a cushion in the middle window of the gallery." "A chain melted for my lord worth more than £5,000." His note-book shows as follows: "Item, to remember Warren for one monastery. Mr. Gostwyke for a monastery. John Freeman for Spalding. Mr. Kingsmill for Wherwell. *Myself* for Lunde. Item, to remember John Godsall for something for he hath need; and Item, to remember to know

the true value of the goods at Castle Acre *for my part thereof.*"

Then follow cups and ewers and trenchers of gold, platters and dishes and salters of silver by the dozen, and the gold cross of St. Albans, worth £106. But this is endless. Maitland writes that he was "the great patron of ribaldry, and the protector of the ribald, of the low jester, of the filthy ballad-monger, of the ale-house singers and hypocritical mockers at feasts—in short, of all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Protestant party at the time of the Reformation."

The fall of Wolsey was full of dignity, and moved men to compassion. The fall of Cromwell had no sign of dignity, and no man wept for him. We have it in all its details. "By a Nemesis of fate he passed to the scaffold suddenly and almost untried, and certainly unheard in his own defence." This was probably by an Act devised or obtained by himself.

On June 11, 1540, the French Ambassador wrote that he had heard, an hour before sending his despatch, that Cromwell had been sent to the Tower. On June 23 he gave full information. He says that Cromwell was altogether unprepared for his downfall. When the Lieutenant of the Tower entered the Council Chamber at Westminster, and informed him that he was ordered to take him prisoner, Cromwell, moved with indignation, threw his hat on the floor. Some one of the Council called out that he was a traitor, and must be judged by the laws he had himself made. The Duke of Norfolk tore the Order of St. George from his neck, and the Garter was also taken from him. Before the news spread he was already in the Tower, and the people knew of his arrest by seeing the king's officers enter to search his house. By the next day the king had already begun to distribute his fallen favourite's offices, aud sent an officer through the streets of London, publicly forbidding any man to call him Lord Privy Seal, or by any other title or dignity, but simply Thomas Cromwell, cloth carder; saying that the king had taken from him every privilege and title of nobility which he had ever granted him. His attainder

declares him to be a false and corrupt traitor, selling for manifold sums of money various grants, even to foreigners and aliens. And further, that as Vicegerent under the Great Seal, he licensed divers persons, detected and suspected of heresy, openly to preach and teach, saying that he would fight even against the king to maintain these heresies. His arrest was so sudden that he could destroy no papers. On the morning of June 10, 1540, he was supreme in England; in the evening he was in the Tower. On June 28 he was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill.

Such was the end of the master; it only remains to give the end of the minions. They had not even the dignity of the axe. These were Dr. Richard Layton, Thomas Legh, John Ap Rice, and Dr. John London. "It is not impossible," says Mr. Blunt, a Protestant, in his *History of the Reformation*, "that even such bad men may have told the truth in this matter. But the character of witnesses must always form an important element in estimating the value of their testimony, and the character of such obscene, profligate, and perjured witnesses as Layton and London, could not well be worse. These men were not just Lots, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, but filthy dreamers, who defiled the flesh, despised ecclesiastical dominion, and spake evil of dignitaries in the very spirit of the Evil One."

Dr. Layton was a pluralist by the favour of Cromwell. Cromwell was invited by him to his rectory at Harrow in these words: "Surely, Simeon was never so glad to see Christ, his Master, as I shall be to see your lordship." He offered Cromwell £100 to make him Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury; and when made Dean of York, he pawned the plate belonging to the Minster.

It is evident from Layton's letters to Cromwell that he had made up his mind beforehand what he intended to find in the monasteries that he visited. Moreover, it was absolutely impossible, in the time given by the visitors, to hold any inquiry, worthy of the name, in the numberless monasteries, especially in the North, which were visited in the most hurried way. The insolence, violence, and

falsehood of Layton and Legh made the Pilgrims of Grace demand their instant and condign punishment.

Next we find Dr. Layton scampering over Sussex, and writing to Cromwell as follows: "On Friday night I came into Sussex to an abbey called Durford, it might better be called Dirtyford. Then to an abbey . . . . towards Chichester, because of their poverty not able to lodge us. These two poor priories we will dispatch on Monday by the way, and so on Monday at night we shall be at Chichester." He then describes his treatment of the Abbot of Waverley. He took away the keys of office from all the monks, and made new officers, "perchance as stark knaves as the others. It shall be expedient for you to give the Abbot a lesson, and tell the poor fool what he should do amongst the monks."

Of the monastery of Lewes, Layton reports: "At Lewes I found the monks morally bad and traitors," and having intimidated the Prior on his knees "with the worst words I could devise, I ordered him to appear before you, and you will be able to do what you like with him."

From Lewes he went to Battle. He writes as follows: "The Abbot of Battle is the varaste hayne bette and buserde and the arants chorle that ever I see. In all other places whereat I come, specially the black sort of devilish monks, I am sorry to know as I do. Surely, I thynk they be past amendment, and that God hath utterly withdrawn his grace from them."

Dr. Layton sums up his own worth: "Praying God that rather I may be buried quick than to be the occasion why the King's Highness should diminish any part of the affiance of your proved mind towards His Grace."

So much for Dr. Layton—by his own showing, a bad, insolent, and unjust man.

We come next to Dr. Legh.

Ap Rice will save us trouble. He wrote to Cromwell a full indictment against his fellow commissioner. "First in his going he is too insolent and pompatique. . . . . Then he handleth the Fathers when he cometh very roughly. . . . . The man is young and of an intolerable elation of mind. . . . . For the election of the

Prior of Coventry he took £15—at Revel £20, besides his costs, which is, in my opinion, too much. . . . . He maketh them to send after him such rewards as may please him." He went about with twelve men in livery besides his brother. After sending this letter, Ap Rice was frightened, and wrote next day to Cromwell, begging him not to tell Dr. Legh. "Forasmuch as the said Mr. Doctor is of such acquaintance and familiarity with many rufflers and serving men . . . . and I have commonly no great assistance with me when I go abroad, might take perchance irrecoverable harm of him or of his ere I were aware. Please keep secret what I have said."

Sanders, writing almost at that time, says: "Lee (Legh), indeed, in order to discharge correctly the duties laid upon him, tempted the religious to sin, and he was more ready to inquire into, and to speak about, uncleanness of living than anything else."

No wonder the nuns were terrified at "Mr. Doctor Legh," the familiar of rufflers, a prurient talker, an accuser, if not also a tempter, of the innocent.

As to Ap Rice, little need be said. He had the reputation of an unfrocked priest. Legh accused him of some discreditable acts, and it appears that he never received any spiritual promotion for his services.

Dr. John London's case may be speedily summed up. Even Cranmer called him "the stout and filthy prebendary of Windsor." He and one Simons, a lawyer, "that set traps for others, were catched at length themselves." They were condemned to ride through Windsor, Reading, and Newbury, their faces to the tails of their horses, and to stand in the pillory on a market-day with a paper on their heads proclaiming their offence.

Once more Mr. Blunt, with his usual justice, says: "A dean, twice detected in immorality and put to open penance for it, and afterwards convicted of perjury, is not the stuff of which credible witnesses are made."

We have learned the worth of this precious quaternion from two safe sources—first, from their own words; and next, from what they said of each other.

Fuller says that the Catholics accused the visitors

of employing profligate young men to tempt the nuns to sin, and tells a story of two young men going to a convent near Cambridge, but without success.

Mr. Blunt says again (*Reformation*, i. 316):

"The story has too much *vraisemblance* to be set aside. And in addition to this, the tone of Layton's letters to Cromwell are of such a kind, as to make one fear that some nuns were, indeed, wickedly seduced, and others not less wickedly accused falsely. Those, however, who duly appreciate the character of their countrywomen, will believe that among these evil-entreated innocents there were not a few who passed through the scorching fire of temptation scathless, under the protection of their heavenly bridegroom. For the English daughters of the nineteenth century, whom we see around us, are sisters to the English nuns of the sixteenth, of whom we know only by vague tradition."

Such then is the impeachment of Thomas Cromwell and his associates. If ever men were self-condemned, they are. Yet it was upon the evidence of such wretches that the highest sanctity and the noblest intellects of England were blackened and martyred. But upon the oaths of such men no just man would take even the life of a dog.

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St. Francis of Assisi.*

BY THE REV. JARLATH PRENDERGAST, O.S.F.

St. Francis, the Seraphic, was born at Assisi, towards the end of the twelfth century, of a rich merchant family. His father's name was Peter Bernardine, and his mother, who was descended from the illustrious family of Bourlemont, was called Pica. A miraculous event accompanied his birth: his mother suffered such pain at the time that all believed her to be dying. At this critical moment, a pilgrim of grave and stately appearance came to the door, and after receiving an alms said, "If you take her to the stable and lay her down on a little straw she will be safely delivered; for it is there God wishes her son to be born." These words of the pilgrim seemed a message from heaven, for as soon as she was placed in a stable close to the house, she gave birth to her first-born child, the subject of this memoir. "Thus, like Jesus Christ," says our Holy Father Leo XIII., "it happened that St. Francis was born in a stable: little child as he was, his couch was of straw and on the ground. And it is also related that, at that moment, the presence of angelic choirs and melodies wafted through the air, completed this resemblance." A short time after, when the child was carried to the baptismal font, the pilgrim appeared again, and became

* Taken mainly from the Life of the Saint written by St. Bonaventure.

his sponsor. The child then received the name of John, which was afterwards changed by his father into Francis.

During his infancy, another pilgrim who visited his father's house embraced him very affectionately, and said to his mother, "This child is sent by God into the world to do great things for His glory."

Francis, whilst employed by his father in the pursuit of worldly gain, gave himself to the amusements and gaieties of his age. He, however, amongst all the follies of youth, preserved his heart from the stain of mortal sin. "For," says St. Bonaventure, "though of a gay and joyous spirit, and dwelling among covetous merchants, never did his pleasures lead him into the vicious courses of his wicked companions, or make him to set his heart on worldly treasures. For in his soul there ever dwelt a natural love for the poor of Christ. This instinctive charity grew with his growth, and filled his heart with tender sentiments of compassion for God's poor." One day, being very much occupied with his father's business, contrary to his wonted charity, he passed without assisting, a poor man, who asked alms of him. But speedily recollecting himself, he ran after the beggar, and when he had overtaken him, he gave him a large sum of money. At the same time he made a solemn promise that he would never refuse an alms to any one who would ask it of him for love of God. This promise he faithfully kept during the rest of his life. He was accustomed to say that after this charitable act to the poor man, he could never hear the love of God spoken of without his heart being deeply moved. His natural gaiety of heart with the sweetness and unselfish generosity of his nature made him a universal favourite of his town-fellows and companions. "A man of very great piety and evangelical simplicity who then lived at Assisi, whenever he met Francis in the streets, would take off his cloak and spread it on the ground before him, declaring that this young man would one day do great things for God, and was worthy of every honour."*

But Francis did not as yet know the great purposes

* St. Bonaventure.

of God regarding him, being entirely taken up with his worldly affairs. About this time, he was one day walking alone outside his native town, when he met a gentleman, once rich, but now clad in rags and reduced to the greatest distress. Being moved with compassion at the sad state of this poor man, he took off his clothes and gave them to him. The following night, God, as a reward for his act of charity, showed him a magnificent and spacious palace filled with rich armour, all marked with a sign of redemption. Astonished at this sight, Francis asked for whom was all this rich armour prepared. God answered him, "For you, Francis, and your soldiers." When he awoke, he thought the vision foreboded some great earthly prosperity which he could obtain by the profession of arms. For this purpose he furnished himself with arms, servants and horses, and then set out for Apulia, where he intended joining Gauthier De Brienne, who was at war with the Emperor of Germany. On the first night of this journey, God spoke to him again, and, addressing him as a friend would a friend, said, "Francis, who can do more for you, the Lord or the servant? the rich man or the poor?" "Surely the master and the rich man," answered Francis. "Why then," said the divine voice, "do you leave the Lord for the servant, and the God of infinite riches for the poor and frail mortal?" Francis immediately cried out, like St. Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." "Return to your own country," continued the divine voice; "for the vision with which you were favoured signified a spiritual work, which you will accomplish, not by human counsel, but by the intervention of heaven." As soon as the day dawned, Francis returned in haste to Assisi, there waiting in joy and confidence the divine command. From this time he gave himself up to a more perfect union with God in prayer. If at rare intervals he joined in the noisy revels of his old companions, he clearly showed that his heart was not with them.

He now spent his days in deeds of charity, and in

the spiritual exercises of mortification and retreat. One day, whilst riding over the plain of Assisi, he met a poor leper. The sudden appearance of this revolting object filled him with disgust and horror: but remembering his resolution of becoming a soldier of Jesus Christ, he alighted from his horse, embraced the poor man, and gave him an abundant alms. Having remounted his horse, he looked around the plain, but could not see the leper. He then understood that an angel had appeared to him under the form of a leper.

A short time afterwards, as he was praying in a solitary place, and with sighs and tears earnestly imploring our Lord to grant him grace to know the divine will, Jesus Christ appeared to him, nailed to the cross. At this sight, Francis felt his heart melt within him and the remembrance of the Passion was so indelibly imprinted upon his soul, that he could never afterwards think of the cross without sighs and tears. Jesus then spoke to him from the cross and said, "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Hitherto Francis had held the sight of lepers in horror: now for the love of Christ, who had become a leper in His Passion, he sought out, and served those afflicted creatures with the greatest humility and love. About this time, when on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, he exchanged his clothes with a poor man clad in rags, and remained all day among the crowd of beggars, who surrounded the church door.

Such was the life Francis led, when our Lord showed Himself to him in a new way. One day, about the year 1206, Francis entered the poor chapel of St. Peter Damian, and poured out his soul before the crucifix, saying, "O God, great and glorious, Jesus Christ my Lord, enlighten, I pray Thee, the darkness of my soul. Give me true faith, a certain hope, and perfect charity; grant that I may know Thee, O Lord, in order that I may always, and in all things, act according to Thy most holy and perfect will." He gazed with tearful eyes upon the cross, whilst saying these words, and he heard a

voice from the crucifix answering him: "Go, Francis, and restore my house which is falling." The Saint was filled with fear at the sound of the voice. He dreaded that he was the victim of an illusion. But the same voice from the crucifix repeated, "Go, Francis, and repair my house which is falling into ruins." Then his fear redoubled. He asked himself whence came this mysterious voice, and a third time the crucifix answered, "Go, Francis, restore my house which is falling into ruins as you see." He now clearly understood that it was God who spoke to him from the crucifix, and his soul was filled with an ineffable consolation at the sound of the divine voice. Thinking that our Lord wished him to repair the church of St. Damian, he hastened to his father's house, took some pieces of cloth, which he sold at Foligno, and offered the price to the priest of this little oratory. The good priest refused the gift; but Francis, full of contempt for earthly things, threw the money on the window-sill of the church, and so left it, as if it had been so much dust.

Now commenced for Francis a series of persecutions and humiliations to prepare him for the great work he was destined by God to perform. When he had lived some days with the priest of St. Damian's, his father, hearing of his intention, and thinking that he would disgrace his family if he were not at once prevented from carrying it out, came in great fury to the church of St. Damian. Francis, in the meantime, foreseeing his father's anger, hid himself in a cave during an entire month. There he unceasingly asked the Lord for strength to bear the persecutions of his father and friends, and to deliver him out of their hands, that he might be able to fulfil the pious purpose with which He had inspired him. Filled with strength from heaven through his holy retreat, he left his hiding-place and boldly proceeded to Assisi. When his companions saw his emaciated appearance, and his change of mind and memory, they thought he had lost his senses; they ran after him, cast mud and stones at him, and treated him as a fool and madman. His father, attracted by the noise, rushed out upon

him, and in a rage dragged him to the house, heaped reproaches upon him for the disgrace he had brought on his family; and then he cruelly scourged him and cast him into a dark recess under an old staircase. Francis bore all this without a murmur. The words of his beloved Master: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake," brought consolation and joy to his heart in the midst of these persecutions and sufferings.

His pious mother, who grieved at his sufferings, and who saw how useless they were to change his resolution, delivered him from his place of confinement, during the absence of his father. Bernardine, on his return, hearing that Francis was set at liberty, flew into a rage with his wife, and rushed to St. Damian's, where he was certain he would find the fugitive. Francis, who had gone to this little church to thank God for his liberty, now went forth to meet his father's wrath. He declared that he was ready to suffer everything for the love of Jesus Christ. Bernardine, seeing that neither threats nor punishments could shake the resolution of his son, sought for the price of the cloth. Francis showed it to him, still lying on the sill of the window, where he had thrown it. This however did not satisfy the angry father; he required his son to make a juridical renunciation of his inheritance before the Bishop of Assisi. Francis gratified his father's wishes beyond his most sanguine expectations. He not only renounced all right to his father's possessions, but stripping himself of his garments, he gave them to his father, saying: "Hitherto I have called you my father on earth, now I can say in truth, Our Father who art in heaven." The Bishop, admiring the fervour of the young man, embraced him tenderly, and shed tears as he covered him with his mantle. A poor labourer in the Bishop's service gave Francis a coarse outer garment. This he accepted with gratitude, and tracing the sign of salvation on it, he wore it joyfully, as it typified the life of a poor man crucified to the world. "Thus," says St. Bonaventure, whose words we have followed in this narrative, "did this servant of the great King of heaven and earth strip himself of all things, that

so he might follow the Lord whom he truly loved, and who died naked on the cross: and thus did he arm himself with the sign of redemption, committing his soul to that sacred wood of our salvation, and so to escape by it from the shipwreck of the world."

Francis now began a new life. He went forth from the city to a solitary place, where he awaited the manifestation of the divine will. Here in a lonely forest he made the woods resound with the praises of the Most High. Some robbers attacked him, and asked him who he was; he answered, "I am the herald of the Great King." They beat him unmercifully, and then cast him into a ditch full of snow, saying in mockery, "Go and rest in that hole, you herald of nothing, who call yourself herald of God." When the robbers had gone he went again through the forest rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to be reputed a fool for Christ's sake. He continued his journey through the forest, singing aloud his holy canticles, until he came to a monastery, where he received an alms, and remained some days serving the Religious. But not finding what his soul desired here, he went to Gubbio, where an old friend gave him a poor habit like that worn by the hermits of his day.

Having now put on the habit of penance, he redoubled his zeal and works of perfection. He attended the lepers, consoled them in their pains, washed their loathsome sores, and aided them in their necessities. Though, at first, he had the greatest rupugnance to perform this work of charity, he afterwards found the greatest delight in it, and "its bitterness now changed into sweetness of soul and body."* God rewarded his charity towards one of these poor outcasts who cast himself at his feet. Francis, tenderly embracing him, kissed his hideous sores and immediately the sick man was healed. "I know not," says St. Bonaventure, "which of these two things is most worthy of admiration, the profound humility of such a kiss, or the marvellous power which wrought such a miracle." In his after life he became the father and

* Testament of St. Francis.

apostle of the leprous, and when mightier cares withdrew him from that charge, his heart still turned towards them with a father's yearning.

After practising these holy works of charity for some time, Francis returned to Assisi, and begged an alms from door to door to repair the church of St. Damian, as thus he interpreted the commands he had received, "to repair the house of God which was falling into ruins." He himself worked without intermission, carrying heavy stones on his shoulders, mixing the mortar, and assisting the masons and workmen.

The priest of St. Damian, seeing the zeal of the holy man, prepared food for him: but Francis said to himself, "This is not the life of poverty you ought to choose. You must go yourself from door to door, to receive the scraps which the faithful may give you. This is how you must live for love of Him who was born poor, who lived in poverty, and who was buried in a sepulchre which did not belong to Him." The next day he went about the town begging his sustenance like a poor man. When he began to eat this nauseous mixture of different food, he experienced a loathing and disgust which he could not overcome. But having made the sign of the cross over the bowl, he ate these scraps with an exquisite relish that exceeded all the pleasure he had tasted in the most deliciously-prepared viands while in the world. "Henceforth," says our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "amidst the effeminacy and fastidiousness of the time, he is seen to go about careless and roughly clad, begging his food from door to door, not only enduring what is generally deemed most hard to bear—the senseless ridicule of the crowd—but even to welcome it with a wondrous readiness of joy. And this because he had embraced the folly of the Cross of Jesus Christ, because he deemed it the highest wisdom. Having penetrated and understood its awful mysteries, he plainly saw that nowhere else could his glory be better placed."

This work of St. Damian's church being finished, he restored another church, outside the city of Assisi, dedicated to St. Peter. He then commenced the restoration

of a third church, named St. Mary of the Angels. This holy sanctuary was a mile from the city, and belonged to the Benedictines. His love for the Mother of God, and the favours he received here through her intercession, made him to regard this church as the most endearing place on earth. "It was here he began his career humbly, pursued it courageously, and consummated it gloriously," says St. Bonaventure. St. Francis in his last moments earnestly recommended the holy sanctuary to all his brothers, as peculiarly dear to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. It is now one of the most frequented shrines of the Church of God. The children of St. Francis revere it as the cradle and first home of the Order: here it was commenced, here it was nurtured, and thence it has spread through the entire world.

One day, in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, Francis heard in the Gospel of the Mass, "Do not possess gold nor silver, nor money in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff." He was overjoyed when he heard these words, for he felt they were addressed to himself. As soon as the Mass was finished, he asked the priest to explain the words of the Gospel. When the minister of God had given their meaning, Francis cried out: "That is what I want, that is what I want, that is the object of all my ambition." He took his shoes from his feet, laid by his staff, cast away his money, and replaced his girdle with a rough cord. He now clothed himself in a poorer and coarser garb than the hermit's cloak, which he had hitherto worn. He put on the habit of poverty, which his true children have worn in every clime, to our own day.

Clothed with this religious habit, Francis went forth to draw men to repentance. His burning words, in simple and unadorned language, went straight to the hearts of his hearers. The Holy Ghost seemed to inspire him with that "two-edged sword" of the Word "that pierces to the very marrow of the bones and joints." The world flocked to him, and in a short time he found himself surrounded by twelve disciples.

His first follower was Bernard of Quintavilla, a native of Assisi. He was struck by the strange life of Francis, and invited him to dine and sleep at his house. They both slept in the same room. Francis, believing that Bernard was asleep, arose from bed, cast himself on his knees, and with eyes raised towards heaven, he cried out, "My God and my all, Thou art all to me. Thou art all my good, Thou art my hope, my strength, my riches, my life, my joy, my happiness. Thou art all that I could desire." The whole night he unceasingly sent forth from his heart those flames of divine love. Bernard on the morrow resolved to become the disciple of Francis. He, however, told Bernard that they should first consult God on the matter.

They went to the church forthwith, and on the way were met by Peter of Cataneo, a learned Canon of Assisi. He also offered himself to become a disciple of Francis. They heard Mass, and invoked the light of the Most High. The Saint then desired the priest to open the book of the Gospel three times in honour of the Most Holy Trinity. The first time he came upon the words, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." The second time, he found, "Take nothing for your journey." The third time he lit upon, "If any one will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." "Here," said the holy man, "is our life and our rule; the life and rule of all those who shall come and join us. Go then, and if you wish to attain to perfection, fulfil what you have heard." Bernard immediately sold all his goods, for he was rich, and gave them to the poor. Peter acted in like manner, and resigned his canonry. Both became the disciples of Francis.

Egidius (Giles), a friend of Peter and Bernard, was absent when they renounced their possessions and followed Francis: seven days after, he also gave up all his worldly goods to the poor and enrolled himself under the banner of holy poverty.

The first disciples of Francis were, for the most part, unlettered and without any human aid, and yet they went forth like the Apostles of old to evangelize the world.

They had neither bread to eat, nor whereon to lay their head. Poverty, however, was their joy and their strength. Their confidence in Divine Providence was unbounded, their peace of soul unchangeable: Jesus Christ alone was their love and the ignominy of the Cross was their strength and glory. In many places, their extreme poverty, their coarse habit, and their contempt for all earthly things, made them to be suspected as heretics, or treated as fools and madmen. Whilst, on the contrary, their perfect detachment from the world, and their spirit of penance made them to be received, in other places, as the friends and true servants of God. As for themselves, they blessed God when they were humbled and despised, more than when they were treated with honour and veneration. Brother Egidius used to say to St. Francis: "All this respect robs us of our reward."

Francis, at the beginning of the year 1210, called his disciples around him and said, "Our good and merciful Lord wishes, my dearly beloved brethren, to extend our little family: we must now submit our way of life to the most holy Pontiff of Rome. For without his consent and approval, it seems to me that nothing can be stable or good in matters of faith, or in the religious life. Let us go, then, to our Mother, the holy Roman Church. Let us make known to the Pope what our Lord has begun to do for us. We will then continue our work according to his will, and his commands." Thus the Seraphic Father would have the approval of the Apostolic See before he would commence the great work of founding his Order. His disciples also, who were imbued with the same spirit of humility and docility as their holy Founder, saw no safety except in perfect obedience to the Head of the Church. In the meantime they all betook themselves to prayer, whilst Francis composed the admirable Rule of his Order. This Rule is founded on the strictest poverty, prayer, humility and self-denial. It contains the quintessence of the Gospel, and the Evangelical perfection, in all its excellence.

After the Rule was written, Francis with his disciples set out for Rome. He found Guy, Bishop of Assisi, in

the Eternal City. Francis and his disciples were well received by this good prelate. He introduced Francis to Cardinal John of St. Paul, Bishop of Sabina, a holy and learned prince of the Church. A few days later Francis presented himself before the Pope. The time was very unfavourable. Innocent III., who then sat on the throne of St. Peter, was absorbed in most important business of the Church when Francis appeared before him. Hence he dismissed Francis abruptly, and would not allow him to make any explanations. The Saint retired very humbly, and it was for him a source of joy that his work was begun with the cross and humiliation.

The following night the Pope seemed to see, in his sleep, a palm tree come out of the earth, grow little by little, rise up, produce many branches, and become at last a magnificent tree. The Pope was astonished, and asked what this vision could mean; then a divine light shone on him, and he understood that the palm tree was the poor man whom he had treated so badly the day before. He sent next day for Francis. The Papal messenger found him in the hospital of St. Antony, near the Lateran, and conducted him immediately to the Vatican. The Pope now not only willingly heard his petition, but tenderly embraced him as a special friend of God. He, however, delayed to give his approbation to the Rule, as some of the Cardinals deemed it a novelty and above human strength. The strict poverty which required renunciation of all property, both personal and in common, seemed to them impossible to be observed. Cardinal John of St. Paul, at a consistory held a few days afterwards, answered these Cardinals thus: If we refuse this poor man's petition as a novelty, and as too hard to be observed, let us take care lest we offend the Gospel of Christ; for he only asks for a way of life conformable to the evangelical counsels. If anyone shall say that the observance of the counsels contains anything irrational or impossible to be observed, he commits blasphemy against Jesus Christ, the Author of the Gospel." Then the Pope said to St. Francis: "Pray to Christ our Lord that He would make

known His will to us." A short time after this another vision was vouchsafed to the Pope. He saw the great church of St. John of Lateran sustained by St. Francis, whose strength alone prevented the tottering walls of that great church from falling. "Truly," said the Pope, "this is the poor man, who by his works and words will sustain the Church of Christ." He then approved the Rule, bestowed many spiritual favours on St. Francis and his followers, and bade them go and preach penance throughout the world.

St. Francis after this returned to Assisi, and gathered his companions around him in a little hut. In a short time, the number of his diciples increased so much, that he was obliged to find a house sufficiently large to receive them all. He applied to the Benedictines, who willingly gave up to him the chapel of St. Mary of the Angels. The Benedictines, however, obliged St. Francis to promise that this house should be held as the principal and mother-house of the Order in all future time. But as the Saint wished to receive it as a loan, he guaranteed to give the Benedictines a basket of fish every year to acknowledge their right to this house.

St. Francis, when taking possession of this little sanctuary, had hardly knelt in prayer, when he saw our beloved Lord on a throne over the altar. The Blessed Virgin and a host of angels were in His company. Dazzled by this vision, and trembling at the sight of our Lord, he fell prostrate on the ground. While thus in lowly adoration he heard our Divine Lord say, "We are come, My Mother and I, to betroth you and yours to this place of our predilection, to this house which is dear to us in a special manner." Filled with joy, St. Francis cried out, "Yes, this place is truly holy! It is more worthy to be the abode of angels than of men."

In the beginning of 1211 he called his disciples and said to them, "Jesus Christ has chosen you His preachers, men of low degree, men altogether insignificant, so that man may not glorify himself in His presence. Few of you are wise according to the world; few are of high birth; few have many talents;

and yet He has chosen you for this great work, that you may glorify Him by your deeds and words through the entire universe." He sent them two and two to the different provinces of Italy. He kept Silvester, who was a priest, to accompany himself. In 1212, he returned to Assisi, the clergy and people of the city came out to meet him singing hymns and canticles. But he referred all this glory to God. He preached that year (1212), the Lent at Assisi, and a great number of his fellow townspeople placed themselves under his spiritual guidance; among others St. Clare, the glorious foundress of the Order of Poor Clares.

"It is impossible," says our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "to express the enthusiasm with which the multitudes flocked to St. Francis. . . In the largest cities, as in the smallest towns, it was a common occurrence for men of every state of life to come and beg of him to be admitted to his Rule. Such were the reasons for which the Saint determined to institute the brotherhood of the Third Order, which was to admit all ranks, all ages, both sexes, and yet in no way necessitate the rupture of family or social ties. For its rules consist only in obedience to God and His Church, to avoid factions and quarrels, and in no way to defraud our neighbour; to take up arms only for the defence of religion and of one's country; to be moderate in food and clothing; to shun luxury; and to abstain from the dangerous seductions of dances and plays.

"It is easy to understand what immense advantages must have flowed from an institution of this kind, as salutary in itself, as it was adapted to the times. . . . The associates of the Third Order displayed always as much courage as piety in the defence of the Catholic religion;*

* His Holines entered the Third Order, May 16th, 1872, at Mount Alvernia. The Third Order now, in Italy, has of the Order of Bishops, Cardinals Monaco and Oreglia; of the Order of Priests Cardinals Simeoni, Parrochi and eleven other Cardinals; of the Order of Deacons, Cardinal Pecci and four others. It has also in Italy four Archbishops and fifty-two bishops; besides the Patriarch of Alexandria.

and if their virtues were objects of hatred to the wicked, they never lacked the approbation of the good and wise, which is the greatest and only desirable honour. . . . Our predecessor, Gregory IX., publicly praised their faith and courage ; nor did he hesitate to shelter them with his authority, and to call them, as a mark of honour, *Soldiers of Christ, new Machabees*. . . . Domestic peace, incorrupt morality, gentleness of behaviour, the legitimate use and preservation of private wealth, civilization, and social stability, spring, as from a root, from the Franciscan Order : and it is in a great measure to St. Francis Europe owes these advantages. . . . Amid so many and so mighty troubles (at the present day), Venerable Brethren, you see clearly that no slight hope of relief may be fairly grounded on the restitution of the Franciscan institutions to their primitive condition. For were they to flourish, faith and piety and all Christian virtue would easily flourish. . . . Wherefore as we have in former times ever had a special interest in the Third Order of Franciscans, so now, being called by God's great goodness to the Supreme Pontificate, as a most fitting opportunity has occurred, we exhort all Christians, not to hesitate to enlist in this sacred army of Jesus Christ. . . . Do your best therefore, that the people may know and really esteem the Third Order. So that all those that have the care of souls, carefully teach what it is, how easily open to all, how abounding in great privileges for eternal salvation, how great utility, public and private, it gives promise of. . . . Then at the end of seven centuries, Italy and the entire Christian world would see itself led back from disorder to peace, from ruin to safety by the favour of the Saint of Assisi." *

Again, on the 5th of May, this year, he addressed the following memorable words to the Tertiaries of Italy.

" I will that the Third Order be widely spread ; let us increase, let us increase the ranks of the Third Order ; let us labour unceasingly to that end. . . . I will that all

* Encyclical Letter of our most Holy Father, Leo XIII., "To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World," 17th Sept. 1882.

may become Tertiaries; but above all I desire the Franciscan spirit."

One night, as the Saint was praying for sinners, an angel appeared to him and bade him hasten to the church of St. Mary of the Angels, where our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother awaited his coming. He immediately went to the church, and there he saw our Saviour in the midst of His angels, with His beloved Mother on His right hand. Francis fell down in lowly adoration, and poured out his heartfelt thanks for this great favour. Then he heard the voice of our Divine Lord, who said: "Francis, you and your children have a great zeal for the salvation of souls: you have been placed as a light to the world, and as a support to the Church. Ask, then, whatever you will for the benefit and consolation of mankind and for My glory." The Saint humbly replied: "My Lord Jesus Christ, though I am but a miserable sinner, I beseech you grant that all who visit this church may receive a plenary indulgence for all their sins, after they have confessed to a priest. And I beseech the Blessed Virgin, your Mother, and the advocate of the human race, to intercede for me that I may obtain this grace." Then our Lady inclined towards her Divine Son to ask the favour. Our Blessed Lord replied, "Francis, you ask great things; but you shall receive still greater. I grant what you demand; but go to My Vicar, to whom I have given power to bind and loose on earth, and ask him to ratify what I now declare."

St. Francis repaired the next morning to Perugia to see Pope Honorius III. When admitted to an audience he addressed the Sovereign Pontiff in all simplicity thus: "Holy Father, some years since I repaired a small church in your dominions. I beseech your holiness to grant that those who visit it may obtain an indulgence without making any offering." The Pope replied: "Francis, you ask a great favour, and one contrary to the usual custom." "Holy Father," answered the Saint, "I do not ask this in my own name but in the name of Jesus Christ." Then the Pope,

uttered these words, three times: "It is my will to grant what you desire." But he added, "I grant this indulgence in perpetuity, but only on one day during the year." At these words Francis, having received the Pope's blessing, prepared to depart. "Simple man," cried out Honorius, "where are you going, and what proof have you of what has been granted to you?" "Holy Father," replied the Saint, "your word is sufficient for me. If this indulgence is the work of God He will make it manifest. Jesus Christ will be the notary, His Blessed Mother the parchment, and the Angels the witnesses."

Two years afterwards, in the month of January, St. Francis, assailed by the tempter, rolled himself on a bush of long and sharp thorns till the blood poured out from every vein. He then beheld the thorny bush covered with red and white roses. Angels also appeared to him and said, "Francis, hasten to the church, where you will find Jesus and His Blessed Mother." The Saint arose; gathering twelve roses of each colour, he went to the church, and there, prostrate before Jesus and Mary, he asked our Divine Lord to fix the day for the indulgence. Our Lord then told him that it should be from the Vespers of the day on which St. Peter was delivered from his chains, until the Vespers of the next day.

This indulgence of Portiuncula has been repeatedly attacked by Protestants, but what injury have they done to this favour? Year after year during the last six centuries, the Sovereign Pontiffs, Alexander IV., Martin IV., Boniface VIII., Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XI., Sixtus IV., Leo X., Paul V., and Urban VIII., have recognized and authorized it by their Bulls. Men eminent for piety, learning and eloquence as St. Antonine, St. Bernardine, Bellarmine, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and a host of others, have undertaken its defence. The Christian people flock in crowds every year not only to this sanctuary, but to every Franciscan church in the world—to which this great favour has been extended since 1622, by Gregory XI.—protesting by their faith

in this indulgence, in spite of the scoffs of men who are as ignorant of the merciful designs of God, as they are of the wants of the human heart.

Love, as the Saint himself tells us, so transformed the heart of Francis that he saw all God's creatures as so many steps to raise his mind and soul to God. He gives to the sun, to the stars, to animals, the sweet name of brother or sister; he invites them all to praise the goodness of their common master and to testify their gratitude to Him. "When the servant of God came to a place where a number of birds of all kinds had perched, he ran towards them with joy and saluted them as if they were rational creatures. They all listened and turned towards him; then he preached to them, and as he spoke the birds testified their joy, stretched forward their necks, clapped their wings, opened their beaks, steadfastly looking at the servant of God. After he had given them his blessing, the whole flock flew away" (St. Bonaventure). He was particularly fond of sheep; he kept for years one which used to attend church, and show its respect for the sacred mysteries. One day, when walking on one of the lagunes of Venice, with another brother, the Saint heard a number of birds singing amongst the rushes. He immediately said to his companion, "Our brothers, the birds, have begun to praise their Creator, come let us also praise God by chanting the Divine Office." But the birds sang so loud that Francis and his companion could not hear each other. Then the Saint said, "My brothers, the birds, cease your songs till we have finished our Office," and at once they ceased singing, and remained silent whilst Francis and his companion recited the Office.

Birds, hares, and even wolves found a friend and protector in Him. We here give the charming legend of the wolf of Gubbio. A savage wolf was the terror of the inhabitants in the suburbs of Gubbio. The dreadful havoc and loss of life caused by this creature excited the compassion of Francis. He resolved to go, accompanied by some of his brothers, to meet the wolf.

He soon saw that his companions were filled with fear, so he left them behind, and went alone along the path which lead to the brute's lair. The wolf, seeing Francis, sprang towards him, with his jaws wide open ready to devour him. The saint stepped forward to meet it, making the sign of the cross saying, "Come here, brother wolf, come in the name of Christ, I order you to do no harm to me or to others." The wolf at once came, meek as a lamb, and lay down at the feet of Francis. He continued, "Brother wolf, you have caused terrible ruin in this country, not content with devouring animals, you have had the audacity to kill men created to the image and likeness of God. You deserve, brother wolf, as a murderer to be put to death for your many crimes. Now I know it is hunger that makes you to do this, and I require you to promise that if the people give you enough to eat for the future, you will not do them any more harm." The wolf bowed his head as a sign of consent. "Give me proof that you will keep your promise," said the Saint, stretching out his hand. The wolf in answer, lifted up his paw and placed it in the hand of St. Francis, and followed him to the public square of Gubbio. For the two years it lived afterwards, it came every day to Gubbio for food, which was joyfully given it by the inhabitants.

St. Francis' zeal for souls inspired him with the thought of going to the East to join the Crusaders. He desired to convert the Mahometans, or to die the death of a martyr at their hands. He arrived at Damietta, then besieged by the Crusaders. No one could pass from one camp to the other except in peril of their life, as the Sultan had promised a reward to any one bringing him the head of a Christian. Francis and his companion undaunted by these threats went boldly towards the town, saying: "For though I should walk in the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me." They were taken prisoners by the Mahometan sentries, and having been loaded with chains they were led before the Sultan. He asked them in a fury why they had entered into his kingdom. The Saint answered:

"I come on the part of the Most High God to preach the way of Salvation to you and your people, and to announce to them the Gospel of truth." Then Francis spoke of the great truths of our holy religion with such divine eloquence and conviction that the Sultan listened to him with pleasure and wished him to remain in his dominions. Francis replied: "If you and your people will be converted, I willingly will remain with you. But if you hesitate to give up the law of Mahomet for that of Jesus Christ, order a great fire to be made and I will walk through it with your priests; you can then judge which is the true faith." The Sultan answered that he did not think that any of the priests of Mahomet would accept such a proposal. "Well then," said the Saint, "if you will promise me for yourself and for your subjects to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ when you see the flames do not touch me, I will go alone into the flames."

The Sultan would not agree to this proposal, and St. Francis, seeing that his preaching was useless, and that his desire for martyrdom could not be satisfied, returned to the Christian camp. The Sultan, however, in private begged of Francis to pray that our Lord would give him light to know the true faith: and many years after, the Saint appeared to two of his brethren in Syria, and ordered them to go to the Sultan to administer baptism to him. This journey of Francis to the Holy Land was the cause of the many conquests made by his Order for the Faith in the Holy Places during the last six hundred years. What all the power of Europe was not able to effect, the humble children of the Saint have achieved in the preservation of the Holy Places since that memorable visit of the Seraphic Patriarch to the Holy Land.

St. Francis had a great love for the Church. "The Mother of all the Churches," said the Saint, "is the Holy Roman Church. I shall go and commend my brothers to her: under her protection nothing bad can happen to our Order. Holy Church will be a jealous upholder of the glory of our poverty She will preserve

the bonds of charity and peace unimpaired among us." Having asked for a Papal Protector of his Order, he said to the Pope: "We fear and we blush to come knocking at the door of the Supreme Head of the Church. I therefore pray your Holiness to give us the Lord of Ostia in your place, that we may have recourse to him in our needs, not, however, interfering in anything with the pre-eminence of your Holiness, from whom all the strength of the mystical body emanates, and all power is derived." In the Rule he enjoins, that being always "subject and submissive at the feet of the same holy Church, and steadfast in the Catholic faith we may observe the poverty and humility of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Gospel, as we have firmly promised." We have already seen how he went to Rome to get his Rule approved of by the Pope, and how he got the famous indulgence of the Portiuncula, given by Jesus Christ Himself, ratified by the same infallible authority. "For," said the Saint, "without his consent and approval, nothing can be stable or good in matters of faith, or in religious life."

"The burning love of St. Francis for the Most Holy Sacrament," says St. Bonaventure, "seemed to consume the very marrow of his bones." In his letters and instructions, he beseeches the entire world, with words of fire, to show every possible reverence to this mystery of Divine Love. "I conjure my brethren," he says, "embracing your feet with all the love of which I am capable; I implore you to show all respect and honour to the Body and Blood of Christ, by whom we have been reconciled with God the Father Almighty, and peace has been established in heaven and on earth. And yet how unworthily the Sacred Body of our Lord is treated; how It is left in unbecoming places, irreverently carried, disrespectfully received, and carelessly administered. Shall we not grieve over these outrages? Remembering how lovingly He gives Himself to us, how He leaves Himself with us, and how we touch Him and receive Him every day in Holy Communion." He then cries out in an ecstasy of love and gratitude, "In-

comprehensible Greatness! O inconceivable Goodness! O excess of humility! that the Sovereign of the universe, God, and the Son of God, should descend so low as to hide Himself under the species of bread. Reflect, my brethren, on the abasement of God, pour forth your hearts in His presence, humble yourself before Him, that He who gives Himself to you without reserve may take full possession of you." We can truly say, Francis practised and taught all the devotions of our day for this most holy mystery—frequent communion (at least for that age), aid to poor churches, visits, spiritual communion, love of the Most Holy Sacrifice, and the like, St. Francis communicated often "and so devoutly," says St. Bonaventure, "as to move others to devotion." "Wherever he found a deserted church," says the same Seraphic Doctor, "especially in the country, he used to sweep and clean it and adorn it by every means in his power. Fearing that hosts might be wanting for the celebration of the Most Holy Sacrifice, or that they might not be carefully prepared, he used to make great numbers himself, and would take them to churches that required them. This care he extended to everything that concerned the Sacred Mysteries."

He earnestly exhorted his brethren to meditate unceasingly on the Sacred Passion. "Have always before your eyes," he used to say, "the way of humility, poverty, and the Holy Cross, by which our Saviour Jesus Christ redeemed us." Like the great Apostle, he saw nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. "My soul," he cried out, "is so fully occupied with the consideration of the Passion of my Lord, that, were I to live until the end of time, I should require no other subject for my thoughts." When reproached for the tears he continually shed whilst meditating on this subject, he answered, "I weep for the sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ, and I ought not to be ashamed to weep for them before the whole world." This love of Jesus crucified obtained for him the signal honour of bearing on his body the Stigmata of his Saviour. St. Bonaventure thus describes this wonderful

prodigy: "On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, whilst praying in the morning on the side of Mount Alvernia, St. Francis beheld a Seraph, having six wings inflamed with the most resplendent fire, descending to him from the height of heaven. And, as he flew with great swiftness towards the man of God, there appeared between the wings the form of one crucified, having his hands and feet stretched out and fixed to the cross. When he beheld this vision he marvelled greatly, and his heart was filled with mingled joy and sorrow; he at once clearly understood that he was to be transformed into Christ crucified, not by the martyrdom of the flesh, but by the fire of love. The vision disappearing left behind it a marvellous fervour in his heart, and a no less wonderful impression on his flesh; for nails began to appear in his hands and in his feet, and on his right side a red wound as though it had been pierced with a lance; and from this wound blood often flowed."

St. Bonaventure adds, "the Sacred Stigmata were seen by more than fifty of the brethren, and also by St. Clare. The Supreme Pontiff Alexander, when preaching to the people in the presence of many of the Friars, of whom I was one, affirmed that, in the lifetime of the Saint, he had seen the Sacred Stigmata with his own eyes." * The Church commemorates this great favour on the 17th September, by a special festival in honour of the Stigmata of St. Francis.

In order that the name of the Lord, not only in thought, but in speech or writing, should be honoured with due respect, St. Francis obliged his brethren, whenever they found any writings with His Holy Name, to lay them up carefully in some fitting place, lest perchance the Sacred Name thereon might be trodden under foot. In his last Testament he says: "Whenever I find His most Holy Name or written words in unseemly

* His Holiness Leo XIII., speaking of this wonderful prodigy, says: "As a last mark of resemblance (to Jesus Christ), St. Francis received on his Calvary, Mount Alvernia, by a miracle till then unheard of, the Sacred Stigmata, and was thus so to speak crucified."

places, I will collect them, and I wish that they may be gathered up and honourably kept." He recited the canonical hours with the greatest reverence and devotion. When travelling, he always stopped to say them, standing erect and bareheaded: he never omitted this holy practice, however inclement the weather or abundant the rain. For he said: "If we endeavour to be at rest when we take the food of the body, which will soon be the food of worms, with what peace and tranquillity should not the soul take the food of life, which is the Word of God."

St. Bonaventure tells us that St. Francis had an extraordinary devotion and love for the Blessed Virgin. He calls her, "his Lady and his Queen, in whom is all fulness of grace and every sort of good: The palace, the temple, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is as sweet as she is amiable." "When I say Hail Mary," said he, "Heaven smiles, the angels rejoice, the world exults, hell trembles, and the devil takes to flight."

He made her Patron of the whole Order: and he fasted every year from the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, in her honour. The little church of Portiuncula was especially dear to him as being dedicated to her Immaculate Heart—here he received untold favours through her intercession; here she interceded for him and his Order with her Divine Son. Here also she appeared to him in the midst of the Angelic Choirs, and obtained for him the great indulgence of Portiuncula. As early as the first General Chapter St. Francis ordained that a Solemn Mass should be sung every Saturday, in her honour, in all the Convents of the Order.

St. Francis enjoined on all his religious of the First and Second Orders, and on all the brothers and sisters of the Third Order, the great duty of charity towards the Holy Souls. In the first Rule, he says, "The Clerics shall perform the Divine Office for the living and the dead .... and for the departed brethren recite the *De Profundis* with *Pater Noster*. The lay-brothers shall say for the dead, seven *Paters*, &c." In the Rule of St. Clare he

prescribed that "the sisters who can read are bound to recite the office of the dead." In the Rule of the Third Order, he enjoined: "Within a week after the death of any member, the brothers, who are priests, shall say one Mass for the repose of the soul. Those who know the Psalter shall each say fifty psalms, and those who cannot read shall say as many *Pater Nosters*, adding at the end of each, *Requiem æternam*. Besides this they will have three Masses celebrated every year for the brothers and sisters, living and dead; those who know the Psalter will say it, and others will not fail to recite one hundred *Pater Nosters*, adding at the end of each, *Requiem æternam*."

"We ought," says St. Francis, "to confess all our sins to the priest, that we may receive the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, because whoever does not eat His flesh and drink His Blood cannot enter the kingdom of God." In the first Rule he strictly commands his children to "confess their sins to priests of the Order," and, "if they cannot do this, let them confess to any other discreet and Catholic priests; believing firmly that from whatever priest they receive penance and absolution their sins will be undoubtedly pardoned: for to priests alone is given the power of binding and loosing."

When he felt his end drawing nigh, Francis sent for Brother Benedict of Piratro, to whom he said, "Priest of God, write down the blessing I now give to all my Brothers in the Order, and all those who shall ever belong to it, until the end of the world. As my weakness hinders me from speaking, I will declare, in a few words, my will and intentions with regard to my Brothers, present and future, as my blessing and testament which they must never forget. Let my Brothers love one another, as I have loved, and do love them. Let them always cherish the Lady Poverty, and never swerve from her laws; let them be ever faithful and submissive to the Prelates and Priests of the Holy Roman Church, and may the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost always bless and protect them." He was

then at Siena, under the care of a distinguished oculist, as his eyesight was nearly lost from incessant weeping for the sufferings of his Saviour.

St. Francis now requested his brethren to carry him to Assisi, that he might have the consolation of breathing his last sigh where he received the grace of spiritual life. He was accordingly carried to our Lady of the Angels by a strong guard from Assisi. His patience in his sufferings was most admirable; he called his pains his dear sisters. Once a brother said to him, when suffering more than usual, "Brother, pray to God that he would deal more gently with thee, for it seems to me that His hand is heavy on thee." The holy man cried out: "Brother, if I did not know thy simplicity, I would never more allow thee near me," and casting himself on the ground, he cried out, "I thank thee, O Lord my God, for these my pains, and I beseech Thee to increase them a hundred-fold, for the fulfilment of Thy will is my greatest consolation in this world."

He asked his brethren to read the history of the passion, saying: "Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear again and again what my beloved Master suffered for me."

When dying, the Father Guardian, who knew his love of holy poverty, offered him an old habit, and cord, and said: "Brother, I bring you these as an alms for the love of God; receive them with the Spirit of holy obedience." This the Saint did most joyfully, showing to the end his great love for his spouse, holy poverty. He then cast himself on the ground, and he commanded his brethren to leave him thus, after his death, for the time that would take a man to walk a mile.

The hour of his departure having come, he spoke to his children at length on patience, poverty, and faithful obedience to the Holy Roman Church. And extending his hands in the form of a cross over all the brethren who were around him, he blessed all his children present and absent in the name of Jesus crucified. Then he added: "Farewell, my children, abide in the

fear of the Lord, and ever persevere therein. And when temptation or trouble assails you say; Blessed are they that do persevere unto the end. And now, I go to God to whose grace I commend you all." When he had said these words he asked his brethren to read a chapter of St. John's Gospel; after which he recited the hundred and forty-first psalm, till he came to the verse: "The just wait for me, until Thou reward me." All these mysteries being now fulfilled in him, his most holy soul being set free was absorbed in the abyss of the Divine Glory. "Many of his brothers," says, St. Bonaventure, a contemporary, "saw his soul like a brilliant star borne to heaven on a white cloud." Such was the death of the great servant of God, St. Francis the Seraphic, on the 4th of October, 1225, in the forty-fifth year of his age, the twentieth from his conversion, and the eighteenth from the foundation of the Order. At the moment of his death Brother Augustine, Provincial of Lavaro, being in his agony, cried out aloud, "Wait for me Father, wait for me, I am going with you." When those present asked him to whom he thus spoke, he answered, "Do you not see Father Francis going to heaven?" At the same time the Saint appeared to the Bishop of Assisi, and said: "Behold, I leave the world to go to heaven."

Now were seen the nails which had been wondrously formed out of his flesh. On his side also appeared the wound like to the wound on our Lord's side. The nails were as black as iron. The wound on his side was red and rounded, resembling a beautiful rose. All the rest of the body, which had been dark by nature, and also by reason of his continual infirmities, was now of a dazzling whiteness, and his limbs were as soft and flexible as those of a child.

As soon as the Saint's death was known, the people of Assisi hastened in crowds to our Lady of the Angels to examine the wounds of the Stigmata, and to satisfy their devotion by touching the holy body. Next morning, a vast multitude with lighted torches and branches in their hands accompanied the sacred remains to Assisi, singing

hymns and canticles of joy. As the procession passed the church of St. Damian, where St. Clare lived, the body was exposed to the veneration of the holy Virgin and her sisters. St. Clare tried in vain to detach one of the miraculous nails: she then steeped a linen cloth in the blood oozing from the bleeding wound of his side. The body was carried with all reverence to St. George's church, where St. Francis had been baptized; where he had first preached, and where he now finds his first resting place after death. He had expressed a wish to be buried in the Colle d'Inferno, or hill where criminals were executed. But this humble desire could not be fulfilled until the people of Assisi had erected a suitable monument over this place of ignominy. Many miracles having been wrought through his intercession, he was canonized on the 16th June, 1228, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory IX.

We close this life of St. Francis with the words of the Vicar of Christ, His Holiness Leo XIII.: "Such miracles worthy rather of the songs of Angels than of the lips of men, show us sufficiently how great was this man, and how worthy that God should choose him to bring back his contemporaries to Christian ways. . . . It is manifest that from this one man a host of benefits has accrued to the civil commonwealth. But inasmuch as his spirit, so throughly and so pre-eminently Christian, is wondrously suited to all times and all places, no one can doubt that the Franciscan institutions will be of the greatest benefit in this our age."

Papal Supremacy and Infallibility.

BY THE

REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

1. Papal Supremacy—Can you have Unity without it?

The Church is by divine appointment a visible society with an external organization binding its members together and placing them under the spiritual government of bishops and clergy.

This much is not only clear beyond a doubt from the Holy Scriptures and the history of the primitive Church, but is also common ground between Catholics and the High Church section of Anglicans. Anglicans likewise admit that as there is one Baptism, so it is desirable there should be one Faith everywhere professed, and perfect sacramental intercommunion prevailing between the various portions of the world-wide society. Catholics go further, and believe unity of faith and communion to be not only desirable but essential. However in the present paper we must commence from common ground, and therefore I only postulate as a starting point the desirability of these two attributes. Since they are desirable, it may be assumed that God has made provision to secure their maintenance: also we may be sure that the provision will be of an orderly not a violent character—we cannot believe that God would build up with one hand what He would at once need to destroy with the other. And hence the external organization of the Church

must be one of which the natural tendency is to preserve unity—not to excite divisions: for otherwise the promised guidance of the Holy Spirit would be required not to elevate but to destroy such natural tendency. Let us try the Anglican and the Catholic systems by this test.

According to Anglicans each local Church enjoys independence. It is not quite clear whether they attribute the independence to each diocese or province, or only to each national Church; but that is a question of detail which need not detain us. Although the local churches are separately independent, each owes submission to the Church Universal, and therefore to a General Council, which is the Church Universal assembled in the person of representatives from its constituent dioceses. Hence if a General Council is sitting, it has supreme power to inquire into and settle with authority controversies concerning faith. To its definitions, which are infallible, the local churches are then bound to render assent, under penalty of separation from the communion of the faithful, and forfeiture of character as duly-constituted portions of the Church Universal. General Councils however are not always possible. The earliest was not held till two centuries later than the death of the latest Apostle, and the last which any Anglicans acknowledge took place in the ninth century. During the prolonged intervals between successive Councils, the office of determining disputed questions of faith, in default of any common authority, falls to each separate Church. This duty carries with it the further responsibility of deciding whether other local churches have so far corrupted the faith that communion with them can no longer be maintained without sacrifice of the allegiance due to truth: from which it results that if two or more portions of the Church are at variance among themselves as to what is corruption and what is purity of faith, they must interrupt communion until either one party has changed its mind, or a General Council has supervened and decided.

Here is the Anglican system, and surely it does not stand the test above given. Its tendency is not to preserve unity but to encourage divisions. The active work-

ings of the human mind are ever raising difficulties against received beliefs, and the history of the Church witnesses to a continual succession of disputes concerning the nature of God, of the Incarnation, Predestination, Grace, the Sacraments,—in short, concerning the entire range of Christian dogmas. Each age has had its own controversies. Thus the question of intercommunion must inevitably be soon forced to the front. Let us study the matter in the concrete, and for the purpose make the inconceivable supposition that the Churches which own the Pope's supremacy are prepared so far to surrender to Anglican arguments as to disavow it, retaining at the same time their present belief on all other dogmas. The "branches" desire to restore intercommunion, but agreement must first be obtained, and what likelihood is there of this? Anglicans express great confidence in their arguments, and are sure that if once Catholics gave up the Papacy and disengaged themselves from the bias its acknowledgement involves, it would not be long before they abandoned their other errors as well. We Catholics on the other hand are not so impressed by Anglican arguments. We think our own infinitely superior, and in our turn believe theirs to be the outcome chiefly of misconception and prejudice. This same difference would in all probability continue to exist even after the postulated disavowal of Papal authority, and would last till a General Council could be convoked. How soon would this be? The Anglicans and the Greeks have not yet succeeded in assembling a Council among themselves, although there is no Pope to stand between them. Would it be easier for three "branches" to assemble a Council than it is for two? Governments would be likely to intervene, fearful lest the result should brand beliefs rooted in the hearts of their people and should disturb the tranquillity of their realms. There would be quarrels as to the share of the representation to which the Churches were respectively entitled. Should the inferior clergy be represented? should unattached bishops? should one "branch" be allowed to swamp the rest by undue multiplication of its own episcopate? Here surely are hard facts which would delay the meeting for years and perhaps centuries, the undesirable state of interrupted intercommunion being meanwhile forced to endure.

But let us suppose the difficulties at last overcome by some *deus ex machinâ* and the Council assembled. Let us even pass over any embarrassments that might arise as to the choice of a president. Provided it were arranged that the president should be a mere chairman, with no voting preponderance over his fellows, it is quite possible this preliminary might be arranged without serious dispute. But now we have the parties face to face, each bringing with it a deep-rooted attachment to its own beliefs and a conscientious conviction that its opponents are in the wrong. There would be plenty of hot blood. When the Pan-Anglican Conference meets, although its members are divided among themselves by enormous doctrinal differences, the proceedings nevertheless are consistently decorous and result in resolutions. This however is due to the studious care taken not to touch the raw. Propositions are drawn up, either of a colourless character or else conceived like the Thirty-Nine Articles in ambiguous language, and there is much euphemistic talk about large-minded comprehensiveness. But in a General Council the encounter would be real. Comprehensiveness would be at a discount. Ambiguity would have to give place to the nicest accuracy of expression. And then what chance of an agreement? Imagine a Cardinal Vaughan being won over by the debates, to the language of the Thirty-Nine Articles on Justification by Faith and Works of Supererogation; or a Dr. Ryle of Liverpool to the Tridentine doctrine on Indulgences! Out of the impossibility of reaching general agreement through discussion would grow the further dispute whether conciliar authority attached to the voice of the majority or only to that of unanimity. The minority would of course be biassed strongly in favour of the latter alternative. Each side could offer forcible reasons for its own contention. The one side would trace the authority of Councils to the witness they are able to render to the universal prevalence of the dogmas decreed. Such witness, they could urge, involves general, if not absolute, unanimity among the assembled Fathers. The others would point to the impossibility of securing unanimity in the very cases which most required authoritative settlement, and would contend that either conciliar authority attaches to the

voice of the majority or else that General Councils become a farce. One can see no other outlet from the deadlock than the breaking up of the assembly and the return of its members to their dioceses, more full of excitement and recriminations and more confirmed in their previous opinions than ever. So for instance it was at Ephesus. Anglicans may agree with Catholics in thinking that on that occasion the Nestorians were ejected from the Church and the legitimate voice of the Council expressed by the adherents of St. Cyril. But this was not the Nestorian view; and if we estimate the proceedings by the Anglican theory, one does not see why the Nestorian view was untenable.

Let us now suppose in the teeth of all likelihood that our future Council has terminated in complete agreement and the restoration of communion. How long will it last? Is it not morally certain that before long disputes would arise about the interpretation of the conciliar decrees and there would be a recrudescence of the old evil? The causes which produced former differences, continuing to exist and to work, would be ever widening the doctrinal chasm till conscience seemed to compel another breach of communion. In short the Anglican system reveals itself as incapable of maintaining Unity. Its inevitable outcome must be at best a perpetual oscillation between the condition of intercommunion and that of schism, or rather interruption of chronic schism by short intervals of intercommunion. According to this system the state of union is for the Church of God the state of *unstable equilibrium*.

Now take the Catholic system. This holds that the Bishop of one particular See—that of Rome—is by Divine appointment the Centre of Unity for the entire Church. All are bound to be in communion with him: any Church out of communion with him ceases *ipso facto* to be a duly constituted member of the whole: it becomes a branch cut off. In pursuance of this radical idea, the Bishop of the Central See has received supreme authority over the whole body, and is further endowed through the special providence of God with the gift of Infallibility, so that the allegiance due to his authority may never be incompatible with the allegiance due to truth. Here is the complete system.

Could anything be simpler or more calculated to work with ease? When controversies spring up it lies ultimately with the Supreme Pontiff to decide. The guidance of the Holy Spirit, which secures his decrees from error, is given, not by way of inspiration, but by way of special providence overruling the deliberations which his natural prudence dictates. He is therefore bound to examine and to ponder, to call in the aid of wise counsellors, and, when the crisis demands and the opportunities permit to convoke a General Council of the Church to sit with him in judgement. But there is no longer any difficulty in securing the proper working of such an assembly. Its members, being bred to unity of faith, are not likely to differ so widely and even unanimity is never an improbable issue of their deliberations: but should this fail, there is no uncertainty as to the side from which the authoritative voice comes. It comes from that which can reckon to itself the confirming voice of the Pontiff. So also during the interval between the holding of Councils, there is never any fear or possibility of the Church's Unity being broken. There may indeed be schisms in the sense of portions breaking off from the main body to their own cost. But the Church ever One will always be distinguished from the schismatics, the trunk from the cut-off branch, because the trunk, the Church, is essentially united with its Supreme Pastor. We have compared the condition of Unity amidst the oscillations essential to the Anglican theory to the condition of unstable equilibrium. To compare this same condition of Unity under the Catholic system to that even of stable equilibrium would be to understate. Unity is not so much a condition to which the oscillating body tends to revert, but rather one from which it is impossible for it to depart.

The comparison we have been considering establishes a presumption in favour of the Catholic doctrine of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. This by itself is important. It renders the existence of solid arguments in proof of the fact highly probable. It ought also, when biblical or patristic passages by reason of any ambiguity are susceptible of a twofold interpretation, one supporting, the other opposed to the dogma, to turn

the scale in its favour. Still presumption is not proof: and it therefore still remains to supply proof.

II. St. Peter's Supremacy—Can it be proved from the Bible?

There are three texts in the Bible for which Anglicans seem unable to assign a satisfactory place in their system, viz., St. Matt. xvi. 13-20, St. Luke xxii. 31, 32, St. John xxi. 15-17. 'Usually they pass them by unless compelled by a challenge from Catholics to discuss them, and then the discussion is of the most summary kind. It partakes more of the character of explaining what the texts do not mean than what they do mean, and of explaining away rather than explaining.

Let us hear what the first and the chief of these texts (St. Matt. xvi. 13-20) has to say about the Primacy of St. Peter. The time of our Lord's public ministry was drawing to a close, and it was becoming more and more manifest from the persistent rejection of His authority by the leaders of the Jewish people, that He could not hope to engraft the organization of the Church upon that of the Synagogue. The Church must be established on independent lines. He then began to conclude His Galilean preaching. Withdrawing with His disciples to a secluded region far to the north, He gathered them around Him and by an inquiry concerning the nature of the doctrine which lay at the root of the Gospel dispensation, drew from St. Peter a splendid profession of faith in the Divinity of the Messiah. Our Lord pronounced this Apostle blessed, and proceeded to reward his faith by a promise of certain privileges to be conferred upon him. The promise is threefold. He shall be the Rock on which the Church is built, a prerogative already foreshadowed in the change of name given on an earlier occasion (St. John i. 42), for the name Peter means Rock: he shall bear the keys of the kingdom of heaven: he shall receive unlimited power to bind and loose.

These expressions are figurative, and we must ascertain the force of the figures, as received among the Jews, before we can reach the ulterior meaning. The office of a rock in regard to the superimposed building

is to sustain it; to impart stability to its structure and preserve it from totttering and tumbling before the blast of the tempest or the inrush of the undermining waters. This is clear from the parable concerning the houses built on the sand and the rock respectively (St. Luke vi. 48, 49). Keys are the symbol of rule; or, which comes to much the same, of the power to allow or deny entrance into the city. Compare Apoc. iii. 7, where it is said of our Lord Himself, "Thus saith the Holy and the True One; who hath the key of David; who openeth and no man shutteth; who shutteth and no man openeth" (see also Isaiah xxii. 22). To *bind* and to *loose* signifies to *remit* and *retain* sins, or else to *forbid* and *allow*, that is to *legislate*. The former is the interpretation usual with the Fathers. The latter is considered by some modern scholars more in accordance with the usage of the Jews. We need not concern ourselves with this difficulty; either sense will do. Peter then received from our Lord (for of course the promise was fulfilled to the letter) the office of imparting to the Church a stability which should hold its structure firmly together; the power to admit into it and exclude from it; and lastly a most ample legislative right over its members.

It is difficult to see how a plain unprejudiced mind can fail to gather from such language the appointment of St. Peter to the office of Supreme Ruler over the Church. A ruler's office is well described as that of holding together the social organization—remove him and the parts disintegrate into fragments. To a ruler again belongs the power to admit into and to banish from his kingdom, as also that of making laws for those who are admitted. This interpretation is confirmed by St. John xxi. 15-17 where St. Peter is singled out in the same manner from the rest and told to *feed the sheep*. "To feed his sheep," "to be their pastor," was among Orientals an ordinary description of a king. Our Lord takes the name to Himself. He is the good Shepherd. St. Peter's rule is also according to this passage of St. John a supreme rule. From a Christian ruler, especially an ecclesiastical ruler, there is required above all things devotedness to the service of his master. The higher the authority the greater must be the devotedness.

So St. Peter is gently reminded that he must love his Lord " more than these," *i.e.*, more than the other apostles standing by and, if more than these, certainly more than any besides. Thus St. John confirms our interpretation of St. Matthew, by pointing out St. Peter to us as exalted to the post of Supreme Ruler over the Christian Church. The two texts are all in the direction of the Catholic doctrine.

Against so plain an interpretation what have Anglicans to say? We need not trouble to combat those who claim that not Peter, but either Faith, or Christ, is the rock referred to. It is true that some of the Fathers can be quoted in support of such expositions. But in thus expounding, these Fathers have no intention of denying that the text asserted St. Peter's pre-eminence. They differed from the rest merely as to the manner in which this pre-eminence was asserted by the words. It was a discussion about grammar, not theology. Those who took the rock to be faith, meant, not Faith in the abstract, but St. Peter's faith; and they understood his faith to be declared the foundation of the Church in the sense in which a victory is said to be due to the general's skill, instead of to the general himself. It is a mere grammatical figure. The few who took the rock to be Christ, still held the name Peter, in the assertion "Thou art Peter," to imply that he was a foundation intermediate between Christ and the Church. Moreover none are against us as to the signification of the promise of the Keys and of the power to bind and loose. When we have added that no scholar would any longer hesitate to pronounce the exposition which understands the rock of Peter's person to be the only exposition tenable, it will be seen that no successful escape from the Catholic argument can be obtained by this path. Dean Alford (*in loc.*) says against those who still try to maintain the other theories: "Let us keep to the straightforward sense of Scripture, however that sense may have been misused by Rome:" which is an acknowledgement that up to this point Rome's sense is the only straightforward sense. Nor is it an acknowledgement which reflects upon the ancient Fathers who thought otherwise. We have gained a clearer perception of linguistic processes since their days.

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In what then lay the fulfilment, if not in the supremacy of this apostle over the Church, as Catholics understand it? I would here warn the reader to exact a satisfactory answer to this question, and not allow himself to be drawn off to other points till he has received it. Anglican controversialists, having really nothing satisfactory to answer, usually confine themselves to a negative course and amass texts in large quantities from other parts of Scripture which they consider incompatible with the supremacy claimed for the apostle. Blinded by the dust thus raised they are able to satisfy themselves with some sort of off-hand exposition which could otherwise have no chance of acceptance. Catholics have really no difficulty in reconciling these other texts with the asserted supremacy, provided time and opportunity be given; but they rightly insist that this extraneous matter shall not be used as a blind to withdraw from careful attention the exposition of the text of St. Matthew. This text stands out in the Gospels as one of fundamental importance. Its predictions must then have had a fulfilment correspondingly striking. Where is it if the Catholic exposition is rejected?

The answer which finds most favour maintains the reference to be to the ingathering into the Church of the first fruits of the Jews and of the Gentiles. "The fulfilment of the prediction is to be found in the fact that St. Peter was the chosen agent in laying the foundation of the Christian Church both among the Jews (Acts ii. 41) and among the Gentiles (Acts x. 44-48: or, Acts xv. 7)." The words quoted are those of the *Speaker's Commentary* and are all it can say on the subject. Had an attempt been made to show that these events correspond to our Lord's language, the theory must have broken down at once.

Notice how in the quotation made St. Peter is said to *lay the foundation* of the Christian Church. To lay the foundation is to contribute the commencing act towards the erection of the building, and had our Lord said, "Thou shalt lay the foundation of the Church," the fulfilment suggested might not have been deemed insufficient. But our Lord said, "Thou art the Rock on which I will build My Church." St. Peter is the foundation, not the architect; he is not even called the founda-

tion stone, but the rock of foundation. The relation of the founder to the building is transient. With the completion of the act of founding, the dependence of the building on its founder ceases. The relation of the foundation stones to the building is twofold. They sustain the building, but they are also the stones first laid. As sustaining, their relation to it is permanent; as first laid, they involve the transient act of laying. The relation of a rock to the building is permanent. It is not laid, but presupposed. Had St. Peter then been called the Founder, the reference might have been to a transient act such as that of receiving into the Church the first fruits of the Jews and Gentiles. Had he been called the Foundation the reference might have been, though need not have been, to the apostle as the first member, (*i.e.*, one of the first members) of the Church. Since he is called the Rock, the reference is manifestly to some permanent relation which he holds towards the Church as the sustainer of its structure. In view of this, the fulfilment proposed by the *Speaker's Commentary* is as clearly inadequate, as that expounded above is clearly adequate. The same reasoning leads to the same result when St. Peter's ministry on the two occasions appealed to is compared with the power of the keys and the power to bind and loose. Again the language implies a permanent office not a single act, and is not satisfied by any isolated acts, such as in Acts viii. 21 : x. 28, when the apostle admitted or ejected a disciple or when he made a particular law. If it is replied that these particular acts are only cited as instances in illustration of a power which he possessed permanently and could exercise as occasion needed, we assent readily. But the admission is fatal. It concedes all that Catholics ascribe to St. Peter's person and supplies the premisses from which the supremacy of his successors can be deduced with certainty, as I hope to show later.

At other times Anglicans grant that by St. Matt. xvi. 13-20 (together with St. John xxi. 13-20) St. Peter is apppointed a ruler over the Church, but add that by St. Matt. xviii. 18 the same office was conferred upon the other apostles: whence they deduce that it involved no personal exaltation of St. Peter over his brethren. In

confirmation they quote certain of the Fathers as having taught this. Before going further we may observe how these two expositions destroy each other, and help to prove our case. We may cite the supporters of the first as acknowledging that the promise is personal to St. Peter and meant to elevate him above the rest. We may cite the supporters of the second as acknowledging that what is promised is the permanent office of a ruler and not any transient achievement such as the reception into the Christian Church of its first members. Out of these two acknowledgements when combined the Catholic interpretation results. But let us examine this second theory. And first as to the support it claims from the Fathers. The theory includes a statement and a deduction drawn from it—a statement that the self-same office was given likewise to the other apostles, a deduction that therefore St. Peter had no prerogative. It is conceded that certain Fathers, Origen, St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, and others, support the statement. But none of them made the deduction. On the contrary they all take care to point out that the equality was not absolute. Like Peter, they tell us, the rest were all made rulers, but not supreme rulers. Thus St. Jerome, "The strength of the Church is settled equally upon them (on the apostles): yet for this reason one is chosen out of the twelve, that a Head being appointed, the occasion of schism might be removed."* The principle by which the Fathers are justified in repudiating the deduction, is stated clearly by Bossuet—"Power given to several carries its restriction in its division, whilst power given to one alone, and over all, and without exception, carries with it plenitude, and, not having to be divided with any other, it has no bounds save those which its terms convey."†

In case the reader untrained to exegesis should find this principle too abstract to be intelligible, he may consider its form in the concrete by paraphrasing the words of St. Matthew as they would have to be paraphrased were it true that they conferred on St. Peter no pre-eminence over his fellow-disciples. "Blessed art thou, Simon, inasmuch as thou hast learnt by revelation

* *Against Jovinian*, Bk. 1. n. 26. p. 45.
† Sermon on the *Unity of the Church.*

from My Father, and hast openly confessed that I am the Christ, the Son of the Living God. And I say unto thee: Thou art the man whom I have called Peter. I have not made thee, and do not intend to make thee, what this name signifies, at least not exclusively. For if I build My Church upon anything besides Myself, it shall be either upon My apostles generally, or upon true faith in My Eternal Deity. In no case, most blessed Simon, art thou to have any special function or privilege in the matter. For if I build upon the body of the apostles, as upon one rock, thou shalt be only the twelfth part of it: if I build upon them as upon twelve separate rocks, thou shalt be only one of the twelve: and if I build upon the true faith, then every one of My disciples shall be, equally with thyself, the rock upon which My Church shall stand. But to *thee* will I give the keys, the emblem of the supreme ruler's power. Yet again, thou shalt not be the only supreme ruler. These others shall also be supreme rulers as well as thyself, in the one kingdom that I will found on earth. And thou shalt have unlimited judicial and legislative power in My kingdom and all thy laws, all thy orders, all thy judgements shall be ratified by Me in heaven. But I do not, and will not, give 'the faintest intimation that to thy chair there shall be accorded any special pre-eminence of authority or jurisdiction.' The thrones of thy fellow apostles shall be set as high as thine. There shall be no distinction or difference of rank among you. To conclude: though every word of this My solemn congratulation is addressed to thee personally, and personally to thee alone, I would have no one think that aught in it applies especially to thee, except the assertion that thy name is Peter. Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona." The quotation is borrowed from a recent writer. No comment is needed to bring out its force.

I trust the reader will now allow me to conclude that St. Peter was really appointed by our Lord to the Supreme Headship of the Church. In the next chapter it will be shown that the transmission of the Headship to his successors is also deducible from the words of St. Matthew.

III. Papal Supremacy—Can it be proved from the Bible?

In the last chapter it has been shown that the only reasonable interpretation of the impressive words—"Thou art Peter," etc. (St. Matt. xvi. 13-20), is that which understands them to promise to this apostle the office of supreme visible ruler over the Church. This conclusion is our present starting-point. We have now to carry on the exposition and discover whether the promise was limited to the apostle alone, or included a line of successors who should govern the Church after his death. Anglicans answer very decidedly that St. Peter alone is the recipient of the gift. "The promise is given to St. Peter individually as the person who, by divine revelation, had uttered his confession. Nothing is said or intimated concerning any successor in such an office. With Bengel . . . we may fairly say, 'Quid hæc ad Romam,' 'what has this to do with Rome?'" (*Speaker's Commentary* on St. Matt. xvi, 13-20). I hope to convince the reader that it has a great deal to do with Rome.

I begin with observing that if the office was not to pass on to successors, it is quite inexplicable why it was conferred on St. Peter. If St. Peter was really made supreme ruler of the Church (and that he was has been clearly demonstrated), the Church must have required a ruler of this kind. Our Lord did not confer empty dignities. The idea which He sought to inculcate upon His apostles was that the ruler was for the people, not the people for the ruler (St. Mark x. 42-45). What the service required of a supreme ruler was, we have been assured by St. Jerome among others—"One is chosen out of the twelve, that a head being appointed, the occasion of schism might be removed"—and what the relation between a supreme headship and the prevention of schism is, has been explained in the first chapter "Can you have Unity without it?" Bearing these considerations in mind, we cannot fail to perceive that a supreme ruler has been much more necessary to the Church since the age of the apostles passed away than he was while that age lasted. The apostles from the

time of the Resurrection were men of like mind, confirmed in faith and confirmed in grace. They could be trusted to work together in the great cause committed to their charge. In what an amicable way they were prone to settle any differences of opinion which might arise we can read from the Acts of the Apostles (xv. 6-29: xxi. 20-26). There was no danger lest such men should part off and form themselves into the leaders of distinct and warring sects. To the faithful their attitude was that of a single united whole, adherence to which or separation from which involved the possession or forfeiture of Christian status. In the succeeding generations this happy condition of things no longer continued. The bishops and clergy were not all like the apostles. It was possible, it often happened, that one or more of their number raised the standard of schism and sought to draw away adherents from Catholic Unity. It was then that the Primacy became of vital importance, to make it clear which of the opposing sides was in schism, which faithful to its allegiance. If then the appointment to the office of Supreme Ruler was confined to St. Peter's person and was not intended to pass on, it was given for the time when it was less needed, but withheld for the ages when it would be altogether indispensable.

Still there is nothing in the text about successors. The gift is in reward for the confession that had just been made and is confined to the person who made it. So runs the objection. The answer may be introduced thus. Had our Lord intended to confer an office which should be transmitted to a line of successors after the manner claimed by Catholics, the words actually found in the text would have formed a suitable vehicle for His thoughts. The successors could most appropriately be viewed as constituting along with St. Peter a single moral personality, inasmuch as the apostle was to live on in them through their inheritance of his prerogatives and their prosecution of his work. When St. Peter Chrysologus (A.D. 440), writing to Eutyches and referring to the Pope of the day says, "We exhort you honoured brother, that in all things you obediently attend to those things which have been written by the most blessed Pope (Leo) of the city of Rome, because

blessed Peter, who lives and presides in his own See, gives to those who seek, the true faith;"* when shortly afterwards the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedon on listening to the letter of the same Pope Leo exclaimed, "*Peter has spoken by Leo;*" † this phraseology is exemplified, and it sounds quite naturally to our ears. Whence it appears that there would have been nothing repugnant to the nature of language, if our Lord, intending to confer a Primacy destined to last through all time, had chosen to speak of it as conferred upon St. Peter without express mention of others, because under the name of St. Peter He wished to denote, not the Peter who was after a few years to shed his blood for the faith commended, but the Peter who should live on through the ages in the long line of heirs to his name and prerogatives. Our Lord could have meant this. But if so, we are entitled to infer that He did mean it; since it has been shown that it is not only a meaning of which the words are susceptible, but the only meaning which does not involve the absurd supposition that the office was given for the time when it was less wanted, but withheld for the time when it was indispensable. At the same time it is not necessary to suppose that the full force of the words was fathomed by him to whom they were addressed. As yet it may not have been realized that generations must come and go between the first and second advent. As yet the Resurrection had not taken place. As yet the "minds of the apostles had not been opened so as to understand the Scriptures." Later, during the forty days of the first Eastertide, many a private instruction may have been added, and in all likelihood was added, to interpret what the hearers had found obscure in the promise, and to indicate the manner in which the establishment of the Primacy should be carried into execution. These instructions did not however require to be recorded. The simple grandeur of the words of promise, unaccompanied by the prosaic details, was more in keeping with the austerity of the Gospel style, and more calculated to impress the reader, who, with the light of fulfilment to aid him, is able to interpret what to the apostles,

* *Letter to Eutyches.* † Labbe's *Councils*, t. iv. p. 1235.

bereft of this light, would have been obscure without the added instructions.

The Primacy of St. Peter descends to his successors. Who are the successors? When once it has been demonstrated that they exist, there can be no further question where they are to be found. There is but one set of claimants in the field; an uninterrupted line going back to the apostolic age, whose oft-repeated claim was responded to with invariable acknowledgement by the Fathers of the earlier centuries, and through all ages by the members of the only communion which has any pretentions to be exclusively regarded as the world-wide Church of Jesus Christ. I have said that the Fathers acknowledged the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff. Those who have not examined for themselves can have no idea how numerous are the passages which can be collected to substantiate this statement. Many have been collected by Catholic writers, for instance by the Hon. Colin Lindsay in his *Evidence for the Papacy*, and in a more compendious form by Mr. Allnatt in his *Cathedra Petri*. As the limits of a tract do not permit of an array of passages being presented now, it must suffice to appeal to the two quotations made above one of which has peculiar value as coming from the Fathers of the Fourth General Council (A.D. 451), that of Chalcedon, whose authority Anglicans profess to recognize. As, however, the Third General Council, that of Ephesus, which likewise has to be acknowledged by supporters of the Three Branch Theory, yields a passage of a similar kind, it shall be cited. In this council, Philip, presbyter and legate of the Apostolic See when about to depose Nestorius, says: "No one doubts, nay it is known to all ages, that the holy and most blessed Peter, the prince and head of the apostles, who is both the pillar of the faith and the foundation of the Catholic Church, received from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the human race, the keys of the Kingdom and the power to loose and to bind sins was given to Him. And he lives to this day and for ever in his successors, and passes sentence. His lawful successor therefore who holds his place, our holy and most Blessed Pope Celestine, &c.,"* These words were

* Labbe's *Councils*, iii. p. 1194.

used in the open Council *amidst the approbation of all*, at the solemn moment when the Council led by the legates was proceeding to depose Nestorius; and they were uttered as exhibiting the authorization which justified the sentence to be passed. What could be more decisive?

Anglicans now-a-days sometimes dispute the historical fact of St. Peter's relation to the See of Rome. In the light of the argument just used, such an objection is at once convicted of frivolousness. Even were there a complete absence of direct evidence of St. Peter's sojourn in Rome, overwhelming evidence of an indirect kind is involved in the universal recognition of the Roman Bishops as his successors, of which there is evidence from the second century downwards. This by itself would be quite sufficient. It cannot be expected that everything which has happened should be preserved in the written record of the very age to which it belongs, especially when the written records of that age are most scanty. Still it is not admitted that convincing direct evidence cannot be supplied. Canon Robertson of Canterbury, who was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, says in his History of the Church: "It is not so much a spirit of sound criticism as religious prejudice, which has led some Protestants to deny that the apostle (St. Peter) was ever at Rome, where all *ancient testimony* represents him to have suffered together with St. Paul in the reign of Nero" (Vol. i. p. 4, ed. 1875). Canon Robertson no doubt testifies here only to the evidence for the presence of St. Peter in the city of Rome, not of his having been bishop of its Church. But the evidence in favour of St. Peter's Roman episcopate is just as strong as that in favour of his Roman visit. In both cases it is only a religious prejudice which prevents recognition of a fact to which all ancient testimony points.

IV. Papal Infallibility—What does it mean?

This is an age fed on newspapers. It is to newspapers that most of us largely, and many of us entirely, look for information and for opinions. On the other hand

the information and the opinions supplied from this source are given to be crude, inaccurate, and often false. Journalists are men in a hurry. They are obliged to form opinions on the spur of the moment as the hour of publication will not wait, and in consequence they get into the habit of making rash guesses and judging from insufficient evidence. One of the subjects which comes in this way to be much talked of and little understood is Papal Infallibility. The word is on everybody's lips. Everybody is intensely shocked that the Pope should make so outrageous a claim. Meanwhile how many are there who could tell you what the claim is, how many are there who even understand the meaning of the word?

What is Infallibility? Many seem to think it means sinlessness. To assert that the Pope is infallible is, according to them, to assert that he never sins, and never can sin. Then they ask, Does not the Bible teach that all have sinned, that "there is none that doeth right, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12)? They go further and ask, what about the bad Popes, and they speak as though moral depravity were an admitted characteristic of that illustrious line. Here they greatly exaggerate. There have indeed been Popes, whose histories can only be read with sorrow. They have been to the Apostolic See what Judas was among the Apostles. Nor is this wonderful, seeing how often ambitious princes and nobles endeavoured under threat of arms to impose their worldly-minded candidates on the electors. It is a bad thing for the Church when the State succeeds in over-ruling its counsels. Still the wonder is, not that there have been so may bad Popes, but that there have been so few. Since St. Peter, that is during eighteen centuries and a half, there have been over two hundred and fifty Pontiffs; and since the Conquest, that is during eight centuries there have been thirty-five Sovereigns of England. Yet if you compare together the two lists, you will find more bad kings durings the shorter period than you will find bad Popes during the longer. In fact only four or five Popes have been in any way proved to have been bad. As a whole, the line of Popes has been a line of men quite remarkable for personal holiness. However,

Infallibility has nothing to do with holiness of life. When the Pope is said to be infallible, the meaning is, not that he cannot do what is wrong, but that he cannot teach what is false. The word *infallible* means incapable of deceiving or being deceived.

But is it conceivable that God should grant so high a gift as this of immunity from error in faith to men whose lives are sinful? Yes, it is, and for this reason. The gift is granted to them, not for their own personal advantage, but for the advantage of the Church at large. If the object of Infallibility were the personal benefit of the Popes, it is quite true that God would hardly grant it to men of evil life. But since it is given for the sake of the Church, in order that the faithful throughout the world may always be preserved in the truth, it is quite in accordance with the analogies of God's merciful Providence that it should not be withheld even from the worst of sinners, when once he has been duly elected to the Pontificate. The case is exactly similar to that of the administration of the Sacraments. Baptism and Holy Communion are valid Sacraments and profitable to the receiver when duly administered, even if the minister should unfortunately be guilty in the eyes of God of the most grievous sins. Anglicans admit this as much as Catholics.

Since infallibility is immunity from error in doctrine, it is an attribute of the Popes as *teachers*, not as *rulers*. Catholics do indeed believe that God watches over the supreme government of the Church with a very special providence, and they are always loth to admit injustice or even unwisdom in Papal rule. In fact they are sure that in its general character this rule is both wise and holy. They are sure also that laws imposed upon the entire Church cannot be such as it would be wrong to obey. Still it is not claimed that the Popes may not at times impose commands neither wise nor even just. It is even allowed that their commands may at times, though rarely, be clearly wrong: in which case it would be a matter of conscience to refuse obedience. Bishop Grosseteste refused to obey the Pope's order to admit to a benefice in his diocese a certain candidate appointed by the Pope. He said the candidate was unfit and his conscience would not allow him to institute.

Taking the facts to be as Grosseteste affirmed, Catholics would say now, just as much as ever before, that he was right to resist. The Pope himself acknowledged as much when remonstrated with. Many similar instances could be cited. One of recent occurrence, when there was a question not of right or wrong but of desirability, may be mentioned. When the German Catholics showed some reluctance to accept Leo XIII's recommendation, and vote in favour of Prince Bismarck's Army Bill, the *Times* expressed sarcastic surprise that such faithful sons of the Church should demur to the orders of their Infallible Pope. In reality there was no order, only a suggestion. But even had there been an order, and it had referred to matters more strictly ecclesiastical, the German Catholics might still have felt it to be inadvisable without any disloyalty to the dogma of Infallibility. Of course it does not follow that they could without disloyalty disobey, or without disloyalty be over prone to impute imprudence to the injunctions of authority. Nothing however could have been more loyal than their actual conduct.

Even in regard to teaching there are restrictions to be applied to the general description with which we have hitherto been contented, before an exact notion of the nature of Infallibility can be obtained. *First*, it refers only to teaching concerning Faith and Morals, it does not refer to teaching concerning secular subjects disconnected with these. The Pope is not infallible on mathematics and physics. If physics and theology are both involved in the determination of controversy the case is different. The theology would be within the Pope's competence and might fall under his infallibility. Indirectly this would strike any inconsistent views on physics, but not directly. *Secondly*, the Pope is not always infallible even in regard to Faith and Morals; but only when he is speaking officially. Some of the Popes, Benedict XIV., for instance, have been also theological writers. Infallibility does not attach to their published writings, still less does it attach to their private conversations. In neither of these cases are they speaking officially. *Thirdly*, the Vatican Council does not claim infallibility even for all their official teaching: only for their *ex cathedrâ* teaching.

The phrase *ex cathedrâ* means literally "from the Chair" (*i.e.* of Truth) and according to the same Vatican definition, the Pope teaches from this Chair "when, discharging his office of Pastor and Teacher of *all Christians*, in virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine concerning faith and morals as to be held by the *whole Church*." Thus he must be addressing, not some individual person nor some particular portion of the Church, but the entire Church. He must be addressing them not anywise, but with the *intention* of using his supreme authority to oblige them to render assent to his definition. And of course he must make it manifest to them that he has this intention: otherwise the corresponding obligation to believe does not arise.

When these conditions are borne in mind, it is seen that almost all the objections usually urged in disproof of Papal Infallibility are irrelevant. Take for instance the one which is most relied upon, that based on the declaration extorted from Galileo who was bidden by the Inquisition to affirm that "the sun goes round the earth." This was an order imposed, not on the whole Church, but on a single man. It was imposed by a Congregation of Cardinals, not by the Pope: or if it be said that the Pope was much mixed up in the matter and lent his entire sanction to the orders given to Galileo, at all events he neither gave his name to the written documents nor was acting in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority as the teacher of all Christians. Infallibility is a great responsibility. Although knowing well that his deliberations are being over-ruled by God, and that it is to this over-ruling providence not to the perspicacity of his own intellectual powers that the infallibility of the conclusion will be primarily due, still the Pope is bound to use his natural powers to the best of his ability and under a profound sense of responsibility, if he wishes to proceed to a definition of faith. Hence these definitions are only issued after long-continued examinations, consultations and discussions, after much prayer and consideration. They are consequently rare. Now it is obvious that the Pope may often have to act under circumstances which do not require infallibility to be

staked upon their issue. He will then give his orders as Pope, but not in virtue of his supreme apostolical authority. So was it in the case of Galileo, Urban VIII. acted as Pope, but not as supreme teacher. The documentary evidence bears out this statement. It offers no ground for imputing to Pope Urban an intention to draw upon his infallibility—quite the contrary. In a similar manner St. Peter's submission to the rebuke of St. Paul yields no ground of attack against this dogma. St. Peter was not addressing the whole Church; he was not teaching at all. His conduct was reprehended: and it was reprehended as being inconsistent with his own undoubted teaching.

V. Papal Infallibility—Is it according to Reason?

On a certain occasion an Anglican Bishop declared it to be evident that "the dogma of Papal Infallibility is the stultification of reason." Such a phrase to knock down an opponent with is all that is required by the unthinking majority. It is admirably adapted for platform and newspaper use, and no doubt was taken down for that purpose with grateful pencils by the listeners. But fortunately there are some who refuse to be led by phrases until they have submitted them to the test of careful examination. It is to readers of this class that the present paper is addressed.

Is Papal Supremacy then the stultification of human reason? A law which assured children that they needed no instructors, and that their highest duty was to follow their own lights would be a stultification of reason; on the other hand a law to compel youth with its want of knowledge and its infirmity of judgement to sit at the feet of age and experience is eminently according to reason. Which of these does the dogma of Papal Infallibility most resemble? Does it set up an incompetent teacher over those who need none, or does it supply with a competent teacher those who without one would be all astray? We see now that the question resolves itself into these two. Does the world need a trustworthy teacher? and does the doctrine of Papal Infallibility supply it with one in a suitable manner?

To the first question there can hardly be a doubt what answer should be rendered. There are indeed persons who think that religious truth is a matter of infinitely small importance. "No matter what you believe as long as you do right" they tell you. If truth were really of no consequence, a trustworthy teacher would be a superfluity. But the maxim just given comes to this: "It does not matter whether you know the way as long as you go by it." If you do not know the way, how can you go by it? Evidently our Blessed Lord thought truth to be of importance. "I came to bear witness to the truth," He tells us (St. John xviii. 37). If truth were of no consequence, it is not conceivable that He should have come down from heaven and have taken flesh in order to become our instructor and even to seal His testimony with His Blood. Revealed Truth therefore is of importance, of the highest importance. How then are we to attain to it? In the earlier days of Protestantism a method was proposed which sounds simple enough. All that is necessary is written down in the Bible. Read this reverently and with prayer, and you will find it. But those who try it soon find out that the Bible, although it "does one good to read it," is a very hard book to understand. Those who go to it in this manner for doctrines, relying on their own private judgement for its interpretation, are found to return with results altogether inconsistent and even opposite. Thus it is clear to sensible persons that if the Bible is to be of any use a trustworthy teacher is needed to explain it.

Our first question above propounded is now answered. But where is the teacher to be found? It is natural first to think of ministers of religion. Every denomination, or nearly every denomination, of Christians has found it necessary to appoint ministers to conduct its services and preside over the administration of its religious organization. Such ministers being men who have studied divinity, it might seem that one could consult them with confidence. But here again the same difficulty recurs, These ministers do not agree among themselves. Go and ask Mr. Johnston the Vicar and Mr. Thompson the Dissenting minister, for instance, what is the right means of obtaining forgiveness of sins;

and although each will claim that the instruction which he gives you is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible, their answers will be different and even opposite. Both cannot be right. Both cannot be trustworthy teachers. Is either of them? and if so by what mark is he to be known as such? Perhaps the Anglican Vicar will tell you that the mark is membership of the Church, that Mr. Thompson being a Dissenter is in schism, that it is not surprising that schismatic ministers should teach you wrong, that if you want sound teaching you must seek it from the ministers of the Church, which goes back to the times of the apostles. Of course by "the Church" he means his so-called Church of England, though whether this institution has any ground for claiming descent from the apostles is again a matter of dispute. If you take the Vicar's advice it will not extricate you from your perplexity. The Vicar of High Hampton says you must get absolution from an episcopally ordained priest: the Vicar of Low Hampton repels this suggestion with indignation and directs you to pray for saving faith: the Vicar of Broad Hampton pooh-poohs the recommendations of both his brethren and assures you nothing more is required than to strive in future to live according to the commandments. The Vicar of High Hampton lights candles on his altar and bids you fall down in adoration before Christ present in the Sacrament: the Vicar of Low Hampton declares this to be rank idolatry: while the Vicar of Broad Hampton takes a middle course and pronounces it all to be a quarrel about metaphysical subtleties. If now you enter into yourself and ask how comes it that these gentlemen disagree so much, the answer is plain. Each goes by his own judgement as exercised on the text of Holy Scripture and perhaps on the literature of the first Christian centuries. But man's judgement is essentially fallible and the fallibility of his judgements is revealed in the multitudinous differences of opinion, which, when the subject is at all difficult, commend themselves to different minds. These gentlemen are all fallible, and convicted of fallibility by their differences of view. None of them is fit to be my guide. So far I seem to have three times discovered stultification of the reason in

the proposals submitted for my acceptance. It is stultification of reason to regard creed as unimportant; it is the very guide of life. It is stultification of reason to set myself up as a trustworthy interpreter of the Bible. It is stultification of reason to submit myself blindly to teachers who disagree among themselves.

What is it then which my reason really demands? Evidently a teacher set up by God and not by man; one rendered absolutely trustworthy, not because he is naturally more wise or more learned than other men, but because he is protected from falling into error when he teaches the Church, by the Holy Spirit of God which watches over him. If there is such an one in the world the need which we all feel to know with accuracy and certainty what our Lord has bidden us to believe and what He has bidden us to do, is at once supplied after a manner suitable to our nature and easy of application. The infallible teacher is placed at the head of a vast body of other teachers appointed under him in various grades. These subordinate teachers need not themselves be infallible. All required is that they shall teach in conformity with their infallible head, and this is sufficiently secured by the solicitude with which the latter watches over them, and with which he corrects and if necessary displaces any whom his watchful eye detects as departing from the doctrine which he himself, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, knows to be alone revealed.

Notice that the effect of this simple and natural arrangement will be to provide the faithful everywhere with living teachers upon whom they can rely, and at the same time to mark these with a character by which they can be securely distinguished from the teachers who go only by their own lights. This character will consist in the complete agreement among themselves which the teachers in communion with the infallible Head exhibit. They will all teach alike. It is a character the nature of which the least instructed can appreciate. It requires no great learning to know that disagreement is the mark of error and uncertainty: agreement on an extensive scale the mark of truth securely possessed. We are dealing in this paper with a scheme in the abstract, not with its concrete realiz-

ation in the bishops and priests who recognise the Infallibility of the Pope. Still the concrete realization may be suitably appealed to as an illustration of the explanation given. You may indeed be told by Protestants that Catholic priests disagree among themselves as much as any others. Still if instead of listening to such Protestants you make the experiment yourself, you will find that they have misinformed you. Ask any Catholic priest you like what is the appointed means of obtaining the forgiveness of sins, and he will tell you baptism, for those who have not received it, and for the baptized priestly absolution. Ask a friend in Spain or America, or China, to make the same inquiry there; the answer will be the same. Why? Because a priest who should persist in teaching that priestly absolution was not of Divine appointment would at once be removed by his bishop: as in like manner a bishop who presumed to depart from this doctrine of the Church would be removed by the Pope. As with this one doctrine, so with the whole range of doctrines by which the Christian life is regulated.

It is true there are questions concerning which even the Catholic clergy differ among themselves. But this, so far from destroying the value of the agreement where it lies, stamps it with the further confirmation of contrast. Where the Pope speaks, there they all speak with him and hence agree; where he has not spoken, and they have only their own judgement to go by, they relapse into the condition of other men and disagree. However the area of settled questions is wide, and covers all matters of practical importance. Thus whatever disagreement exist in reference to ulterior points is innocuous. Herein lies the difference between the domestic controversies of Catholics and of Protestants. The former, turning only on minor and mostly purely speculative points, are consistent with uniformity in Christian practice; the latter ranging as they do over the entire field of revealed truth produce the greatest perplexity among the people, who are rendered quite unable to shape their course of conduct in essential matters.

This is what is meant by Papal Infallibility. Surely it sounds most reasonable; and yet we are told that

such a doctrine is the stultification of reason, In what does the stultification consist? Certainly not in placing a teacher over those who need none; for it has been shown that this is just what men do need. Certainly not in establishing a system which cannot work: for it has been shown how easily and naturally it works. Certainly not in assigning a teacher incompetent for the task: since the teacher assigned is not the Pope as a mere man, but the Pope under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, so that the real teacher is God. Is it foolish to believe that God can so overrule the reasonings of a human mind as to prevent it from falling into error? This ought not at any rate to be accounted foolish by Anglicans who believe in the Infallibility of General Councils. If God can overrule the deliberations of a Council, that is, of a number of men, still more can he overrule the deliberations of a single man. Nor ought it to be accounted foolish by any of those who believe in the Inspiration of Holy Scripture. Inspiration involves a still more far reaching interposition on the part of God than is required for Infallibility. Is Infallibility too great a burden for a man to bear, so that it is absurd to suppose that God would, even if He could, impose it? If Infallibility attended the Popes in their every utterance, even in those bearing on secular matters and on the daily intercourse of life, perhaps it might lift them too much out of the natural order and above the conditions under which alone human probation is possible. But there is no such impropriety in an Infallibility which is confined to a limited class of official utterances, and this is all which the Vatican Council has claimed for the Popes. It does not appear in what other respect stultification of the reason can be discovered in the dogma, and at all events we may wait till Anglicans have indicated it.

VI. Papal Infallibility—Has it been always believed?

By the Infallibility of the Pope, Catholics mean that immunity from error in his sacred teaching which they claim for the Head of their Church. Its nature and significance has been expounded in the last two chap-

ters, and a strong presumption thereby established for the genuineness of the claim. It remains to convert the presumption into proof. As a principal point relied upon by opponents of the claim is its supposed novelty, while, on the other hand, proof of its genuineness is largely mixed up with proof of its antiquity, it will be desirable to consider these two points simultaneously. Is the claim ancient, and is it original—that is, based on a real grant made by our Blessed Lord?

Before beginning we must endeavour to understand our terms. The charge of novelty rests upon an equivocation which must be exposed. The doctrine is ancient, but its formal definition by an Œcumenical Council is recent, having taken place at the Vatican Council in 1870, as everybody knows. There is no inconsistency between these two statements. It is not by definition alone that the Church teaches. She teaches by her daily instruction—given in sermons, books, catechisms, services, devotions, &c.—which is carried on under her watchful eye and virtual approval; as also under a stimulus and express direction which she has imparted. Definitions are of the nature of judicial decisions. They presuppose a controversy as to what the Church's teaching really is, and their purpose is to terminate the question by a clear declaration calculated to remove the doubt or obscurity, rational or irrational, out of which the controversy grew. If there were no controversies there would be no definitions. To conclude that the teaching of a certain doctrine is new, because the definition which declares it to be a genuine portion of revelation is recent, is as absurd as it would be absurd to conclude that, because a judge's decision on a point of law is recent, the law which it declares is also new.

If we put this same matter in another way, it will serve the better to illustrate the position. The controversy precedent to the definition of Infallibility, although it was ultimately a controversy about the truth of the dogma, was immediately one about its age. Was it novel and therefore false, or was it old and therefore true? The Vatican definition declared it to be old. "We, *adhering faithfully to the tradition handed down from the commencement of the Christian faith* . . . teach and define it to be

a dogma of divine revelation that the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, is, through the Divine assistance assured to him in Blessed Peter, possessed of that Infallibility, etc." (Chap. iv.) But, it is urged, before the Vatican Council Infallibility could be denied without danger of anathema, whereas, according to the Catholics a similar denial at the present time would certainly incur that penalty. This is true, but it does not show that previously the doctrine was in fact no part of the Church's teaching: it only shows that in the absence of a judicial decision, that is of a definition, it was possible conscientiously to doubt whether the doctrine was part of her teaching. After the definition, such a doubt can no longer remain in the mind of a loyal Catholic; refusal to accept the dogma is therefore without excuse.

There is still another precaution to be observed before the true value of the historical evidence for the antiquity of the doctrine can be appreciated. Although we claim that the doctrine is old, we are well aware that its formulation as a theological proposition and its designation by this particular name of Infallibility does not go back many centuries. This kind of formulation is the result of the scientific study to which controversy more than anything else gives birth. But under simpler modes of expression essentially the same doctrine was practically held and acted upon from the first. The forms under which it is found are such as these: (1) That the Pope is the Supreme Teacher of the Catholic Church. (2) That no one can reject his teaching without sin and without cutting himself off from the communion of the faithful. (3) That in the See of Rome the sacred doctrine has ever been preserved immaculate. (4) That this prerogative is derived from St. Peter whose own faith was confirmed in order that he might confirm the faith of others. Of these four propositions the third is the assertion of infallibility; the first and second state the purpose for which it is required, the premisses from which it follows as a corollary; the fourth traces it to the origin whence it sprang. If then we find these same propositions asserted in early times by representative men before the face of the whole Church without encountering contradiction, we have all that is needful,

although the technical name of Infallibility is one not then devised.

When at last we turn to ecclesiastical history, we discover that it is not the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, but the denial of this doctrine which is wanting in the necessary antiquity. According to the theory of those Catholics who denied the Pope to be infallible, the organ of Infallibility is a General Council without the Pope, or at all events only a General Council with the Pope. Until the fifteenth century no trace of such a theory can be discovered. But at that time an anti-pope had been set up against the true Pope, and it was not easy to get at the facts so as to ascertain which of them had been properly elected. This caused a great deal of perplexity, and it occurred to a few venturesome persons to start the theory that a Council of the Church as representing the whole Church was superior to the Pope who was but a part of it, so that a Council of this sort could properly sit in judgement on the rival candidates. The theory was at once caught up by courtier ecclesiastics, who saw how readily it could be turned to the advantage of the French sovereigns in their attack upon the liberties of the Church. It was therefore fostered, particularly in France, and sought, though in vain, admission among the legitimate decrees of the Council of Constance. It lived on till the Vatican Council.

While the first appearance of the opposition is discoverable in the fourteenth century, the traces of belief in Papal Infallibility are discernible all down the course of the previous centuries. We must content ourselves with one or two crucial instances.

To the second Council of Lyons, an Œcumenical Council held in A.D. 1274, the Greek Emperor, desirous of restoring to unity the Greeks who had formed a schism some four hundred years earlier, sent an embassy to represent him. They made a profession of faith in which occur the following words; "The Holy Roman Church (*i.e.* the See of Rome) holds the Primacy and princedom over the entire Catholic Church; and truly and humbly acknowledges that she has received it from the Lord Himself in Blessed Peter the prince and head of the apostles, together with the

plenitude of power. *And as before the others she is bound to defend the truth of the faith*: so also, *whatever question concerning faith may arise, ought to be decided by her judgement*," &c.,* with much else in recognition of the Primacy. Here we have the substance of propositions one and four out of those above stated. This act of profession is most valuable, because it was made before an approving assemblage of five hundred bishops, seventy abbots, and one thousand prelates and legates of princes (among whom were the prelates of the old Church of England), by men specially sent to represent the Orientals. Letters of adhesion were brought by these Greek legates in the name of the Emperor, twenty-nine Eastern metropolitans with their respective synods, and many other ecclesiastics. It is thus an irrefragable witness to the faith of the Latin Church two hundred years before the opposing doctrine was heard of, and a witness to the faith of that body of Orientals, which Anglicans dignify with the title of Second Branch of the Church Universal. It is true the Orientals soon fell back, but that is to their own disgrace; the letters of adhesion remain to testify against them.

Two hundred years earlier, the Fourth Council of Constantinople, the Eighth Œcumenical Council, was held (A.D. 869). This was just before the Photian schism, which gave rise to the Greek "Branch," was consummated. Pope Hadrian II. sent over a profession of faith with orders that no one should be admitted to sit in the Council without having first subscribed it. The conditions were accepted. All who sat, about a hundred in number and the pick of the Eastern Church for piety of life, attached their signatures. The document runs thus: "The first condition of salvation (*prima salus*) is to hold the right rule of faith and in no way stray from the decrees of the Fathers. And because the sentence of our Lord Jesus Christ who said 'Thou art Peter,' &c., cannot be passed over, what was there said is proved by the result of events, for in the Apostolic See *religion has ever been preserved immaculate*. By no means wishing *to be separated from the hope and faith of this* (See), and following the decrees of

* Labbe's *Councils*, xiv. p. 512.

the Fathers, and especially of the holy bishops of the Apostolic See in all things, we anathematize all heresies. . . . . Whence as we have said, *following the Apostolic See in all things* and professing all its decrees, I trust that I may deserve to be with you *in the one communion* which the *Apostolic See enjoins*, in which is the entire and true solidity of the Christian religion. Promising also that the names of those *who are cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church, that is who are not consentient with the Apostolic See*, shall not be recited during the sacred mysteries."* In this celebrated document we have all the four propositions above given. It is called the Formula of Pope Hormisdas, because three hundred and fifty years earlier (A.D. 519), it was drawn up by that Pope and was subscribed in like manner by the Emperor, the Patriarchs and the Bishops of the East. According to Dr. Döllinger this formula was then signed altogether by about 2,500 Eastern Bishops (Hist. of Church, vol. ii. p. 221). Thus we have three most formal declarations testifying to the belief in Papal Infallibility of both East and West. Of these the first has brought us back to the commencement of the sixth century.

Out of the first half of the fifth we may summon St. Peter Chrysologus, the great Bishop of Ravenna, to testify: not because others are wanting, but because of the distinctness of his language. He is writing to Eutyches the Monophysite and says: "*Blessed Peter*, who lives and presides in his own See, *gives the true faith to those who seek it.* For we, in our solicitude for truth and faith, *cannot without the consent of the Roman Church hear causes of faith.*"† This doctrine is exactly the same as that enunciated in the Formula of Hormisdas a hundred years later, and yet it has already an air of antiquity. It is not put forward with hesitation, or as an opinion, but rather as a well-known and generally recognized truth. A few years later the same Eutyches whom St. Peter Chrysologus is addressing was to hear the same doctrine proclaimed loudly by the Council of Chalcedon, when after listening to the letter of Pope Leo which was written in his condemnation all the assembled fathers

* Labbe's *Councils*, x. p. 498 and v. p. 586.
† *Letter to Eutyches.*

cried out, "Peter has spoken by Leo." We go back still another century and the great St. Ambrose is our witness, one out of several. The saint's brother, Satyrus, was a bishop of suspect faith, and this is how Ambrose handles him. "He called the bishop to him and not accounting any grace true *which was not of the true faith*, he inquired of him *whether he agreed with the Catholic Bishops, that is with the Roman Church*" (*De Excessu Fratris*). With St. Ambrose then agreement with the Roman Bishop is the appointed test of orthodoxy; the indispensable condition of communion with the Catholic Church. And the tone is still that of antiquity, of long-established recognition, although we are now not three centuries removed from the last of the apostles, and are in the midst of an age which stands out among the rest as being pre-eminently that of those Fathers who have ever been regarded the most authoritative witnesses to primitive tradition.

It is noticeable that in the passages adduced this prerogative of Infallibility is always traced back to St. Peter, and to the classical passage in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel whence Catholics derive his authority. From the chapter on the Bible witness to the Supremacy the reader may see how distinctly the first of them (St. Matt. xvi. 16) asserts the Primacy of the Apostle (and his successors). A still more searching examination shows that it is specially in his quality as a teacher that St. Peter is thus regarded. It is his firm faith which is rewarded, the faith by which he was the first to confess the Divinity of his Master. When the reward takes the form of establishing the apostle in strength in order that he may impart it in his turn to the Church, as a rock does to the superstructure, it is most natural to understand the strengthening to be primarily a strengthening of faith. He is a rock to the Church by reason of his faith, inasmuch as its members are established in their own faith by rendering obedient assent to his infallible teaching. This also our Lord Himself, in words free from figure, declares elsewhere; "Simon, Simon, Satan has desired to have *you* (in the plural) that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for *thee* (in the singular) that *thy faith may not fail*, and do thou in thy turn (this is the more probable rendering)

confirm thy brethren" (St Luke xxii. 31, 32). This is another text to which the Fathers frequently refer, understanding it in the sense asserted. It is true that some see an allusion to the triple denial shortly to follow. But these are not to be understood as wishing to exclude the more direct reference on which Fathers and Councils more often dwell. Indeed it is most probable there is an allusion to St. Peter's denial, but it is an allusion only, and does not belong to the direct scope of the words, at all events it does not exhaust their meaning. Let those who think otherwise offer some reasonable account of the way in which the Apostle confirmed his brethren.

Conclusion.

The conclusions at which we have arrived may be summed up as follows. The doctrines of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility are neither unreasonable nor extravagant. If they are true, a means has been provided of maintaining the Christian people in the bonds of unity, which is simple and easy of application, and at the same time in harmony with the nature of man. If they are not true, the inevitable result must be what we find to be in fact wherever the Pope's authority is not acknowledged: indifferentism in place of a common faith, innumerable schisms in place of sacramental intercommunion, religious anarchy in place of ecclesiastical order. There is then the strongest presumption that the system which the two doctrines represent is that which our Lord has established, since otherwise He would have made Himself responsible for all these horrors which good people deplore. This is the first conclusion which has been arrived at.

A second is that the evidence yielded by Scripture and Ecclesiastical History, when interpreted according to the laws of right reason, points exactly in the same direction. It shows that our Lord has ordained what we should have expected Him to ordain. These two things, the presumption and the proof, should be considered together. Through their harmony each adds strength to the other. They are like the strands of a rope which gain strength from being intertwined.

But what about the opposing evidence, an Anglican

may exclaim? Is only one side to be heard? Would that Anglicans would always make a point of hearing both sides! Too often they only hear what is said against the Papacy, not what is to be said on its behalf. Under such circumstances it might seem excusable to urge only the latter, leaving the former to take care of itself. There is, however, no desire on the part of Catholics to evade a single one of the difficulties which can be brought against the doctrines and institutions they believe to be divine. On the contrary, there is the greatest desire to deal with them all solidly and thoroughly, so that every impediment may be cleared away from the path of those who are anxious to find the truth. Still one thing at a time, and the examination of the proofs has been found quite sufficient matter for this series of papers. It may be added that the difficulties are far from being as serious as is commonly imagined. A satisfactory answer to very many will at once suggest itself, if the doctrinal explanations which have been given are borne carefully in mind.

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.

I.

It is about a little Italian boy that I am going to tell you this Christmas. His story is a very simple one, I know, yet still I think you may like it as much as I do. The boy's name was Naldo, and he was the son of a well-to-do peasant who owned a cottage and a small vineyard on the hill-side; a vineyard in which Naldo spent many happy hours at vintage time, when in the autumn the great bunches of purple fruit hung, ripened by the summer sun. Not that the sun took leave of San Stefano as soon as the grapes were ripe; for he seemed to love the place and to shine there bright and warm long after turning his back for the winter upon our grey English villages. And little wonder, for the sun seldom looks down upon a fairer or more peaceful spot.

Naldo loved it well with the quiet love of childhood, that takes for granted nothing can be dearer than the home and the surroundings into which God has placed it. I speak of a quiet love, because I think as we grow older we are not always so truly content with our homes and our lot, or if we love the trees and river and fields we

have known from babyhood, we are troubled by the fear that we may have to leave them all some day. Children trust the future more into the hands of God, which makes them wise as well as happy, and perhaps that was one of the reasons why our Blessed Lord loved little children, for our Heavenly Father is pleased when we trust Him.

Naldo was a good boy; he could not read or write, but he knew a great deal of his Catechism, and could say his Rosary; and he was fond of the church that looked down into the quiet valley, blessing it and making it so happy and fair. He knew that in the church dwelt Jesus Christ, of Whom Brigida, Naldo's mother, told him so much, and in it, too, was the beautiful Madonna, the pride of all the village. No Madonna could be more wonderful, Naldo felt quite sure, than this one, before which his father and mother, and their forefathers before them, had prayed to the Heavenly Queen, and at whose feet Naldo himself had been laid as a tiny baby after holy Baptism. "For, think not," Brigida was wont to say, "that Our Lady will ever own a sinful child as hers. The dear Child Jesus was so holy, she cannot bear one who is not like to Him. So we had all the stains washed from off your soul before giving you to Christ's Mother, and then we laid you at her feet, clothed in the spotless robe of your Baptism, which Jesus washed so white in His own Precious Blood. O then, Naldo, the heart of Our Lady was full of joy, and seeing the white robe, she took you for her child. My son, never stain that robe by grievous sin, else the Madonna, seeing that you have despised Jesus and sullied what He had washed so white, will turn away in anger and say, 'This is no child of mine!'"

So little Naldo used often to go to his dear Madonna and say: "My Mother, never let me stain the white robe of your Son;" and Our Lady heard his prayer, for, thank God, he never did.

But one day a stranger passed through the village, and this stranger told Naldo that there were more beautiful Madonnas to be seen than this one. "Yes, and even more beautiful hills and woods," he added, "for the world, Naldo, is very large and wonderful,

and, as God made everything it contains, all is great and good as well as beautiful -at least where man has not spoiled it," he concluded with a sigh.

And Naldo from that time forward began to long very much to see these other lands and yet fairer Madonnas of which the stranger had spoken; as the world was so large and wonderful, it seemed a pity to see only such a little bit of it before one went to Heaven! Wishes sometimes come to pass; and as time went on, Naldo's desire was fulfilled, but it was in a sorrowful way. How it all happened the boy never fully understood. He only knew in a vague kind of way that wicked men, instead of being glad and proud to have God's Vicar for their king as well as Pope, grew restless and discontented, and took his throne from him, to which he had as much right as Naldo's father had to the little cottage and the vineyard on the hill-side.

You will say it seems strange how this could affect a little boy like ours, and yet it did. All great events bring small ones in their train, somewhat after the fashion of princes, who are accompanied by many men of humbler degree; and so poor Naldo's life was shaped by facts of which we read in books of modern history. But I hardly know why I talk of "great" and "small;" things are only that which they are in the sight of God, and in God's sight Naldo and his father and mother were very great indeed, since they were humble and pure of heart, and their joys and sorrows were objects of deeper interest to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than the disputes of statesmen or the ambition of princes. And so, when the Pope was no longer king, Naldo's father, like many another poor man, was cruelly taxed, and the golden maize became less plentiful in the cottage, and the purple grapes had to be sold for very little. And then came a day saddest of all.

When it was mid-winter, and it was cold even at San Stefano, Naldo's father fell sick, and not long after he was laid to rest in the little churchyard, the soft white snow making his coverlet. Poor Naldo! he was very, very sorrowful, yet no child knows to the full, what it

loses when its father dies; this it can only learn as the years go on.

But our boy was only a little fellow after all; and with the spring there came once more the sweet flowers and the song of birds, and the world looked so bright and joyous—and had not his father gone to a yet fairer, happier world, called there by God Himself? and were not the saints and angels taking care of him at this moment? And so Naldo laughed and played as in other spring-times, and ate the yellow maize, which had grown so much less plentiful, with the keen appetite of former days.

The leaves had not yet begun to turn, or the sun to be less warm, when Naldo one day began to day-dream as he lay in the shadow of a large beech tree. He had forgotten about other lands and the wonders contained in the great round world when he had seen his father sick and his mother weeping; but now he thought of all these things once more, and the old longing arose within him to see the marvels of which the stranger had spoken.

"O," he said at length, aloud, "if I were only quite big I could travel and——"

"And why should you not travel, though you are not quite big," said a voice close to his elbow; and looking up with a start, Naldo beheld a man he had never seen before. He was not at all like that other stranger I mentioned, for that one was a foreigner, whereas this man was dressed in peasant fashion, only somewhat gaudily, and spoke Italian just like Naldo. He looked about fifty, for his hair was rather grey, his eyes were small and bright, and about his lips there was a constant smile. He carried with him a barrel-organ, upon which was a monkey dressed in a red coat.

"O what a nice little beast!" cried Naldo, who was fond of animals. "But, sir," he said, turning to the stranger, "I do not know who you are, and you do not know me, else you would not ask why I cannot see the world. I am only ten, and there is no one to take care of mother but me!"

Naldo, curiously enough, had never seen a barrel organ or a monkey in his life. San Stefano was a very small

village and rather out of the beaten track; I fancy it was this made the stranger think of going there. The fact is he wanted two things: he wanted to make a few pence by grinding his organ, and this he was more likely to do in a village, where such things were unknown; and he wanted to find a pretty looking boy to accompany him on his journeys, and this, too, he was more likely to find in an out-of-the-way village, for in the towns people know by this time that the life of an organ-grinder is not always a happy one.

"Father is in Heaven, and mother could not spare me," Naldo continued meditatively.

I cannot help thinking the stranger's small eyes looked more than usually bright when he heard the words "father is in Heaven."

"If thy father is dead, my boy, there is nothing to keep thee at home; 'tis not difficult for a lad to obtain his mother's consent to what he wishes. And wouldst thou not like to earn money and send it back to her? I thought as much. Now listen to me. My name is Antonio, and inside this box there is beautiful music. I go through the world letting fine ladies and gentlemen hear the music and see the monkey doing strange tricks. Listen to this," and Antonio proceeded to turn the handle of his organ, which gave forth the strains of *Adeste Fideles*.

"O, how beautiful!" cried Naldo in delight, "and how clever you must be, sir."

Antonio was not too great a man to enjoy praise when well merited.

"Well," he said, "ladies and gentlemen when they hear the beautiful music give me money, as is but just, and the poor people give me their pence, which I am not above taking, for pence in the end mount up into pounds. For example, put a penny into the monkey's hand, and he will at once show thee his tricks."

"I haven't got a penny," said poor Naldo in confusion.

But Antonio did not seem to mind, and most obligingly made the monkey go through his performance, to Naldo's very great delight.

And so by the time Antonio went into the village to play to the people and show off his monkey, Naldo had settled with him that, if Brigida gave her consent, he would be his little travelling companion, and go to other lands far distant and beautiful; and then at the end of a year come back to San Stefano with several gold pieces in his pocket sufficient to buy bread for many a long day.

It was all very delightful. Naldo was to have a little instrument and carry white mice about with him, small gentle creatures who would soon get to know so kind a master as Naldo. Brigida was at first much opposed to this plan. How could she spare her Naldo for a whole year—her pretty boy, who had never been any trouble and nothing but a delight to her, and now that his father was dead, seemed almost necessary in her loneliness.

"But, mother dear," Naldo would urge, "'tis only for a year, and think of all the beautiful things I shall see, and I may die before I have seen them if you do not let me go now. Then, too, mother, there will be more for you to eat if I am gone, and I shall bring back money for you, and if I like the life I will buy an organ of my own and travel—but always come back to you and the Madonna of San Stefano."

Poor Brigida! she would not have cared how little there had been to eat for her, but the grapes had done badly this season, and food was likely to be scarce; there might not be enough for her Naldo. Then the boy was so anxious to go, and Antonio promised to be very good to him, and indeed, how could anyone help being good to the pretty gentle child?

And so, sorely against her will, Brigida gave her leave. God has rewarded her for her unselfish heroism long ago; only He knew what living without Naldo meant to her. It was settled that Antonio was to come back to San Stefano in a little while to fetch Naldo, bringing the white mice with him and a new suit of clothes, and he was to give Brigida two whole pounds to help to carry her through the winter.

Meanwhile Naldo was to make his First Communion. Alas, all lands were not Christian; and the mother's

heart shrank from sending her little one into the great wide world, which she heard was very wicked, without strengthening the young soul with the strength of God Himself. O foolish little birds, why are you so eager to leave your nest where you are sheltered from the rains and the storms and watched over with loving care? O still more foolish little children, why are you so eager to leave home, so eager to see the world? You will find no such friend anywhere as a good mother. Your home is something so sweet and sacred that it is an image of your Father's House in Heaven. The world is cruel and mean and wicked—not the beautiful world of earth, sea, and sky, made by the good God—but the world of sinful men and women, that world which put Jesus Christ to death.

Naldo knew nothing of all this, he only felt so glad at the thoughts of his new life; yet the evening before he left San Stefano a feeling of sorrow stole over him for the first time. He went out on to the hill-top and looked down into the quiet valley. The sun was setting all crimson and golden, and a tree here and there seemed to have caught some of the tints in the sky—perhaps that is the reason why the leaves are so beautiful in autumn. In the spring they are green, the colour of this dear earth; but in autumn, when their youth is ended and their death is at hand they put on the colours of the heavens, they seem to belong more to the sky than to this work-a-day world. Low down was the church, the sun seemed to be kissing the cross on its tower ere going away for the night. How glad the sun must be to kiss the holy cross instead of some pagan image, or the statue of a wicked man called great by the world.

Then half way up the hill was Brigida's cottage, the blue smoke softly curling upwards from the chimney. No doubt, his mother was cooking the best provisions she could afford for his journey of the morrow. Poor Naldo for the first time realized what leaving home meant, and his heart began to grow heavy, but he brushed away his tears, and by the time he had run down to the cottage door, his sorrow was at an end!

After supper, Brigida and her boy went to the church, and kneeling side by side and hand in hand before the Madonna, they each prayed for the same thing, but in a different way. "Make me good and brave, and send me safe home when my travels are over," prayed Naldo. "Keep my boy innocent and pure of heart while he is away, and then let him come to his mother who loves him," prayed Brigida. And the Queen of Heaven heard and answered their prayers.

II.

It is Christmas Eve in a large town in the north of Germany. What a pleasant excitement seems to be over all the place! Men are hurrying to and fro, bent on pleasure rather than on business, or rather, their business to-day is their pleasure, and their pleasure is such an innocent one it makes even quite prosaic fat old gentlemen thoroughly agreeable to look at. Surely you need not ask what their business is—or rather, if you knew much of German towns and German fathers, you would not need to ask. They are all bent on making provision for the Christmas-tree, a delight to which all but the very poorest children in X—are alike entitled. There are articles in the shops to suit all purses. Why, I saw a man just now whose coat was quite a shabby one, with a small parcel he was carrying very carefully, and as the teller of a story is a privileged person, I peeped into it, and it was full of nuts and apples, and gingerbreads, representing knights on horseback, "Old Father Christmas," rabbits, hares and other animals.

"The children will be pleased; wee Lottie shall have a horseman all to herself," I heard him say as he went along; and I thought his homely face looked almost beautiful for a moment, and I wondered why, till he added, "and I can do without much dinner myself," and then I wondered no longer, for unselfishness always makes people beautiful.

"See, see, papa!" cried a little girl, who was going into one of the finest shops with her father. "O, do stop a moment, there is such a nice boy here with dear little white mice."

The little girl had a sweet rosy face, and golden hair, of which, however, you could not see much, for she was muffled up in a fur hood and pelisse, a snug, warm dress for such a bitter afternoon.

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, absently, "come in, Nina, and choose your own cake and sweetmeats; we are late as it is."

But the little girl was obstinate.

"You are not kind to-day papa," she said half-crying, "he is such a very poor little boy, and he looks, O so cold and hungry. Do call him in, and let me give him my cake."

People were jostling one another near the door, for that street was one of the most crowded, and the gentleman had some difficulty in finding the boy; but he would not disappoint Nina, and in a minute or two he found him.

"Why, he is an Italian," the gentleman said to himself, as he led him to the shop-door, "poor little fellow, how cold he must be, and what a pretty boy he is, with his dark eyes and curly hair."

"Papa, now give him some money, please," said the golden-haired girl. "I have given him a cake, but he says something I cannot understand, he speaks such a queer language; but I think he wants money."

"Why do you want money, my boy?" said the gentleman in Italian.

The child looked up with a bright flush on his pale face.

"Ah, it is so good to hear it again!" he exclaimed, as he fed his mice with a portion of the cake. "I have not made a penny to-day, for the people are so busy, and if I do not take five florins back to Antonio this evening, he will beat me."

Naldo—for it was he—did not notice that as he spoke a face with small bright eyes and smiling lips was peering in at the shop door.

"I am speaking the truth," the child said simply, but with a certain dignity of manner, looking at the gentleman fearlessly.

"I am sure you are," he answered heartily, "but who is Antonio?—stay, though, I am too busy to hear about him now—come to my house to-morrow; here are the five florins."

"O, God reward you, sir," cried the child, but the gentleman and his little daughter were gone.

He was a kind gentleman; but what a pity he had not made time to be just a little bit kinder still—alas! he had forgotten to tell Naldo where his house was.

Naldo and his mice having finished their meal, he was proceeding to leave the shop, when a man siezed him roughly by the arm.

"You are a thief," he cried angrily: "why, here was a whole plateful of gingerbread near the door and it has all gone within these five minutes. You shall pay me for it or go to prison."

Naldo could not speak German intelligibly, but he understood what was being said to him.

"I did not steal it," he said, growing very white; "O, sir, do not make me pay for what indeed I did not take; I have only five florins, and if I do not carry it all back to Antonio he will beat me so dreadfully."

The man could not understand what the child was saying, but luckily a woman came to his rescue.

"Bless me," she said, "after all, gingerbread was made to be eaten I suppose! Let the poor little fellow go, he looks forlorn enough—only, hark you, don't you come thieving here any more."

Naldo left the shop white and dry-eyed. He felt too miserable to cry just yet; he heeded nothing around him, neither the bright lights, for the day was closing in, and the shops looked gayer than ever now that the gas was lit, nor the throng of men and the hum of many voices; on he went, still and silent as a ghost. At length he reached a quiet street where the houses looked poor and gloomy and where no shops enticed the Christmas buyer. Naldo was making his way towards

the dingiest of these houses, but ere he had reached the door a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and turning round the boy saw Antonio's face, dark and threatening, yet ever with that evil smile about his lips.

"What is it, 'Tonio?" cried Naldo fearfully; "I have got five fiorins, let me go in now and rest—I am very cold and tired."

"O, you are—are you?" said Antonio, still smiling, "and so you go into grand shops with fine gentlemen and eat cake fit for a prince, do you; and then you tell first the gentleman, then the shopman, that 'Tonio beats you. I've half a mind to kill you in good earnest this time, but I can pay you off some other day. Now give me the five florins, and since they are so easily made on Christmas Eve go back into the gay streets and beg or steal another five."

"'Tonio," cried the boy, "you are wicked as well as cruel. It is beginning to snow and it is late; I cannot beg another florin, I am sure, no one cares to see the poor little white mice to-day, and I will not steal."

"As you please," replied Antonio doggedly, "be as particular as you like in your way of making money, only it must be made before you come home," and so saying he pulled from his pocket a piece of gingerbread, which he began to eat with relish.

"O, you wicked man!" Naldo exclaimed, his dark eyes ablaze, "it is you who stole the gingerbread and let me be taken for the thief. I hate you! I hate you! I will starve—I will die, but I will never, never more come back to you. The Madonna will take care of me; she will be glad that I should leave such a wicked man as you. You have been cruel and unjust to me all these months, and now you are a thief!—O, how I do hate you!"

All Naldo's fear was gone; his southern blood was up, and he spoke in a voice that made Antonio a little uncomfortable for the moment.

"As you please," he then said, scowling: "I will pay you out for this day's work some other time. Meanwhile, be off to the shops, and don't dare show your face again without the money."

"You will never see me any more, Antonio," said Naldo, as he rushed away into the darkness.

For a moment Antonio stood irresolute. Should he run after the child? After all it was a bitter evening, and it was late now to make up five florins, and Naldo had looked so strange and desperate. Could he be going to do himself a mischief?

"Bah!" said Antonio, as he groped his way upstairs and proceeded to light a good fire, "if the brat does not make the money in a hour or so he will come back without it, as he has often done before; and, perhaps, for once, I'll not beat him; for after all, he makes a good deal of money for me. Why, I've made only a few pence by my organ to-day."

Meanwhile, whither had Naldo gone? He did not know himself. On he ran, avoiding the bright streets, whose mirth and gladness seemed a mockery to his woe. On he ran, till he came to a part of the town where the houses stood farther apart, and had gardens round them, and then, at last, out of breath and trembling, he sank down in the darkness near a gateway, and burying his face in his hands, wept long, and bitterly. His thoughts travelled back, O so swiftly and longingly to peaceful San Stefano, and to his mother's cottage, where she—dear, good, sweet mother, was thinking of him and praying for her boy—little dreaming that her darling was crouching in bitter anguish in the snow and darkness. And he thought of his father's grave. Perchance the snow was falling on it, too; but what was making a warm white shroud over the green mound was cruel and cold as it fell upon him. Yet, was his father really in that mound? O no—a thousand times no! His father was in the land of sunshine and peace, where God Himself had wiped away all tears from his eyes; in that land, holy and happy, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Much of this Naldo, as a Catholic, knew, and a great longing arose within him, Mother's home was far, far away—unattainably far it seemed to the tired child; but father's home, so bright and beautiful, was not far off, for it was with God, and God is everywhere.

"Oh, father, dear father," Naldo cried aloud, "ask that I may come to you; O call me to you quickly."

Naldo remembered that his father's home was in the blessed land over which the Madonna is Queen—the great Queen he had loved so well all his little life—but the child felt so forlorn, it seemed to him perhaps his Mother Mary had forgotten him after all. She was so great, what could it matter to her whether he were sorrowful or glad? Was he fit to go to Heaven? He suddenly recollected the words he had spoken to Antonio. He had said "I hate you;" those were wicked words for a Christian to use, and seemed doubly wrong on this day, which was fast drawing nigh to the hour in which the sweet Jesus, Who was meek and humble of heart, came into our midst to teach us to forgive and love our enemies. Then was it right to say "I will starve, I will die, I will not return to you?"

Poor Naldo gave a little gasp. It was hard work to forgive 'Tonio.

"Yes, I do forgive him, for the love of Jesus," he said softly.

He got up, meaning to return to Antonio and bear the brunt of his anger as best he might. But when he got up, a curious feeling came over him—he was all numbed and stiff with cold; the snow was falling fast, yet he was so tired he felt he must go to sleep a little bit first, before going back to 'Tonio's. So he sank back on the snow, letting his weary eyes close. How long he slept I do not know, but when he did wake it was with a strange dizziness in his head, and it seemed to him then that he saw strange figures flitting by like those he had seen in the shop windows during the day, only that those were toys of people in picture frames; whereas these, though long and shadowy, were the figures of real men. There were knights in shining armour, and courtiers bravely tricked out in velvet and satin, and many others whom Naldo could only see by the dim glimmer of a distant gaslight. They all passed the child without any notice, and he for his part felt no inclination to speak to them; he read nothing like pity on the faces of any of these

proud lords and soldiers. So Naldo's eyes closed once more, and he slept the dreamless sleep of childhood. The tolling of a distant church bell striking eleven again awoke him. And now he saw only two figures instead of the strange host that had swept past him so proudly before. One figure was that of old Father Christmas hastening towards the house at whose gates Naldo was lying—kind old Father Christmas, who always brings mirth and plenty with him to good boys and girls. As usual, he was not empty-handed, but was bearing with him those things in which all children delight.

"O Father Christmas!" cried Naldo, "why do you pass only me by? Can you not take me into that warm house with you, and be good to me as you are to these little German boys and girls? I have been trying so hard to be good."

But Father Christmas heeded him not, and walked on smiling.

Then Naldo glanced at his companion. It seemed to the child that it was a figure fair and angelic that floated beside him, some gentle spirit from the next world who also was going to bring his gifts to good children, gifts of kindliness to one another, of charity to their poorer fellow-children, of love and gratitude to the Infant Jesus.

"O dear angel! won't you be kind to me?" Naldo cried, and it seemed to him that the angel smiled, and that soft and low came the words:

"Be patient, little one, your Christmas joy is soon to come."

But as Naldo stretched out his cold numbed hands to stay the beauteous angel, he was gone. And weary and heart-sick he sank back into the snow and into a deep sleep, the snow falling softly all the while.

An hour had sped away, and the church clocks were striking twelve when Naldo opened his eyes, and awoke to real consciousness this time. What was it he saw? O, happy, happy Naldo! His Mother, his own Mother, not his earthly mother, but his Lady, his Queen, she whom he had fancied forgetful of him, because she was

so great. Yet now he saw that she was greater than he had dreamed, or could ever have imagined, and his heart beat fast with awe and rapture. O how glad Naldo was then that he had always loved her; and if he could have been sorry, he would have been so sorry that he had not loved her even more; but he could not be sorry, that seemed a thing of the past when he looked into the face of the "Cause of our Joy."

"Naldo, I have come to take you home with me. My Son Jesus is calling you, and you will live with Him and with me for ever and ever. No more sorrow, no more crying, no more cold or hunger, but happiness so great that no tongue can speak it; Naldo, shall I show you the Child Jesus? the sight of Him will make you die of gladness."

"O Mother, Mother! show Him to me!"

The heavenly Queen opened her mantle, and then upon the midnight air there rang out a cry, sweet and wonderful, the cry of exceeding great joy which God grant you and I may utter, too, when, in our "flesh we shall see God."

It is Christmas morning. The sun is shining brightly on the white snow, the bells are ringing so merrily and sweetly; children with glad faces greet one another with "a merry Christmas;" all is very gay: yet the sun is looking down on a boy who is kneeling in the deep snow, his upturned face white and lifeless, with tears frozen on his cheeks, and about the little form some white mice are creeping softly, as though half wondering why the small brown fingers do not unclasp to give them the usual caress! It was thus Naldo was found, and kind men bore him sorrowfully into the house at whose gates he had died. "Poor child," they said, "how he must have suffered!" And so he had; yet they little suspected that those tears on the wan face were tears of joy shed by Naldo on his entrance into that world where, as he had dreamed in former days, he indeed was seeing things great and wonderful, and his dear Queen and

Mother more beautiful than all else save her Son Our Lord.

And so everyone pitied the sweet-faced child, and as for Nina, her father never dared tell her that it was at the very gates of her home the little fellow died. Even without this knowledge Nina was very heartbroken, and could take comfort for awhile in nothing, save the thought that Naldo would have been pleased that she was kind to his mice. And yet which child, think you, had the happiest Christmas, Nina or Naldo?—I know that Nina was enjoying all the pleasures health and riches and human love can give, while Naldo was lying in the snow and darkness, dying houseless, friendless, and alone, but still I think every Catholic child will agree with me that Naldo's was the happiest Christmas?

And now you will say, "Why tell us such a sad tale? is not Christmas the happiest and brightest season of the year; why try to make us sorry?"

In the first place, I do not think it such a very sad tale. We know that there is much, very much, poverty and distress in the world; it is no good forgetting about it, that is the last way to mend matters. But since so much sorrow exists, is it not a happy thought that the more anyone is abandoned by his fellow-creatures the more he is entitled to the loving kindness of Almighty God? Do you think Naldo would have changed places with Nina as soon as he saw Our Lady?

In the second place, I have told you this story because I want to make you good to your fellow-children who are poorer than yourselves. There are many many Naldos in the world. They may not all be so good or so pretty and engaging, but that matters not; the Child Jesus loves them, that is enough for you. And if they are not so good as Naldo, that is the more reason to help them. If you do not come across Italian children it matters not; the poor children in your town or village will do quite as well. Give them something from your abundance, deprive yourself of some little indulgence

for the love of Jesus, Who was once a little Child. Give a trifle, however small, to some kind priest or nun devoted to the service of the little ones of Christ. If you do this, you will spend a more truly happy Christmas than if you could have every toy and picture-book in the whole world. You will have something of the joy of Naldo's Christmas; for you will have drawn nearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

As a Child, the world's Redeemer
  Clasps His Mother's hand to-night,
And His infant Brow is shining
  With that radiance, softly bright,
Making once in Bethlehem's stable
  Cold and darkness fire and light.

As a Child among the children
  Of His Father's house He stands
When the Christmas-trees are kindled
  By the busy angels' hands:
Swiftly on glad mission speeding,
  To and fro, the white-winged bands.

Echoeth through the courts of Heaven
  Sound of unchecked childish mirth,
Keeping, with a soft-voiced clamour,
  Holy day of happy birth
When a Child, to win man's loving,
  Came the Lord of Heaven to earth.

Stands His tree among the others,
  Tall and strong and very fair;
Sweetest scent of earthly forests
  Filling all the heavenly air,
Lifting, as it were, in incense,
  Grateful earth's adoring prayer.

But scarce lighted are the tapers
  On the Christ-Child's cross-boughed tree,
And the angels, as they pass it,
  Scarcely seem its want to see
Through the myriad lights that sparkle
  Like the sun upon the sea.

And the hosts of little children,
  Happy-hearted, scarcely mark
In the light of Jesus' smiling
  That His tree alone is dark;
That where lights should burn the brightest,
  Shineth but the tiniest spark.

Till one little soul that, nestling
Lovingly at Mary's feet—
Finding thought of earthly mother
In her hand's caresses sweet—
Questioning words of childish wonder
Doth with grieving heart repeat:

"Why hath none our Lord's tree lighted?"
Soft he speaketh, unafraid.
Then unto him Mary answering:
"Tender heart, be not dismayed,
Though thy tree like star be gleaming,
And my Son's seem dark with shade.

"All thy tapers God's dear angels
Set with heavenly love aglow,
But the flames my Son's to kindle
Must be born on earth below,
Must ascend from each soul's altar
Bought with love so long ago.

"Every thought of Him uprising
From a loving human heart
Swift shall make dark-seeming taper
Into golden shining start;
So He wills His earthly brothers
In His Christmas shall have part.

"Every kindly thought for others,
Every loving action wrought,
Every sigh of soul's contrition,
Shall with kindling flame be fraught,
And the burning candles symbol
Earthly love in deed and thought.

"Lonely were my Son in heaven,
And His Heart unsatisfied,
Did to-night amid earth's gladness
Rise no thought of Him that died,
Rise no thought of her that worshipped
Bethlehem's manger straw beside.

"Royal gifts to men He giveth,
And His angels on them wait;
But the Lord of men and angels
Chooseth ever humblest state,
And in lowliest heart that loves Him
Seeks His own love's thirst to sate.

"So He chooseth that not angels
Light to-night His Christmas-tree.
Heavenly service for his brothers,
For Himself earth's charity;
And the brightness of His Christmas
Measure of earth's love shall be."

On the Christ-Child's tree the tapers
With a glow, e'er deep'ning, shine—
Prayers of grateful heart ascending,
Sin o'erthrown in some soul's shrine,
Loving thought in noble action
Grown more like to love divine.

Then the Christ-Child, smiling softly,
Gazeth in His Mother's eyes,
Listening to the angels' singing
Sounding through the star-lit skies.
"Gloria in excelsis Deo"—
As of old the strong words rise.

With the song of angels mingling
Earth's glad Christmas harmony
And the peace of God descending
In hearts warm with charity,
While far down the streets of jasper
Shines the Christ-Child's Christmas-tree.

Catholic World.

FAILED.

By L. E. Dobrée.

I.

Vartilly is a little out-of-the-way French village, far removed from railways or steamboats, leading its tranquil life, and sleeping peacefully through its long years, scarcely touched by the finger of nineteenth century civilization, hardly knowing anything of the great world that lies under the same sky and within the limits of the same land.

It has its own world of interests, for all its quietness. The church forms the centre of that world; the Curé, with his broad-brimmed hat shading a benevolent face, holds the key to most of them, and keeps the whole village *en rapport* with itself. Who is baptized, married, buried, these are the great interests; and the Curé, as he passes down the sunny white road, stays for a moment or two and has a little gentle gossip with some of his people as they stand at their doors; or else he enters and sits down, talks, nods his head, is grave or gay as the case may be, and then goes home to the *presbytère* which is behind the little grey stone church,

The fêtes wave through Vartilly as well as through the large towns. Ever and anon there is a great twining of garlands and bouquets, an erection of *reposoirs*, a clanging of bells, a faint scent of incense on the air, a passing to and fro of the people in their best clothes, the baker making an extra quantity of *brioches* and *galettes*, and the processions surging through the one main road and up the narrow streets. But besides these there is little to break the monotony, and when Madame la Ballière, who as all the world knows, is widow of Monsieur la Ballière, who once lived in Versailles, goes *aux eaux* every summer, all Vartilly turns out to see the departure, and

wish her a "*bon voyage*," as it does on her return to greet her as "*la bien venue*."

Madame la Ballière's house formed the corner of a narrow street which adjoined the road. Vartilly, I must explain, stands as a village on either side of a long white military road; the narrow streets, of which there are few, lead up from it. This house of Madame de Ballière's was ugly, and utterly devoid of any architectural grace. The windows were long and narrow, and there were *persiennes* painted pale grey, like the door, which Madame had put up to shade the rooms when the sun was strong.

The old lady lived rather a lonely life at Vartilly. She usually sat downstairs in a room on the groundfloor called the *salle*. The *parquet* was always very much polished, and beyond a few chairs, Madame's work-table in the window, and the round table covered with oilcloth, where she took her meals, there was very little furniture in the room. Over the chimney-piece was a looking-glass very near the ceiling, and below it a picture of Madame as she was at seventeen. Not a very pretty picture, but through the bad painting and the unartistic dress of white muslin with short waist, there was a charm of the long-ago youth, that outlived and shone through the ugliness of the whole. At seventeen Madame's cheeks had been soft, and if they were a little pale, they suited well with the jet black hair and dark eyes which looked at you still from the picture.

About six months before that picture was taken, Augustine Lenage had just come home from the convent where she had been educated,—home to Paris, and her father and mother, and the big hôtel in the Champs Elysées. One day she was sitting knitting, when her father opened the door, and looking pleased and important, bade her come down stairs at once.

"Come down, Augustine, come and see your future husband. Never mind your knitting," he added, as Augustine was obeying, knitting in hand.

Then she went down stairs, her large dark eyes kindled with a strange light of expectancy and curiosity, and her future husband was introduced to her. He was a

tall man, some years older than herself, with burnt gold hair swept away from a fine forehead, very Saxon blue eyes, and a grace of manner and a charm so subtle and undefinable that Augustine was won at once.

They had a few brief interviews in the *salle de réception*, and long before they were married, Augustine, though she never dared confess it even to herself, was very much in love with Michel la Ballière.

Then there was the marriage at St. Roch, and the *corbeille* of the bride was the chief topic of conversation among Madame Lenage's acquaintances for at least a week. It was so superb, so charming, the dresses were angelic, the lace *à quoi rêver.*

Augustine and her husband lived a happy life at Versailles, mixing very little in the great gay world of Paris that surged so near them, having interests and occupations into which they put their whole hearts and souls. Both were thoroughly in earnest as to the purpose of life. "To the glory of God" was the *cachet* set upon all their actions, and it was also the end of their hopes.

Madame la Ballière devoted herself very much to work among the poor, and Monsieur painted. He worked away, never hopeless of ultimately being a great painter, and of painting pictures—that was his great longing—for churches. But after a few years of his married life he died. Died, thinking that he might, had he lived, have been one of the noted artists of the day; died ignorant that he possessed little or no artistic talent. But he had talents for other things if he had none for painting. He had the power of making people love him, and very often he led them on from that to love their God; unknown to himself he had done much good, and left a memory that lived pure and fresh in the hearts of his wife and his little son Michel.

After his death however trouble had come. The bank in which nearly all Madame's money was placed failed, and she was left with only a small income. Her father aud mother were dead, and she removed at once to Vartilly, a small place she had once heard of as being cheap and secluded, and there she lived with Michel.

She had to sell nearly all her furniture, keeping only what was absolutely needful to furnish the house that she got for the small sum of three hundred francs a year, and her heart was very sore when she parted with it. One thing however she packed carefully herself, and that was the picture that her husband had painted of her so many years ago.

She valued it very much; she hung it over the chimney-piece, and her love for her dead husband covered its many sins against art and beauty. Michel went to the Lycée in the nearest town, and only came home for the holidays, when he walked about Vartilly in his tight clothes and gilt-edged cap, to the admiration of the villagers and to the pride of his mother's heart. Those were the happiest times in her even life, when Michel came home. She and her one maid, Margot, a faithful *bonne*, who followed her mistress in weal or woe, had plenty to talk of after his visits. All his doings and sayings were treasured up and remembered; and thinking of them sweetened many a lonely hour when Margot was at the stream washing, and the house was still and empty. Then as he grew up he showed that he really had a great talent for painting. His father had loved it, but had no talent. And now his son had inherited the passion for the artist's life, and had also a spark which was ready to be kindled, of real genius. His father had been rich, and all that he had wanted was, to succeed as an artist, quite apart from any mercenary considerations; but Michel the younger had, besides his talent, a need for making it serve the subordinate part of gaining money, and that as a secondary consideration he kept in view.

Time passed on, and he went to Paris, and studied hard there, and all the while Madame la Ballière lived on at Vartilly, looking to his regular letters as the sweetest earthly pleasure, and every now and then having a flying visit from himself, which made so many red-letter days in her life.

We have all of us our calendar of saints, the names whereof are not to be found in any list on earth, we

know that they are saints, there is something that tells us so; not only by watching their holy lives and their good actions, by seeing their likeness to their Master in their every day life, and by noticing how all is guided in their words and manner by what He would have them to do. There are times when we seem to touch them very closely, and to know by that touch that there is an ineffable grace in them, which makes them what they are. We are in awe of the traces of the hand of God so visible on them, and, taking courage, we pray that as they are helped and strengthened so we may be also. So we have our saints, whose names will be proclaimed at the last as they are in Heaven written now, and we, too, whilst here, have our red-letter days when a stream of heavenly light seems to illumine our pathway.

So Madame la Ballière thought of her Michel. He was one of her saints, and his visits were like holy days to her.

It really was not only a mother's pardonable fondness and pride which made her think him so good, there was in him a simplicity and devotion which was as rare as it was singularly lovely. To love his Saviour and to work and live for Him above all things was his supreme desire. His religion soared far above the shackles of infinitesimal rules and multitudinous forms. His heart and love were in the right place, and what was rule and form to others did not do more than mark out the outlines filled up by him with an ardent love and a true spirit of devotion.

Madame la Ballière, as I have already said, went to the sea every summer. This line of action necessitated the house being left in charge of old Nanette, who took care of it all during Madame's absence. All the winter through, Madame la Ballière economized so as to be able to go for her summer trip, which usually extended over the lengthened period of one fortnight. She burnt less fire in the *salle*, and sat over her *chaufferette** cheerfully, thinking that so many more francs saved in wood were going towards her little fund for her expedition.

* A wooden box, containing hot charcoal, used as a kind of footstool.

The place she went to was Aune-sur-mer. It was a small village about twenty miles off, little frequented, and not much known. A frightful place it was, but Madame liked it. She enjoyed the sight of the sea and the one rock, and the sweep of shingly beach, and the salt smell in the air; and the sight of the half-dozen people who came from the nearest town, and who walked about in their bathing dresses and oilskin caps, and bathed to their heart's content.

One summer's day, Madame la Ballière was going as usual. She stood at her door dressed, with her glazed leather bag on her arm, her umbrella in her hand, and her thin-soled, high-heeled boots on. She was tall and slight, and there was not much likeness between the picture over the chimney-piece and herself. The cheeks pale then were now sallow, the jet black hair white as snow; but the eyes were dark, tender, and lovely as of old, and there was a grace in her movements, a refinement in her well-shaped feet and narrow white hands that marked her out as belonging to a family who had been long ago amongst the high ranks of the *ancienne noblesse*.

Her voice was low and sweet as she gave her orders to Nanette, who stood in the doorway in her sabots and short blue skirt, and her manner as she was speaking to the people who gathered round was very winning.

Nanette, with her high cap and wrinkled face, was shading her small eyes with her hand as she looked towards the horizon, when at the end of the long white road she at length discerned a cloud of dust. This betokened the advent of the diligence, and soon the rumbling of the wheels was heard, the jingle of the bells, and the cracks of the conductor's whip which cracks he thinks very important, and impossible to be separated from the entrance to any town or village.

They drew up at the inn near, and one or two alighted and got some beer; or if they had any desire to see the church, they crossed the road and pushed aside the felt curtain and entered. Madame la Ballière secured her seat in the *coupé*, Margot went in the *intérieure*; the

two light boxes are handed up and pushed under the tarpaulin which covers the heavily laden roof, and then they are off; the children running after screaming out for *sous*, and the echos of "*bon voyage, madame*," "*amusez-vous bien*," ring in her ears for a long time after they have left Vartilly.

It was only the beginning of June; Madame generally did not go till September, or sometimes in August; rarely as early as this year; but Michel had written to say that he was coming to spend the last week in June with his mother; and Madame la Ballière, hoping he might stay on for two months, decided to get her trip over first.

Once, long ago, she and her husband had been to Aune-sur-mer, and that was why she had such a fondness for the place. Once since she had left Versailles she had revisited it, and gone to see her husband's grave. But that did not seem to her to recall him as the little village of Aune-sur-mer did. There she could think of the happy days when they were together, and that silent grave was only eloquent of death. And so Madame spent her fortnight at Aune-sur-mer, enjoying herself in her quiet way.

II.

Michel was now twenty-three, and he was very like his father both in face and disposition. He had the same blue eyes, with their wonderfully earnest expression, the same coloured hair, the same fascinating manner that had so won Madame la Ballière when as a fresh convent-child she had first seen his father in the big *salle de réception* in the Hôtel Lenage.

But Michel had genius. There was no mistake about that. He felt the strange stir and glow within him, which he knew came not only from a passionate love for his art, but from the creative power that he really possessed. He worked hard, and soon he was enabled to hope that he would climb to some height on the hill he was desirous of ascending.

But his great desire was above all things to do some work for his Lord and Master, and in consecrating to Him his talent he felt that perhaps it might be granted to him to achieve it He thought if he could only paint pictures that would do good, that besides raising men's hearts and minds, as all true art must, they might uplift their souls to God, how happy he should be.

There was somewhat of the spirit of Fra Angelico, who painted only after preparing himself by fasting and prayer, in Michel la Ballière. Even in the few small pictures that he had already done there was something transmitted from the grace in his own life, the beauty of holiness in his own soul. And looking back to them, it must be confessed that for Michel's hopes there was very strong foundation. It did seem likely, nay, most probable, that his work would be a great one, that as a painter as well as a worker for his Lord he should succeed.

The long June days were coming to an end, and Michel felt that he must take his promised holiday.

"Leave all your things as they are, I will look after them," said an artist friend of his, who had come back with him the evening before he left to have some supper.

"Yes, in this room," said Michel, looking round at the poorly furnished room. "But the studio, I think I shall take the key of that."

"Yes; oh, I meant only of this room, of course," answered Henri. "How long will you be gone, *mon ami?*"

Michel threw himself down in his chair, and shook back his hair, which was growing thick and rather long over his eyes. He smiled as he answered.

"My mother wishes me to stay two months; but I hardly think I can spare the time."

"Two months—ah, no, friend; believe me, you will never stay away so long from your painting."

"I must try, though; my mother is lonely, and I confess that I long to earn more, so as to be able to have her to live here in Paris."

"Would she like to do so?"

"O, yes, to be with me for one thing, and then I should get her a nice apartment *au second*, and she would be very happy—that she would."

"Well, I must be off. Can I do anything for you?"

"On second thoughts, I will leave my studio key with you. Will you wait for it now?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go for it. Stay there, please; I shall bring it to you." So saying, Michel went out of the room, and went up to the small, sky-lighted attic, dignified by the name of the studio. Pushing open the door he stood still for a moment, and then in the June twilight he went round and examined all his pictures. There was a gentleness in his way of taking them to the light and looking at them, that was even greater than usual. Then he left the room, closed the door, and turning the key he gave it to his friend. The next morning he left Paris for Vartilly.

Vartilly looked much the same as ever when he got out of the diligence, and went over to his mother's house. The Curé was walking down the road, old Nanette was standing in her doorway, and her tiny grandchild, little Jules, was playing on the step with some cherry-stones and a bit of stick; the bells were ringing for vespers, and the summer sky was perfectly cloudless and blue.

Madame la Ballière was rejoiced to see her son. She laid her white hands on his shoulders, and looked into his dear face. His blue eyes met hers frankly. Why should they not? He had done nothing that he was ashamed of; he was truly a good son, and a God-fearing man, and peace and content were visibly marked on his countenance.

They went upstairs; for whenever Michel was at home, Madame used the *salon* which opened with folding doors into her bedroom.

The salon was papered in light grey, and it boasted of a good many ornaments, some of which were of value and had belonged to Madame's ancestors. These she

had not had the heart to sell when she parted with her furniture at Versailles. There was an old Dresden cup, a Louis Quinze clock, a pair of Sèvres vases, and some bronze candlesticks, on the chimney-piece.

The tables were high, and had very slender legs, the chairs had upright backs, and the seats had faded crimson velvet cushions, the curtains were of clear muslin, and there were two pieces of carpet a few inches square, which Madame had, *à l'Anglais*, as she called it, on the waxed floor.

The room was a very uncomfortable one, but Michel and his mother were fond of it, and they sat and talked there until Margot called them down to dinner, which was served earlier on account of Michel's journey. The dinner was simple and good; soup as soup only is in France, *hericot de mouton*, and plenty of fruit with thin claret, the latter in honour of Michel. That was the meal, but how they enjoyed it, these two!

Over their fruit Michel talked to his mother of his hopes of becoming a great artist.

"Thou wilt do good work for God yet, my son," said Madame, listening, her eyes filling with tears of joy as she heard Michel's words.

"If He allows me," said Michel, reverently.

"All can work for Him," said Madame la Ballière, meditatively.

"Yes, *ma mère*, but sometimes it is long before we can do much," said Michel.

"Trust to Him, *mon fils*, He will *give* thee what thou hast to do."

So on they walked, and in the evening they took a little walk, and coming back happy and tired, Michel went to bed early and dreamt he was painting a fine picture that was going to be hung—but here his dream got confused, for he heard noises in the road, and awoke to find a stream of lurid light across his room.

Jumping out of bed he ran to the window. There, opposite was old Nanette's house on fire. Happily it was detached, for the flames were high and the fire was raging. In a few minutes Michel was dressed and in

the street. Two or three neighbours were there helping to quench the fire, and Nanette stood sobbing, and wringing her hands.

Suddenly a voice that rose above the noise, startled them all. "Where is Jules?"

Jules! the little grandchild, he had been forgotten. Nanette screamed as she turned to the neighbour who had spoken. But almost before, she could speak, Michel, who was standing near, said, "Where is the child? quick! tell me."

"Up in that storey, you can't reach him, monsieur."

"*Which* storey?" asked Michel, quickly.

"There," and Nanette pointed to the window.

"Quick! a ladder," said Michel, and in a minute one was brought.

A dead silence fell on all. There was only one man there besides Michel, and he was old and lame. With the light of the fire playing on his face, his eyes bright with the excitement of a daring purpose, his hair swept back from his forehead, Michel never looked so grand or noble as when he planted the ladder against the window and swiftly mounted it. He vaulted into the room, the flooring had not given way yet, and Jules in his cot was sound asleep, the smoke having deadened his senses. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Michel felt round until he found him, and standing at the window he let the child drop into a blanket some women held for him. Then he prepared to descend.

Quick as he was the fire was quicker, for part of the ceiling fell in at that very moment, and the people below shrieked as they saw him fall back again into the room, and then struggling forward he stepped down the ladder, saved almost miraculously. His life was safe, but his right arm was broken and burnt terribly, and when he came down he fell senseless to the ground.

He was very, very ill for many weeks, and then when he got better his arm and both hands were so maimed that he could never use them any more. Never again could he paint, and his whole constitution had received such a shock that he felt that he was to be on the sick

list for some months. So it proved in the end. Michel did get quite well, but he could never resume his art. His friends in Paris were furious when they heard how he had lost his power.

"Such a quixotic thing to do; to go into a burning house to save a child, and risk losing the use of his hand! Well, he is a greater fool than I took him for," said one man who had great hopes of him.

"It is a failure and caused by himself," said another.

And he, did he feel that he had failed? Yes, as a painter, assuredly he had, but was it so also in his wish to do some work for God? Yes, *he* thought he had failed there too, until in the midst of his sorrow a gentle voice whispered, "You may have failed in the work *you* wished to do, but God gave you a grander, better work in saving that little child's life. Be content." And he was content.

He had failed in achieving his work for God as he had hoped to do it. He had failed in being able to support his mother, indeed he was a burden to her, a very sweet one she felt it, but still a burden all the same. He had failed from an earthly point of view most certainly, but in all reverence we may say that God looking on his life found it brave, self-denying, and good, and it had *not* failed.

Blessed Clement Hofbauer.

(1751-1820.)

BY THE

REV. O. R. VASSALL, C.SS.R.

Amongst the servants of God whose Beatification gladdened the Church in the spring of 1888 was a Redemptorist priest, whose name is still a household word in many parts of Germany, Austria, and Poland, although it is as yet but little known in England or America. The life of this heroic champion of the Faith is full of lessons for us all, since the evils against which, as we shall see, he strove so manfully in Warsaw and Vienna are by no means unheard of nearer home; while to those who have been brought in any way into contact with the sons of St. Alphonsus, the story of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer's hand to hand struggle with the spirit of evil derives a peculiar interest from the fact that it is to his courage and unfailing perseverance under every species of discouragement, that we owe the introduction of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer to the lands that lie north of the Alps.

Blessed Clement was sprung from a humble stock. His birth-place was a Moravian hamlet called Tasswitz, where his father was a butcher. His mother was an

excellent woman, albeit of rather a stern type. She was filled with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and entirely devoted to the care of her family. God gave her twelve children in all, of whom Clement was the youngest.

Our Saint came into the world in a very troublous epoch. He first saw the light on St. John's Eve, December 26th, 1751. He died on the 15th of March, 1820. The history of the times in which he lived is crowded with great events. To mention a few of the most momentous, is to recall some of the most stirring scenes that have ever been witnessed in the long drama of human action. The Blessed Clement beheld with deep sorrow the slow absorption of the Kingdom of Poland by its rapacious and insatiable neighbours; he heard from afar of the horrors of the French Revolution; he watched the rise and fall of the great Napoleon; news was brought to him of the Independence of America and the foundation of a great and free Republic the other side of the Atlantic; his loving heart was wrung again and again by the calamities that overtook the Church during his lifetime. Deism triumphant in England, the most blasphemous and blatant infidelity in France, Erastianism under one form or other swaying the House of Hapsburg in Austria and the Bourbon Courts in Spain and Italy, the Society of Jesus perforce suppressed, all the Religious Orders harassed, Catholic missions to the heathen insidiously undermined, the Vicar of Christ dragged from the Eternal City like the seventh Gregory to die in exile far from the tombs of the Apostles, because, like St. Gregory, he had loved justice and hated iniquity his whole life through. All this and much more than this has to be recorded by the historian of the last half of the eighteenth century—a sad and troublous time during which the Lord visited with a rod of iron the iniquities of His people.

Now Clement Hofbauer was a vessel of election chosen by God to do a great work for the glory of His Name in this wicked period of European history. His

early life, however, augured but little the future that was before him. He was a child not quite seven years of age, when he heard that he was fatherless. We are told that his widowed mother took him immediately before a crucifix, and pointing to the image of our dying Lord, said to her son words that he never forgot: "He is now your Father. See that you walk on the path which is pleasing to Him." From that moment the boy strove thus to walk. From that moment he ever looked to the Crucified alone for a father's help, a father's counsel in the hour of danger or of difficulty. And amply was his confidence repaid.

The idea of the priesthood seems to have come very early before Clement's mind as the state of life to which God was calling him. Circumstances however are, like facts, stubborn things. The circumstances in which the future Apostle of Vienna was placed in his youth seemed to rendered any hope of acquiring the education necessary for the sacerdotal vocation altogether illusory. Indeed it was not merely that he had no means of obtaining the requisite education. He found himself under the pressing necessity of working for his daily bread. In all that followed we can now, on looking back upon the past, easily trace the guidance of Divine Providence, and see how God would both prepare His servant for the work which it was appointed him to do, and also make it manifest that external circumstances have, as all things else, to bend before the purposes of Omnipotence. But it must have been a somewhat hard trial for Clement's faith and confidence in God, at a time when he was not looking back upon the past, but forward upon the vista of his future life, and found himself at the age of sixteen trudging along the road to the neighbouring town of Znaim, there to learn the monotonous business of a baker, while his heart was not in the bakehouse, but in the ecclesiastical studies and life to which he felt himself drawn by a mysterious yet most unmistakable attraction.

God's ways are not as our ways. In supernatural

matters it is God who shapes means to ends, and He is not wont to work according to human measurements. Thus Providence willed that the future Apostle of Vienna should begin life as a baker. As we have seen, he learned his trade at Znaim, and after three years' apprenticeship in that town he practised it at the great Norbertine Abbey of Bruck which was not far distant. Here he attended the monastery school, and doubtless acquired that elementary knowledge of Latin which enabled him in after life to pursue his philosophical and theological studies in preparation for the priesthood. The priesthood however was yet far distant. Until the year 1783 Clement Hofbauer supported himself as a baker, with the exception of two short intervals, when his attraction for the interior life of prayer and contemplation led him to serve God as a hermit.

However, it was not the will of God that Clement Hofbauer should be a hermit to the end of his days. The hermit's life was with him to be a preparation, not a permanent state. This truth was borne in upon him powerfully in the autumn of the year 1782. For some months past he had, in company with five other servants of God, been taking care of a famous shrine of our Blessed Lady at Tivoli, not many miles from Rome. Here, in the midst of an olive grove, surrounded by scenery the most exquisite, he had lived in the greatest peace and happiness, supporting himself like the great Apostle of of the Gentiles by the labour of his hands, and serving his Maker with all the fervour of a heart that was even then all aflame with the love of God. But directly he felt convinced that, despite of all appearance to the contrary, it was really the design of Heaven that he should win souls to Jesus Christ as a priest—directly he knew that God no longer wished him to be at Tivoli—he went back to Austria, and established himself at Vienna, where once again he plied his trade of baker, waiting until Providence should point out the path he was to follow in order to arrive at the appointed goal.

He had not long to wait. And now occurs an episode

in Clement's life so romantic as to remind us—though the principal actors could not have been more dissimilar—of a well-known scene in the drama of English History. We all remember how the young Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have won his way to the affections of England's famous Queen, and to have smoothed for himself the road to glory, by the gallantry with which he stepped forward and did not hesitate to spread his cloak in the very mud, that his sovereign's steps might be all unstained. A not unsimilar act of politeness was to gain for Clement Hofbauer the object of his lifelong ambition. One day he saw some ladies standing helplessly in the porch of St. Stephen's Church, looking out in despair at the rain which was coming down in torrents. To fetch them a carriage was only the work of a few minutes. This act of courtesy led to a conversation. The result of the conversation was that Clement was promised the means wherewith to pursue his ecclesiastical studies.

"God will reward you," he replied simply, "I have nothing with which to repay you, but you shall be repaid at the resurrection of the just." Doubtless the reward of these ladies—they were three sisters—will be great on the final day of account. Some reward, however, they received even in this life, and that by no means a small one. They lived to see him whom they had enabled to become a priest, hailed everywhere as the reformer of morals, the unwearied preacher of the Gospel, the faithful dispenser of the mysteries of God, the true-hearted apostle of their native city.

This, however, was to be in the future. When this welcome assistance was first proffered the Blessed Clement he had still to study theology, and was still to be ordained. He commenced his theological studies at the University of Vienna, but found the atmosphere so un-Catholic, so tainted with Jansenism and other novelties, which were all the fashion for the moment, that, shaking the dust of Germany from off his feet, he betook himself to the Eternal City. There at least he knew that he would find Peter still "confirming his

brethren" in the Faith that was once delivered to the saints.

The journey to Rome was made on foot. It was like a pilgrimage of the olden times—a veritable penance to human nature. However, even when Clement found himself at length in Rome, his difficulties were not yet at an end. To what body of priests, to what religious congregation or monastic order should he offer himself as a subject? Here Providence visibly came to his aid. He had determined with his dear friend Thaddeus Hübl, who had accompanied him over the mountains from Vienna, to go in the morning to the first church from which they should hear the bells summon the people to prayer. They were lodged on the Esquiline, and according to the arrangement made over night, the early morning found them in the church of St. Giuliano, which was at that time served by the Redemptorist Fathers.

On leaving the sacred edifice, Clement asked a child who were the religious that he saw in prayer before the altar. "They are priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and one day *you* will become one of them," was the unexpected reply which Clement received to his question. He was deeply moved on discovering that the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which he had heard first from the lips of a child, had been founded by Mgr. Alfonso de' Liguori, the saintly Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths, and that its primary object was to labour for the most abandoned souls. He had long before learned to love him who is now known and venerated throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world as St. Alphonsus, "the great Doctor of Prayer," for even in those dark days of the Church in Germany, the ascetical works of the gentle and zealous author of the *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament* had been propagated far and wide by Father Albert Diesbach, who had been a member of the Society of Jesus before its suppression. Now, as it happened, Father Diesbach was an intimate friend of the Blessed

Clement. Thus they had often spoken together of the holy Bishop, whose books seem to be specially blessed by God as a means of inflaming souls with the love of Jesus Christ.

But it was not merely his reverence for the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer that moved Clement to seek admission amongst its members: it was also the thought of the end and purpose of the Institute—the salvation of the most abandoned souls. This was the great object to which he had so long coveted to consecrate his life.

Thus it was soon settled. Both Clement and his friend Thaddeus became novices of the Redemptorist Congregation. They were admitted to profession on St. Joseph's Day, 1785, and shortly afterwards ordained priests.

Now commences in good earnest the second and that which may be called "the active" portion of the Blessed Clement's life. When St. Alphonsus, who was still living in extreme old age, and did not go to his eternal reward until August 1, 1787, heard of the entry of these two new German subjects into the Congregation, he was filled with joy, and exclaimed, in the spirit of prophecy, that God would not fail to promote His glory by their means in the countries from which they came; countries nearly ruined by the suppression of the Jesuits. The Saint added, however, that the work of his children would be very different in the North from his own in Italy. "In the midst of the Lutherans and Calvinists, amongst whom these good priests will be placed, the catechism will be more necessary than preaching. They will do a great work, but they have need of greater light."

Such was the almost dying prediction of St. Alphonsus concerning the work that should be done by Father Clement and his companions in the Transalpine lands, over whose spiritual destitution he himself sighed so deeply.

Accordingly, no long delay was permitted to elapse before the two new priests were sent to the north of

Europe, with directions to establish, if possible, a house of the Congregation in Courland. However, they were detained by the Nuncio in Warsaw, and, on the matter being referred to the Holy See, permission was granted them to establish themselves permanently in that city, which at the time stood sorely in need of some zealous priests. The once great and Catholic kingdom of Poland was now in its death throes. The agony was both long and painful. Twice was the gallant nation, which had in the past done such good service against the Turks, violently dismembered, before the final partition was effected in 1795. During the one and twenty years of the Blessed Clement's residence in Warsaw, its inhabitants were daily expecting a fate which would either hand them over to the rule of the Lutheran House of Hohenzollern, or to the tender mercies of the Autocrat of all the Russias, while, after the first successes of Napoleon, it did not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that the march of events was sure sooner or later to bring the troops of revolutionary France, drunk with blood and thirsting for further spoil, within the walls of the ancient city. They actually arrived in 1806, and were received with marks of the most pusillanimous submission. All public spirit was dead in the unhappy country. All true public life had disappeared long before. The nobles were corrupt and licentious, the people were degraded. So early as May, 1793, the Blessed Clement felt himself obliged to write thus of the general demoralization: "Scandalous vices have nowhere come to such a pitch as in this city . . . All are corrupt, and I see no hope of amendment. I fear lest God should *remove their candlestick out of its place.* Let us pray that we may repent before it is too late."

When Father Hofbauer and Father Hübl arrived in Warsaw, in 1787, things could scarcely have been in a worse condition. It is hardly necessary to say that the corruption of morals, which was well-nigh universal, arose mainly from the decay of true Catholic principles. Where the Faith is vigorous, there we shall always find good

morals among the people; where the Faith is weak, there shall we see covetousness, greed of power, sensuality, and selfishness holding undisputed sway. This is the general law, which can hardly admit of exception. Its truth was certainly exemplified by the state of Warsaw at the close of the eighteenth century. That evil spirit of Jansenism was gnawing away the very vitals of religion. The denials of Voltaire and Rousseau were accepted by great numbers of the aristocracy instead of the positive beliefs in all that is high and bright, and pure and lovely, and of good report, which had nerved their fathers to do and die for God and country. All genuine Catholic spirit seemed to have disappeared, for one sad moment, from the land which had been once so famed in Christendom for its chivalrous devotion to the Holy See.

The great evil against which the Blessed Clement had to contend was Jansenism. We have seen some attempts made during these last few years to throw a halo of romance around the Jansenistic teaching, and thus to make it wear quite an attractive appearance. In sober truth it was one of the most forbidding and at the same time most disingenuous systems of religion that have imposed upon the credulity of mankind. Wherever it penetrated, there all frequent loving use of the holy Sacraments, all loyal tender-hearted service of the Blessed Mother of God, all childlike confidence in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, disappeared before the blighting touch of these cold, false, innovating sectaries, who dried up the very wells of life with their hard sayings. According to a famous saying, the Jansenists were proud as devils, while they seemed to be pure as angels. This morose appearance of virtue, together with the conspicuous ability of their leaders was their strength. It blinded multitudes to that utter want of humility and of the child-like spirit of the Gospel without which all austerity is as dross in the sight of God. If Jansenism was one of the most unlovely heresies that have ever cursed society, it was also one of the most learned, specious, and externally respectable. Jansenism, like

Pharisaism of old, walked abroad, and made great show in the world's highways. It never shocked the public conscience, as did every form of Protestantism, by the flagrant immoralities of its first apostles. Therefore was it necessary that learning should be met by learning, that the appearance of sanctity should be confronted with the reality, that the harshness of self-righteous teachers should melt away beneath the enchantment of true religion, even as the hoar frost vanishes before the morning sunshine.

The first brunt of the battle against Jansenism was borne, as was fitting, by the Society of Jesus. But after the suppression of the Society the most formidable opponent with whom the Jansenists had to count was the great St. Alphonsus Liguori. By the profound learning of his theological works, which soon spread far and wide through Christendom, this tender-hearted Saint both exposed Jansenistic sophistries, and tranquillized consciences that had been disturbed by their cruel principles; while by his Christ-like compassion for the tempted and fallen he set an example, the effect of which will never be lost upon the Church of God.

Before St. Alphonsus went to heaven, Jansenism was dying fast. However, the disastrous practical abuses which it had engendered in the days of its ascendancy were still rife. It was against these practical abuses that the Blessed Clement was to wage an undying warfare. Now, in carrying on this warfare it was no longer profound learning that was requisite so much as an unwearied zeal in all good works, an ardent trust in Catholic principles and an undaunted courage. But of all these latter qualities Father Hofbauer was abundantly possessed. He has often, and with good reason, been compared with St. Philip Neri, the great apostle of Rome. Certainly the methods by which he overcame the coldness and indifference, induced by the Jansenistic *régime* in Warsaw, were very similar to those which St. Philip chose wherewith to overcome worldliness and tepidity in the city of the Popes.

Both these great servants of God knew the power that flows from the simple preaching of the revealed Word of God; they both knew what magic there is in the name of Mary for the Christian heart; and above all they knew well how great are the treasures to be found in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Accordingly, that which St. Philip carried out at St. Girolamo and in La Chiesa Nuova, that also did the Blessed Clement effect in St. Benno's little church in Warsaw.

St. Benno was a Saxon missionary who was canonized by Pope Adrian the Sixth, his fellow-countryman, in 1523. The last king of Poland, the ill-fated Stanislaus the Second, bestowed the little church dedicated to this Saint, together with the small adjacent house, upon the two Redemptorist priests.

Probably St. Benno's was chosen because it was much frequented by foreigners. Father Clement, however, felt that his mission was not merely to the foreigners in Warsaw, but also to the people of Warsaw themselves. He determined, therefore, to find his way to the Polish heart. At first he found this no easy task. The men who had not sufficient patriotism to shed their blood nobly in a generous struggle for hearths and homes against their country's foes, were not afraid to boycott a helpless priest, because forsooth! he was a German, not one of themselves. There was a time when no Pole would cross the threshold of St. Benno's. But soon Father Clement's large-hearted Catholic zeal triumphed over their narrow prejudices. They soon discovered that the new-comers held themselves scrupulously aloof from politics, and only desired their spiritual welfare.

Once the ice had been broken, things progressed apace. Polish novices poured in. Soon there was a large community established at St. Benno's. The church was enlarged and made warm and bright with festive decorations. As the enlightened authorities forbade all public missions to be given, the Blessed Clement determined that there should be one perpetual mission in St.

Benno's. The church was crowded from morning to night, the confessionals were besieged by eager multitudes, just as during mission-time amongst a sincerely Catholic population. Every morning three High Masses were sung in the church, and four sermons were preached, while the day's labours were closed with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Such was the Blessed Clement's method. Thus did he hope to re-invigorate Catholic life in the capital of unhappy Poland. He succeeded beyond all expectations. His appeal to the Christian instincts of the people of Warsaw proved that the spirit of faith was merely dormant, by no means dead in the breasts of the Poles. Soon the whole face of the city was changed. Once again it presented the appearance of a truly Catholic town. On the feast of Corpus Christi especially there was always a grand display of public homage to the Sacred Host, which once more was borne in triumph from St. Benno's church through the public streets, as in the days of old.

However we must not imagine that all this good work—besides other works such as schools and orphanages, in ordinary times foreign to the end of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, but under the special circumstances of the day directed by Father Clement with the full approval of the Holy See—was carried on without great difficulty. The man of God was during the whole course of his sojourn in Warsaw subjected to one long persecution from evil-doers and was continually harassed with the fear that his undertakings would be brought to nought. And so indeed it was to be. The Blessed Clement was destined in the designs of Providence to be known in the Church as the Apostle of Vienna, not as the apostle of Warsaw. Vienna, not Warsaw, was to be the centre from which houses of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in many different lands and even continents, were to radiate in the future time. Therefore were the machinations of his enemies in Poland permitted by God to prevail against him.

During these years, whilst his headquarters were always at Warsaw, the Blessed Clement undertook several journeys to make foundations of his Congregation in Germany and Switzerland. None of these, however, survived the calamities of the time. It was at one of the new German foundations, that of Babenhausen, in the diocese of Augsberg, that Father Clement heard, in 1806, the sad news of the impending ruin of the good works at St. Benno's.

He hurried back immediately. For two years the blow was averted. It fell on June 20, 1808, when the Decree of Suppression, which had been signed a few days previously, was put into execution. The authorities did their impious task much in the same brutal and callous way as the same crime against God and His Church has been accomplished in almost every European country, within the recollection of living men. The Blessed Clement, however, on his side had a surprise in store for his enemies. Friendly warning had been conveyed to him of the coming catastrophe. Hence everything was in readiness for the police. None of the Fathers were taken by surprise, but they all permitted themselves to be apprehended and driven off quietly in closed carriages, escorted by a strong body of cavalry. To prevent the possibility of a rising people were locked in the crowded church, and its doors guarded by the soldiery, while all the corners of the principal streets were occupied with troops. Still, had not the Blessed Clement exhorted the Fathers previously to make no disturbance, there must have been bloodshed. He had, as we have said, full warning, but for the sake of peace he had allowed the Government to have all the credit of having effected the most complete surprise.

The Redemptorist community soon found themselves together (as prisoners of war!) in the Prussian Fortress of Cüstrin in Brandenburg. Here they were detained for some time, but soon separated, for fear that they should discover some mysterious means of converting the neighbouring Lutherans to the Catholic religion.

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It is certainly most noticeable and even somewhat ludicrous to observe how frightened Protestants always seem to be of the effect upon their co-religionists of intercourse with zealous Catholics. The sons of St. Alphonsus now received orders to go each to his own home. The Blessed Clement thought that under the circumstances he could not do better than proceed to Vienna, although at the time it was impossible to think of establishing a regular House in that city. But he hoped for the future. Accordingly for Vienna he set out with Brother Martin Stark, a young Redemptorist student, who was to be his companion until death. They made their journey on foot. It was subject to many vicissitudes. They were twice imprisoned for want of the proper passports, and when at length Father Clement was allowed to enter the Austrian capital he was by no means free from police supervision, which was extended to him for the whole year!

During the next twelve years, from his arrival in 1808 until his holy death in 1820, the Blessed Clement was in Vienna that which St. Philip was nearly a lifetime in Rome—its apostle, diffusing "light and leading" upon all around him. Absolutely unknown when he first entered the city, excepting to the Government officials as a dangerous person, he took up his residence near the Italian church. The Rector of this church was his old friend, Father Luigi Virginio, who like his fellow-Jesuit, Father Diesbach, had done much to spread the works of St. Alphonsus north of the Alps. Father Virginio died in 1810 a martyr of charity, and was virtually succeeded as Rector by Father Hofbauer. Then gradually did he become known. Indefatigable in visiting the sick, in the pulpit, in the confessional—a most zealous son of the most zealous Doctor—people began first to talk of him, and then to go to him as their spiritual Father. And Father Hofbauer was a priest whose influence over the souls that committed themselves to his spiritual care, grew steadily. He had a wonderful power of inspiring others with something of his own

unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of God in this world; he seemed able to raise all with whom he came in contact into a higher, and purer atmosphere than is generally breathed on this earth of ours. Therefore in the year 1813 the aged Archbishop, Count Sigismund Von Hohenwarth, a holy man who had belonged to the Society of Jesus before its suppression, determined to yet further enlarge the sphere of Father Clement's activity. He entrusted him with the direction of a convent of Ursuline nuns, and with the care of the public church attached to the convent.

Now at length the Blessed Clement's position was one authorized and public. Now he found himself in the full glare of notoriety. For soon it became known that things were said and done at the Ursuline church that were eminently distasteful to the civil power, as it then was. Soon it was whispered abroad in the city, and the news sped fast from mouth to mouth, that there was a saint at the Ursuline church,—a saint who cared very little for the laws of Joseph the Second, but who was supremely devoted to the interests, and altogether pledged to the service of the Vicar of Christ, and of the souls for whom Christ had died—a saint who did not fear to teach publicly that neither Joseph the Second of Austria, nor any other earthly monarch had aught to say in matters that pertained to the Kingdom of God—a saint, who while he was ever ready cheerfully to render to the Kaiser the things that were truly his, was absolutely determined that, so far as in him lay, the Kaiser should have nothing of the things which belonged to the Kaiser's Lord and Master.

It was the lifelong ambition of Joseph the Second to reduce the Church of God in his dominions to the condition of a department of the Civil Service. It was his intention that the clergy should be as entirely subservient to the imperial designs and as obsequious to the imperial will, as any lootman in the imperial palace. It was his resolve to use the Church as an engine of state policy, and to convert the priests of God into a sort of moral

police force, destined merely to preserve good order, and secure deference to the civil magistrate. Now the more thoroughly to effect this degradation of religion, the Emperor astutely bent his energies principally to the attainment of two objects. He strove in the first place, to minimize as far as possible the influence of the Holy See upon the Church in Austria, and then, secondly, to check all that could inspire religious enthusiasm among the people. With this end in view he forbade on his own authority anything like magnificence in public worship, and rendered illegal everything which could rouse or stir the piety of the faithful. He desired to eliminate the spiritual from the very temples of God, and decreed that all which spoke to eye or ear of the supernatural Kingdom of our Lord should be removed out of sight and hearing, in order that men might think only of the earthly kingdom of the House of Hapsburg. It was in this that Joseph the Second was thwarted by the Blessed Clement. From the beginning of his ministry in the Ursuline church, the Saint treated the Josephite laws as a dead letter, until gradually without any formal abrogation they fell into desuetude throughout the city. From the beginning, so far as was practicable, the ceremonies of the Church were carried out with all the same pomp and magnificence that had moved Warsaw to its depths in St. Benno's church of old. From the beginning the Blessed Clement preached frequently just as he had done at St. Benno's and in the same popular way. He resumed his old habit of giving catechetical instructions, asked questions from the pulpit which grown men were not ashamed to answer, and in a word did his utmost to make the practice of the Faith so interesting and attractive that people threw themselves into it heart and soul.

Admirably did he succeed. Soon without any conscious effort he found himself surrounded by a body of enthusiastic disciples. They included men of the highest rank in literature and science. Not only was

his confessional always surrounded by persons of all ranks and conditions of life, but even out of the confessional he was always accessible to all that would seek his advice or friendship. He permitted himself to call no time his own, but at all hours of the day was ready to bestow his best attention upon any person who might desire to speak with him. Never has a saint accomplished more perfectly than did the Blessed Clement the apostolic exhortation to become all things to all men that he might save all.

Thus he came soon to wield a mighty influence for good. At the famous Congress of Vienna, he was the soul of the Catholic cause. A well considered plot had long been brewing to seize the opportunity afforded by the assemblage of so many monarchs and diplomatists in the Austrian capital to form a brand-new German National Church in defiance of the Holy See. This schismatical scheme was brought to nought and utterly discomfited by the activity of our Saint, and of the influential personages whose efforts for the good cause he skilfully directed to a successful issue. If Austria is to-day Catholic to the core, her priests and people do not forget under what a debt of gratitude they lie to the Blessed Clement Hofbauer for the preservation of the priceless treasure of their fathers' faith and worship.

But one who was always consistently a *Religious* through and through could not find his chief happiness in the society of nuncios, statesmen, and great people. He had a threefold attraction, which was very marked in him, to children, to the sick and dying, and above all to young men.

No doubt the Blessed Clement remembered the difficulties and loneliness of his own youth. He therefore determined to do all in his power to render the lives of all the university students, or other young men of Vienna who would let him call them his friends, brighter, sunnier, and at the same time purer, and more God-fearing than they would otherwise have been. He had always a welcome for them in his little house. They knew

that they could go in and out as they pleased without being asked, and numbers availed themselves of the privilege thus granted them. Tired as he was on coming home in the evening after a hard day's work he always showed that he was glad to see his numerous visitors. Every night he had quite a large party at supper. In fact he kept open house for his friends; or rather, if the expression be permitted, with all reverence it may be said that God kept open house for him. He had no resources of his own, but it was proved in the process of Fr. Clement's Beatification, by a mass of evidence given on oath, that food was multiplied miraculously, so that all the Saint's hungry guests were more than satisfied. The same Almighty Power which in the ancient dispensation replenished the widow's oil and fed more than a hundred men with twenty barley loaves by the instrumentality of the Prophet Eliseus, set the stamp of Divine approval in these latter days upon the charity and zeal of Blessed Clement. Of a truth God is not as man, that He should change. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

But it was not only by the gift of miracles that our Lord blessed His servant Clement. He endowed him also with the far higher grace of a wondrous power of sympathy, which seemed silently to draw souls to his side by the force of some mysterious attraction. This personal charm seems to have been felt especially by children, who flocked around him as if by instinct. Father Clement on his part loved to have them with him, and was never so happy as in their company. It is indeed most remarkable how, from the days of Christ our Lord, His little ones seem to possess a natural attraction for most good men who have partaken of the spirit of their Divine Master. The children used to follow Blessed Clement in the street, and like our Lord Jesus Christ of old he would not forbid them, but used to amuse them by narrating little stories, which were remembered through life as the words of a saint.

Several instances of the holy man's influence over young hearts and minds have been preserved. Let us quote one of them. We are told that one day he spoke as follows to a little friend of his, the scion of a noble family in Vienna. "My dear little Charles, listen to me," said the holy man; "you are now old enough to obey the laws of the Church, and you know that we are not allowed to eat meat on Fridays. We must offer up this little sacrifice to our Lord Jesus Christ, who on that day offered Himself upon the Cross for love of us." The Saint spoke thus because he knew well that days of fasting and abstinence were not observed as they should be in the boy's home. Accordingly, when the next Friday came, the child seeing meat as usual on the table said bravely. "No, thank you, I cannot eat meat to-day." "Why not, pray?" asked his father angrily. "Because to-day is Friday," was the prompt reply, "when the Church commands us to abstain, because our Lord died on the Cross on that day." "Who told you that?" questioned the father growing more and more surprised and angry every minute. The boy said simply, "Father Clement." Then his father told him to eat the meat without more ado. The child still respectfully refused, until at last he was sent out of the room in disgrace, and told that he should have nothing else that day. Charles naturally went to his mother in his trouble. She comforted him and promised to get him some fish. "No, thank you, mother," was the boy's quiet answer, "my father said that I was not to have anything excepting meat, and Father Clement told me always to obey him unless he ordered me to do anything contrary to the laws of God and the Church. I can do very well without anything to eat to-day." His mother was much touched at the answer. She went to her husband and acquainted him with what had taken place. He could resist no longer, but told his son that he might eat anything which his mother had prepared for him, and that in future he should never be asked to eat meat on Fridays. From this day forth the laws of the

Church were carefully obeyed in that household, and thus did Father Clement reach the parents through their child.

Children, and the sick and dying—what a strange transition from the young lives for whom the sun is just rising in the early morn of life, to those for whom it is slowly sinking behind the western hills! But if our Saint was ever anxious to sow seeds in the hearts of little children, which might hereafter spring up and bring forth fruit in due season, he was still more solicitous to reap whatever little harvest a lifetime might have produced in the past, and to store it up in the everlasting garner.

His charity for his fellow men shone forth most brightly at the last dread moment. This was his supreme, his characteristic devotion to his neighbour. It has been computed that he attended over two thousand death beds. In the most desperate cases when everything else failed, people sent for Father Clement, since they knew well that his presence was the harbinger of the grace of God, and that those who resisted all other inducements, could not resist the unction and heavenly meekness of our Saint. He himself always attached the secret of his wonderful success to his custom of saying the Rosary all the way when proceeding to a sick call, and of getting all the prayers he could before he started.

One day Fr. Clement was told that John Madlener, a well-known Professor at the university was dangerously ill. Madlener was what is called a Pantheist. He believed that the world was God, and that God was the world. An extraordinary profession of faith assuredly it sounds when put in plain words, but none the less one not unknown nowadays, and that among men of so-called culture and wide erudition. The Blessed Clement did not argue, but he quietly wrote on the footboard of the bed these words "A portion of the Divinity is ill." When Professor Madlener rose once more from his bed of pain, now restored to health and strength, he was a Pantheist no longer. He had been quietly laughed

out of his infidelity. But we must always remember that in the Blessed Clement's laugh there was not one particle of unkindness. After his conversion Madlener was one of our Saint's most intimate friends and disciples. He soon became a priest, was subdeacon of the last Mass offered by his venerable Father, watched over him with unremitting care and affection during his last illness, and was one of the first to join the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer upon its authorization after the Saint's death.

Previously to his own ordination Madlener had the happiness of introducing the Blessed Clement to one of his pupils called Adolphus Rieger, shortly before his early death. This poor boy had been brought up as a Calvinist. On hearing from Madlener that Fr. Clement Hofbauer would like to come and see him, the dying lad, who had no idea how ill he was replied: "Please thank him kindly for me, and say that on my recovery I will pay him a visit in return." Madlener now had the courage to tell the boy that he would never be able to go and see anyone again in this world. "Will you then pray for me," was all that Adolphus answered, on hearing that he stood on the very threshold of eternity. Much moved, Madlener hastened to Fr. Clement and begged him to come, and to come at once, as soon it would be too late. The Saint set out immediately, saying the Rosary, according to his wont, all the way. On his arrival he asked to be left alone with the young Calvinist, and spoke to him so tenderly and convincingly that before long all was happily effected. When at length Blessed Clement left the room, it was shortly to return. "The boy," he said to the astonished nurse, "is now a Catholic. I am going to get the Most Holy Viaticum. Do you, Madlener, go to him and assist him to receive our Lord with good dispositions." Adolphus Rieger, when the man of God came back with the Blessed Sacrament, was ready to make his first and last Communion with the greatest fervour, and shortly after died the death of the just in perfect peace of soul and

with the most entire resignation to the Holy Will of God.

All the saints have had some characteristic virtue, some precious gem of sanctity which shines with a special lustre among the jewels which compose their heavenly crown. Now it is the wonderful faith of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer which is singled out by the Church in the prayer granted for his Mass and Office, as his most signal gift from God. Indeed Faith was the pole-star which guided his life, from the early days when his childish mind first drank in the great truths of our holy religion at his mother's knee, until the hour when in ripe old age, his battle won, he laid him down to die, and went to receive his reward at the hands of that dear Lord whom not having seen he had ever loved and served with a most true and loyal service.

One outcome of the Blessed Clement's spirit of faith is to be seen in his zeal for the spread of God's kingdom on earth, and for the conversion of Protestants and unbelievers. Many of his greatest friends had been brought up in Protestantisn. Most of these were his own converts, and had been first moved by the winning persuasiveness of his gentleness, and holiness of life, to abjure their heresies and enter the Ark of Salvation.

We will give one striking example of the conversion of a family from Lutheranism effected by God through the instrumentality of our Saint.

In the process of Fr. Clement's Beatification, Fr. Von Pilat deposed on oath that he had himself been told the following anecdote by his friend and relation Frederick von Klinkowström. We must premise that Klinkowström was a Swedish gentleman of good famliy, who had served first in the army and in later life had abandoned the career of arms to devote himself to painting. This then is his statement:

"I was once as a young man present at an evening party. We had eaten and drunk freely, and revelry was on the point of passing into dissipation, when suddenly I saw a venerable old man, clothed in sacer-

dotal vestments, and threatening me with upraised hand. Astonished at this sight, I immediately left the room. Several years afterwards I was at Vienna and went to a Catholic church, where I saw a priest, whom I at once recognized as the same who had appeared to me at the supper party of old. I had been so deeply impressed by this apparition, that I still preserved a distinct recollection of the vestments in which the priest had been attired. They were the same in which I now saw Father Hofbauer standing at the altar. Touched by Divine grace, that moment I determined to profess the Catholic Faith, for I ought to state that up to this time I had been a Protestant."

However, Von Klinkowström, like many another both before and since, was not very prompt in putting his good resolutions into execution. He was held back principally by the fear of causing annoyance to his wife. Let us listen to him while once again he tells his own story, and we shall see how his conversion was finally effected. We will continue to quote his own words. "My wife, wondering that I never went to the Lutheran place of worship, said to me one day, 'My dear Frederick, can it be that you are thinking of becoming a Catholic? You always go nowadays to the Catholic churches, never to ours as you used to do.' I was very sorry to see that she was so much pained by what I was doing, so to spare her feelings I replied, 'I become a Catholic! of course not! You know very well my passion for music, you also know what excellent music there is at the Servites', that is the reason why I go to their church.' And so the matter ended for the time.

We are afraid that it cannot be denied that our Frederick was still somewhat of a Nicodemus, but let us hear him out.

"Shortly after this," he continues, "military duties took me to Cologne. My brother-in-law, Von Pilat, was at Paris with Prince Metternich. My wife and her sister, Von Pilat's, wife, were living together in Vienna. Father Hofbauer knew both families, and used often to

go to the house. At last Holy Week arrived. It was the Thursday, and both sisters looked forward with joy to partaking of the Lord's Supper in the Protestant church. However, after the ceremony was over neither of them experienced any consolation, and they went home without speaking a word to one another. As soon as they got out their work-baskets, they began to talk and one of them said, 'Oh how wearisome everything was to-day. Did you notice the irreverence of the communicants?' Her sister chimed in, in a similar strain, when suddenly there was a ring at the front door bell, and Father Hofbauer was shown into the room. As he at once noticed that there was something wrong, he asked the cause and added: 'To-day you were at your Communion service. You ought surely to be full of joy.' They then opened their hearts to him and he rejoined: 'Have I not often told you so? Off with your black stockings!' that is to say, give up Protestantism. And on one of the ladies saying that her great difficulty was her dread of confession, Father Hofbauer encouraged her with the words: 'Leave that to me.' Shortly afterwards both sisters made open profession of the Catholic Faith. With what joy I heard the news at Cologne may well be imagined. There now remained nothing to prevent me from openly acknowledging the belief that was in me."

How often is it the case that we find women are more quick to act than men! After their conversion the Blessed Clement was always on terms of the most intimate friendship with the families of Von Klinkowström and Von Pilat. Frederick Von Klinkowström, if he was somewhat slow in manifesting his faith, became a most fervent and excellent Catholic after his conversion. We are told that he went to confession every week and to Holy Communion almost every day. Before dying his one request was that he might be buried at the feet of his beloved Father, the Blessed Clement, to whom he owed all his happiness in this life, all his hopes for the life to come.

We have said enough to show how widespread and how deep was the Blessed Clement's influence upon all classes of society in Vienna during the years of his apostolate in that great city. But, numerous and devoted as were his friends, his enemies were not lacking either in power or determination to compass his ruin. Personal enemies indeed he had none, but all the foes of God's Church were his enemies and bent on ridding themselves of one whom they rightly regarded as a pillar of strength to the cause of religion. At length they thought their hour of triumph had arrived. And had it not been for the good sense and feeling of the Emperor Francis I. who had now succeeded his uncle the ill-starred Joseph, Father Clement would have been exiled on the ground that he belonged to an "unauthorized Congregation."

In the event of his exile, the Saint had quite made up his mind to go to America. He knew that there at least he would be permitted to serve God in peace, unharassed by the petty persecutions of effete despotisms. But though ere many years had passed, his name should be borne across the wide Atlantic with love and veneration, by those who under God owed their religious vocation to his zeal and courage—though his spirit should look down with loving kindness upon the sons and daughters of free America, yet it was not America but Vienna, the city with which his memory must ever be most closely intertwined, that was to possess him in death as in life, and was destined to guard his holy relics.

Francis I. was not like Joseph II. He had some generous instincts even where it was a question of Priests and Religious, On his going to Rome in the autumn of 1819, he learned from the Sovereign Pontiff himself, that the Blessed Clement was known in the Eternal City not only as "a true apostle and as an honour to the clergy,"* but as a patriotic German to boot. Therefore on his return the Emperor, not content with extending

* Words of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII.

his protection to Father Hofbauer personally, spoke also of establishing the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer on a recognized legal basis in his dominions.

Thus did the dream of the Blessed Clement's life appear to be on the eve of its realization. But it was not to be his to linger on earth, that he might feast his eyes on the accomplishment of his heart's desire. He had lived through the dark night of weary waiting, and now that the golden dawn was breaking he was to pass away. His work was done, and he heard his Master's voice calling him to put aside a fleeting reward on his labours, that he might receive one that should be eternal. Besides he shrank from the thought of the high position in the eyes of all that now seemed to be awaiting him in the near future. Thus on one occasion he said to his dear friend, Father Madlener, "Up to this time I have met with nothing but contradictions, contempt, and persecution. Now a great honour is in store for me, I would fain die before it arrives." The Blessed Clement both knew himself, and would thus teach us, that, if less pleasant, it is far safer to live with our Blessed Lord here below in all the obscurity of Nazareth, and even, if such be His will, to keep Him company on Calvary's Hill, than enjoy all the sweets of Thabor before the time appointed.

Throughout the winter of 1819 and the spring of 1820 our Saint was suffering much from a complication of disorders. But he would abate nothing of his wonted activity. When the Lord of the vineyard came he should find the servant working to the end. Accordingly on his faithful companion Father Stark falling very ill, the Blessed Clement insisted on nursing him himself, although he knew well, and told the Ursulines, that Father Stark would recover and that he would die, as was actually the case.

The Saint preached his last sermon on the 5th of March, and spoke on the abuse of Divine Grace, and of the strict account which he would soon have to give to our Lord of his whole life. He said his last Mass for

the Ursulines on the 8th of March. After his thanksgiving he went as usual into the confessional, but after some little time had to come out from excessive pain. Before leaving the convent he admitted to a nun that he felt exceedingly ill. He never set foot again within its walls. The next day he made a supreme effort to testify his gratitude to a Polish lady who had placed him under a debt of gratitude when he was in Warsaw. He now heard that she had just died in Rome and therefore insisted on going through the snow to sing a Requiem Mass at a distant church for the repose of her soul This proved to be too much for his failing strength. On returning he had to go at once to his bed, from which he was to rise no more. Before a week was past he was with our Lord.

The Saint's death was singularly beautiful. He had taught his spiritual children how to live: now he was to teach them how to die. He was tenderly cared for during his short illness by his disciples especially by Father Madlener who never left his side.

A very old friend one day expressed his sorrow at seeing him in such pain, but father Clement answered simply: "I will what God wills, as He wills it, because He wills it, and when He wills it." During these last few days of his life it was but in short sentences that he spoke at all. Otherwise he kept silence, and seemed as one who had already said "farewell" to this world and all its concerns, and was altogether given up to the contemplation of Divine things. His patience was admirable. At first he used sometimes to ask to change his position. But when Father Madlener said to him: "My father, for the love of Jesus try to be quiet," he answered at once: "Yes, yes." From that moment he hardly moved until he died. He received the last Sacraments with the greatest devotion on the 13th of March. The next morning his agony began and lasted for more than four and twenty hours. The prayers for the agonizing were commenced at about 10 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th, but Father Clement lived on.

Suddenly the bell rang out the mid-day Angelus. Our Lady's servant, found faithful unto death, whispered aloud: "Say the Angelus, do you not hear the bell?" These were his last words. His pure soul was borne to heaven on the wings of the Angelical Salutation. When his friends rose from their knees, they found he had turned his head on the other side, and could no longer recognize them even by a smile.

He was buried with every demonstration of affection and respect in the cemetery about three miles outside the city, after a solemn Requiem had been sung in the Cathedral for the repose of his soul. In the year 1862 the Redemptorist Fathers in Vienna obtained leave to receive his holy relics into their keeping. His mortal remains were now welcomed back with great pomp in the city of his apostolate by many high ecclesiastical dignitaries and placed in a magnificent marble mausoleum that was erected at the gospel side of the High Altar. This beyond a doubt is the spot which of all others he would have chosen. There may he rest in honour, until the day when the sign of the Son of Man shall appear, and he shall rise all glorious to meet his Master in the clouds of heaven!

If we have considered this little life with any care, we shall have learned from it lessons of great worth—lessons of Faith unquenchable, of confidence in Divine Providence never failing, of burning zeal for souls, and unswerving loyalty through good and through ill report to the Vicar of Jesus Christ our Lord.

WHY SHOULD WE REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER?

ST. MATTHEW x. 21. "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the son; and the children shall rise up against parents, and shall put them to death.

"And you shall be hated by all men for My Name's sake: but he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

From these words of our Divine Lord Himself, it is quite evident that His true followers are to expect persecution.

Indeed we may say, that to suffer persecution is one of the marks of true discipleship. "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you" (St. John xv. 20).

Brief, temporary, spasmodic suffering of persecution is not enough, neither are mere individual cases sufficient, but the continuous subjection of the whole community to the hostility of what the Holy Scripture calls 'the world,"—*that* is the real test. "Because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (St. John xv. 19).

Now, the Church of England will not truly bear this test, that is to say, if you take the whole of its three hundred years' existence.

Made by a king, it came into the world with every earthly advantage; a fortune, taken from others, was given to it at its very birth, property in all directions was bestowed upon it, so that it could never say that it had "nowhere to lay its head." And if any one went out into the wilderness to see it, it was not to be found there, for it was clothed in soft raiment from the first, and dwelt in king's palaces.

True, during the few short years, an attempt was made by those who had fallen among robbers, had been stripped and wounded and left half dead, to recover their stolen property—and this surely was not unnatural. In the attempt some hard blows were dealt back—the outcome of human nature, which is prone to retaliate—but the poor stripped and wounded ones were soon overpowered again,

and subjected to a long, slow system of torture, which was more grievous than the first violence.

The history of the Church of England, from the Reformation to the present time, cannot be said to have been one of persecution suffered. Rather has it been petted and pampered; and if it has suffered at all, it has been from its own indolence, engendered by a life of too great comfort and ease.

How different has been the lot of Catholics in England during the same three hundred years! The rightful owners of all the stolen property, they have not even been allowed in peace to pick up the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. The very dogs were driven away if they attempted to lick their sores. Until quite lately, within memory of the living, Catholics have been subjected to a long series of persecutions. And from whom? From the Church of England and its heads, the sovereign and bishops.

Would you believe that the amiable, easy-going Church of England would ever pose as a persecutor? Yet it is no exaggeration to say that for three hundred years she has, without ceasing, cruelly trod upon and tortured the poor Catholic, until existence in this world became almost impossible.

People cry out about Queen Mary and her bloody reign, but what are *five short years* [1553—1558] compared with three hundred? As the Protestant Cobbett says: "Talk of the 'Fires in Smithfield'! Fires, indeed, which had no justification, and which all Catholics severely condemn: but what, good God! was the death of about two hundred and seventy-seven persons, however cruel and unmerited that death, to the torments inflicted for more than two hundred years on millions upon millions of people, to say nothing about the thousands of Catholics who were, during that period, racked to death, killed in prison, hanged, bowelled and quartered!"

Do you really know what Catholics have suffered from the Church of England kings and queens, bishops, clergy and people?

You may read it in history, beginning with the reign of Henry VIII., the founder of the Establishment, and onwards down to almost our own day

If I refer you to Lingard's *History of England*, where full accounts may be seen, you may regard him as unduly prejudiced in favour of Catholics, he having been one himself; so I will take from the pages of the Protestant Cobbett the following facts, unknown or forgotten by thousands who are ready enough to denounce Queen Mary and the Fires of Smithfield:

"Catholics were fined £20 a month if they stayed away from the Church of England Service, to attend which was against their conscience.

"Catholics were not allowed to be guardians or executors; not allowed to practise Law or Physic; not allowed to travel five miles from their house.

"A Catholic woman, if she stayed away from the Church of England Service, might be imprisoned during her husband's lifetime, unless ransomed by him at £10 a month.

"If a Catholic, when called upon by any four Justices of the Peace to abjure his religion, refused to do so, he could be sentenced by them to banishment for life (without judge or jury), and if he returned, he was to suffer death.

"Catholics were not allowed to educate their children in their own religion, unless they paid a fine of £10 a month, while the Catholic schoolmaster was finded £2 a day.

"If Catholic parents sent their children to Catholic schools abroad, they were fined £100.

"The saying of Mass, which is the service most dear to Catholics, incurred the fine of £120, while those who were present at the Mass had to pay £60 for the privilege."

So much for the system whereby Catholics were gradually impoverished and reduced to starvation. But this was not all, Not only were their money and their property not safe, but not even their lives. If a Catholic priest returned from beyond the seas, to exercise his ministry in this once Catholic country, he was punished with hanging, ripping out of the bowels, and quartering: and the same fate awaited any one who returned to the Faith of his Fathers, or induced others to do so.

And this sort of thing went on sometimes with greater and sometimes with less severity, for about three hundred years, and yet we do not hear the Protestants of England denouncing *these* cruelties. Oh no! they are passed over in silence—and why? Because Catholics were the sufferers

because Protestants were the persecutors, and it would not do to make such facts known. So people have been kept in ignorance of *this* side of history, and have been taught to believe that for three hundred years in England the only persecutors have been those wicked Catholics.

We know that even a worm will turn, and there can be little doubt that had any other large class of Englishmen been subjected to such treatment as the Catholics received, they would not have remained passive under it, but have taken measures to vindicate their rights as freemen. If the Catholics as a body had risen against their oppressors, they would have done no more than a very few years afterwards was done, on far less provocation, by their bitterest enemies, the Puritans. But they did nothing of the kind, continuing to yield submission to their rulers in all matters except that of religion. There were, however, amongst the Catholics, as in all large parties, a few restless and turbulent individuals, prone to violent courses, who although they had no claim to act as the representatives of their co-religionists, from whom they studiously concealed their intentions, determined to avenge their wrongs by a crime as senseless as it was wicked. They accordingly embarked on the famous conspiracy known as the Gunpowder Plot. It is certain that this was the work of a mere handful of men, at most thirteen in number; that it cannot with any show of reason be charged on the Catholics at large; and that nevertheless it served as the most powerful of all weapons in the hands of their enemies, to secure the continuance of a policy of persecution against them. Beyond this it is imposible to describe the facts of the case with any certainty. There can be no doubt that the history of the Plot as related by the Government of the day, is utterly and deliberately untrue, and that they unscrupulously falsified the documents in their possession for their own purposes. There can be no question that they were fully aware of what the conspirators were about for many months before they pretended first to discover it, and that they allowed the mad scheme to go on that they might make capital out of it. At the same time, it is quite impossible to believe that the plotters ever did much that they are described as doing, or that their design was actually what it is said to have been.

They certainly intended violence of some kind, and therefore are worthy of all condemnation; but it is not wonderful that many people at the time, even amongst Protestants, should have believed that they were mere catspaws secretly incited by Government agents to embark on a project which served the objects of the Government so well.

As for the conspirators themselves, they tried to persuade their consciences that the violent means they proposed to use for redressing their wrongs were lawful, since milder ones had failed. "There could be no doubt it was lawful," Catesby argued with Robert Winter, "since God had given to every man the right of repelling force by force. If his friend thought it cruel, let him compare it with the cruelties exercised during so many years against the Catholics; let him reckon the number that had been butchered by the knife of the executioner; the hundreds who had perished in the solitude of their prisons; and the thousands that had been reduced from affluence or ease to a state of want or beggary."

But in spite of such arguments, the courage of some of them faltered, and the prorogation of Parliament caused delays, which damped the ardour of the less enthusiastic amongst them.

Yet at this very time, the persecution against the Catholics was daily increasing in severity. A priest and five laymen were executed, and several more sentenced to death, though reprieved. A Mr Pound, for simply complaining of the injustice of such sentences, was, being a Catholic, condemned to lose both his ears, to pay a fine of £1,000, and to endure perpetual imprisonment. The houses of Catholics were entered at night and searched, and gentlewomen even dragged out of their beds that these might be examined lest they should conceal any article of Catholic worship. The jails were crowded with prisoners, and some missionaries and laymen suffered, more were condemned to suffer, death for religious offences. Nor were the Church of England bishops behindhand in zeal against the Catholics. The penalties were exacted with such rigour by the Protestant bishops of Hereford and Llandaff, that in the county of Hereford alone, four hundred and nine families suddenly found themselves reduced to a state of beggary.

Such deeds as these served well to stimulate the failing courage of the conspirators, reviving again the bitter feelings of despair and desire for revenge.

The hiring of the cellar under the Houses of Parliament, the storage there of two hogsheads and about thirty barrels of gunpowder, the concealment of these beneath the supposed winter-fuel, the discovery of the plot through the letter to Lord Mounteagle, the arrest of Guy Fawkes in the cellar a little after midnight of the 4th of November, these are circumstances probably too well known, because so long kept before the public memory, to need detailed recapitulation.

Guy Fawkes, when examined, avowed his object to have been to destroy the Parliament, as the sole means of putting an end to religious persecution, and to a Scotch nobleman he declared, that so large a quantity of gunpowder had been collected for the purpose of "blowing the Scottish beggars back to their native mountains." This last remark of his showed one of the places where the shoe pinched. The heavy fines wrung from Catholics were needed by James to pacify his greedy Scotch favourites. This Catholics knew, and the knowledge did not serve to soften their sense of the wrong done to them.

All the conspirators met with the death which they had justly incurred and rightly deserved.

Four of them, including Catesby, were mortally wounded in the pursuit, and eight were arraigned. They pleaded "not guilty," maintaining that their intention was innocent before God. Some of them had already lost most of their property, all had suffered severely on account of their religion. The King had broken his promise of toleration, and the malice of their enemies daily aggravated their burdens.

No means of liberation was left but that which they had adopted. Their only object was to relieve themselves and their brethren from the cruelty of the persecutors and to restore a worship which in their conscience they believed to be the the true religion of Christ, and which had been the religion of England for a thousand years.

Thus they pleaded extenuating circumstances, but of course without avail. They suffered on the scaffold the punishment of traitors.

Why not let them rest? They were punished with death, in addition to all the punishment they had to undergo for their faith during their life. Why not leave them alone now? Are Protestants so revengeful and bloodthirsty, that even after two hundred and eighty years they must still rake up the misdeeds of the dead; and are they so unjust that they must also insult the innocent as well as the guilty? Where is the forgiving spirit, the charity of that Gospel of which they so loudly proclaim themselves the true followers?

But if somebody must be burnt, some memory execrated, why not turn upon the true authors of the Plot—the King and his favourites, and the Church of England, who, by refusing justice and mercy to the Catholics, drove that handful of them to desperation?

In conclusion, let the proverb be remembered, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Stones are thrown at Catholics for the attempt to blow up Parliament with gunpowder, but similar attempts have been made by Protestants, and at about the same period. At Antwerp, some of them endeavoured to blow up the Prince of Parma with his nobility; and one in the Hague plotted to blow up the whole Council of Holland.

Why are not these remembered?

Again, how continually has it been dinned in our ears that the Catholics massacred the Huguenots. This is never forgotten. But such horrible massacres as those at Drogheda and Wexford by the staunchly Protestant Cromwell and his followers are never mentioned. Reader! honestly, have you ever heard of these? Perhaps not, for the victims were Catholics this time. Yet I think if I tell you what Thomas Wood, one of Cromwell's soldiers, and an eye-witness, relates of the massacre of Drogheda, you will in common fairness allow that Catholics are not the only butchers.

Drogheda was taken by storm on the 11th of September, 1649. No quarter was given to the vanquished defenders, but what was worse, even the townspeople, including the women and children, who had fled to the Catholic Church of St. Peter for safety, were all put to the sword without mercy. In the crypt of the Church some ladies had taken refuge. Thither, after the general carnage in the church above, the bloodthirsty soldiers found their way. "I found there," says Thomas Wood, "the flower and choicest of the

women and ladies belonging to the town, amongst whom a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to me with tears and prayers to save her life. Being stricken with pity, I took her under my arm, with intention to put her over the works to shift for herself, but a soldier, perceiving this intention, ran his sword up her body. Whereupon, seeing her gasping, I took away her money, jewels, &c., and flung her down over the works." The same man records that three thousand at least, besides some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards all the town, put to the sword on the 11th and 12th of September, 1649. He bears witness to having seen the soldiers, when making their way up to the galleries and lofts of the church, take "each of them a child, and use it as a buckler of defence, when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained."

On the 1st of October, Cromwell arrived near Wexford, and entered it through the treachery of the captain of the castle. The garrison and burghers assembled in the market-place, where also were crowded all the old men, women, and children. A stiff resistance was offered by the Catholics to the Puritan invaders, but the latter gained the mastery and put to the sword every human being found in the place. The women and children had clustered round the great cross, but its sacred shadow was no protection against the fanaticism of the Puritan. Fifteen hundred are said to have been put to death, and "thus," wrote Cromwell to the Government, "it has pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy, for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed, your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, and that is the gift of God also."

Reader, *audi alteram partem:* hear the other side. You have heard a little bit of it now.

I appeal to your sense of fairness, and with greater confidence repeat the question with which I began—

Why should we remember the Fifth of November?

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

[2*s.* per 100.]

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM A CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

BY THE REV. W. H. COLOGAN.

[This pamphlet is a re-issue, with additions and corrections, of one which was privately printed some years back, and which then elicited from His Eminence Cardinal Manning the following letter :—

"Oct. 27, 1885.

"My dear Father Cologan,

"I have just read your little tract on Total Abstinence. It is the best we have got, and I thank you much for it. The evidence of the Fathers is very valuable. May God reward you.

"Always yours very truly,

"HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal-Archbishop."

In its present form it is believed that it will be useful in defining the lines upon which Catholics can take part in the Total Abstinence movement, and as helping to guard against the exaggerations which sometimes occur in the utterances of well-intentioned but ill-instructed advocates of the cause.—W.H.C.]

I HAVE endeavoured in this little work to put forward the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to Total Abstinence. My object in doing this has been twofold: first to furnish Catholic Abstainers with correct

notions of the cause which they defend, and thus to guard them from the errors into which many outside the Church have fallen; and secondly, to disarm the prejudice of the opponents of Total Abstinence, and, if possible, to enlist their sympathy and co-operation.

What Total Abstinence is not, and what it is.

The Total Abstinence cause is not a war against *drink*. The Catholic Total Abstainer does not -may not—say that strong drink is in itself an evil or the creation of the devil. Long ago there was a religious sect called Manicheans. These men held that God made that part of the world which was good, and the devil made the rest, which was bad, and wine and strong drink, they said was bad, and created by the devil. All this was condemned by the Church as a heresy; for there is but one Creator of all things -the one Eternal God; "and God saw all the things that He had made and they were very good."[1] "Nor," as Cardinal Manning said in his speech at the Crystal Palace, 1884, "is there sin in these harmless, innocent things, for this reason: that there can be sin in nothing or in nobody who has not a will and a conscience to know right from wrong. Therefore, if this room were full of beer-barrels, and barrels of wine, and puncheons of brandy, there would be no sin in these things of themselves. We could set fire to them and make an end of them. *They* are not the sinners—it is we ourselves who are the sinners; the men and women who abuse these things, violating their conscience by their own free will—they are the sinners."[2]

No, there is no moral evil, no sin, in these things, wine, beer, and spirits. In themselves they are good and given to us by God for our good although we may say with truth that inasmuch as a great part of the strong drink of the present day is "made up" and adulterated, and this inferior adulteration is passed off as a better article, in this sense such wines, &c., are bad, they are not what they are said to be; but still there is no sin in them. Listen to St. John Chrysostom on this

[1] Genesis i. 31.
[2] *League of the Cross Magazine*, October, 1884.

point: "I hear men say when these excesses happen, 'Would there were no wine!' O folly! O madness! When men sin in other ways, dost thou then find fault with the gifts of God? But what madness is this! What! did the wine, O man, produce this evil? Not the wine, but the intemperance of such as take an evil delight in it. Say then, 'would there were no drunkenness, no luxury'; but if thou sayest, 'would there were no wine,' thou wilt by degrees go on to say, 'would there were no steel, because of the murderers; no night because of the thieves' . . . In a word, thou wilt destroy all things, since they may all be abused."[1]

Nor can the Catholic Total Abstainer condemn the moderate drinker as guilty of sin. There is no sin in taking a glass of wine or a glass of spirits, or in taking a really moderate quantity of them; and we have no right to condemn as sinful a practice against which there is no law, divine or human. St. Thomas and all Catholic theologians teach that the use of wine or of any intoxicating drink is not in itself unlawful; although it may become so for certain reasons, such as danger to the drinker, scandal, a vow not to take wine, &c.

Cardinal Manning, in his address to the Holy Family Confraternity of Commercial Road, 1875, said: "I will go to my grave without tasting intoxicating liquors, but I repeat distinctly that any man who should say that the use of wine or any other like thing is sinful when it does not lead to drunkenness, that man is a heretic condemned by the Catholic Church. With that man I will never work. Now, I desire to promote Total Abstinence in every way that I can; I will encourage all societies of Total Abstainers. But the moment I see men not charitable, attempting to trample down those who do not belong to the Total Abstainers, from that moment I will not work with those men."[2]

We wish to gain over the moderate drinker to our cause, but we must not gainsay truth even with a good purpose. There are other motives (to which I will refer later on), as strong as they are correct, and on these we must ground our appeal.

[1] *Hom.* 57 *in Matth.*

[2] *Discipline of Drink*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, p. 231.

Total Abstinence is not in any sense a new religion. It does not alter any point of Catholic doctrine, it does not bring forward any new doctrine : its principles are as old as the Church itself. It merely applies these principles to a special need, and organizes and extends the practice of Total Abstinence, which has had in all ages a vast number of honoured and saintly adherents.

We are sometimes told that Total Abstainers would do without the Sacraments, and would make Temperance take the place of all other virtues. Of course this cannot be. We cannot be holy without the grace of God, and to obtain this we must make use of the appointed means. One virtue alone does not make us holy ; nor will any one virtue alone get us to heaven. To be holy we must be not only sober, but also pure, meek, pious, just, charitable, obedient to God's Church and to our lawful superiors. "Drunkards shall not possess the kingdom of God,"[1] but neither shall "unbelievers, nor thieves, nor the covetous." We must lead a good life and fulfil all our duties towards God and man. To do this, God's grace is necessary ; and to obtain God's grace we must make use of the appointed means of grace—prayer and the holy Sacraments. For this reason the members of the League of the Cross, and of most Catholic Temperance Societies, are recommended to approach the Sacraments at least once a month. Hence, Total Abstinence practised in a truly Catholic manner not only makes a man a better father, a better husband, and a better citizen, but also it makes him a better Catholic. The drunkard is too often out of the Church—the pledge lands him on its threshold and leads him to the Sacraments.

What then *is* Total Abstinence? Total Abstinence is the practice of abstaining from intoxicating drink—from "whatever may make a man drunk." A Total Abstinence Society is a society of persons who have pledged themselves—promised—to abstain entirely from all intoxicating drink, and are banded together to suppress the vice of intemperance and promote its opposite virtue.

In everyday affairs we have societies and leagues. If there be an evil in the law, we combine—for union

[1] 1 Cor. vi. 10.

is strength—and agitate, and influence public and private opinion, and we do not rest until we have removed that evil. Why, then, should we not combine and agitate and influence opinion—and work, too, with a will—to remove the evil of drunkenness?

I cannot do better than quote from the letter of Cardinal Manning to Fr. Bridgett.[1] His Eminence says: "To meet the invasion of so widely extended an evil [intemperance], it appears to me, that a widely extended organization, specifically created for the purpose of arresting drunkenness, and of giving the mutual support of numbers and of sympathy to those who are in danger, is not only a wise mode of counteraction, but, I am inclined to believe, also a necessary provision. It affords external encouragement and support to multitudes who cannot stand alone. . . . I feel that Temperance and Total Abstinence ought to be familiar thoughts in the mind even of those who have never in all their life been tempted to excess. If they would consciously unite by example, by word, and by influence, to save those who are perishing in the dangers from which they are happily safe, many a soul and many a home now hopelessly wrecked, would, I believe, be saved."

From this letter of His Eminence we see the object of a Total Abstinence Society, viz.: to arrest drunkenness; to reclaim those who have fallen into this vice; to rescue those in danger; to place as far as possible out of temptation those even who are not in danger—our children; and so to influence society that people may be awakened to the havoc which intemperance is working, and that this vice may no longer be winked at and even encouraged, but may be branded with the disgrace which it deserves, and that society itself may take measures against it. Now it is evident that to carry out this object some organization is necessary—a union not merely of those to whom intoxicating drink is a source of danger, or of those who cannot keep sober without the pledge, for if this were proposed few, if any, could be induced to join such a society, the members of which would be at once known as "reformed drunkards"; but also of those whose sobriety cannot be called in question, who

[1] *Discipline of Drink*, p. xvi.

would give an air of respectability to the society, and throw the shield of their own character over its fallen but repentant and amending members. This union of the temperate with those who have been victims of intemperance, and the pledge, are the great means by which the Total Abstinence Society aims at its object.

What is the Pledge?

The pledge is a promise—not a vow, nor an oath, but none the less a real binding promise—to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. In other words, he who takes the pledge promises not to drink wine, beer, spirits, or anything intoxicating during the whole time—whether for life, or for a certain number of weeks, months, or years—for which he pledges himself.

The following is the pledge taken before a priest by those who join the League of the Cross:

"I promise to you, Father, and to the League of the Holy Cross, by the help of God's grace, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks."

The pledge does not prevent the taking of intoxicating drinks by medical advice if this becomes *necessary*; but as soon as the necessity ceases, the Total Abstinence must be resumed by any one who wishes to remain a member of the League.

Prevalence of Intemperance.

But, it may be asked, Why make this stir? Why try to influence public opinion? Why agitate? What necessity is there for any Total Abstinence Society or for any special opposition to intemperance? It is because intemperance is the great vice of the day; because it is the great cause of social and moral ruin. It is the mother of crimes, of wretched and desolate homes, of ruined fortunes, of shattered intellects, of half-empty churches, of lost seats in Heaven.

Here are a few—only a few—proofs of the prevalence of intemperance.

On the prevalence of drink and its effect on crime none are so competent to speak as the Judges. And this is what they say:

"Men go into public-houses respectable and come out felons" (Mr. Justice Grove). "The crying and besetting crime of intemperance is a crime leading to all other crimes; a crime which you may very well say leads to nineteen-twentieths of the crimes of this country" (Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, Dublin Assizes, 1878). In 1881, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge stated from the bench of the Supreme Court that Judges were weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but he could not refrain from saying that if they could make England sober, they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons. In 1883, Mr. Justice Hawkins, in charging the Grand Jury of the Chester Spring Assizes, said: "it was almost always the case, according to his experience, that drink was at the root of crime. Nine out of ten of the crimes of violence that had come before him were in one way or another attributable to drink." Similar evidence is given by many other Judges.

Intemperance is one of the chief causes of *insanity*. In 1877, the late Lord Shaftesbury, in giving his evidence before the Lunacy Commission of the House of Commons, stated that "intemperance is the cause of fully two-thirds of the insanity that prevails either in the drunkards or in their children;" and Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Pritchard Davies, Dr. Coulston, Mr. W. J. Corbet, M.P., and others agree that intemperance is one of the chief causes of insanity.[1]

Intemperance is the root of *poverty*. Mr. George R. Sims writes: "It is not fair to prove by facts and statistics the evil of over-population and the evil of low wages, and to shrink from revealing the evil of drink. . . . Much as I have seen of the drink evil, it was not until I came to study one special district, with a view to ascertaining how far the charge of drunkenness could be maintained against the poor as a body, that I had any idea of the terrible extent to which this cause of poverty prevails."[2] In the *Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, we read: "The misery and sin caused by drink in these districts" (the low parts of London) "have often been told, but these horrors can never be set forth by pen or artist's pencil." The Canterbury Convocation in their report on drink, state: "It appears, indeed, that at least seventy-five per cent. of the

[1] *Foundation of Death*, § 66. [2] *Daily News*, Nov. 23, 1883.

occupants of our workhouses, and a large proportion of those receiving outdoor relief, have become pensioners on the public directly or indirectly through drunkenness." Finally, the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor, 1885, state in their report, that drink leads to poverty, and poverty leads to drink. We may well conclude with Dr. Dawson Burns, "If all testimony is not fallacious, the mainspring of pauperism and of all destitution is drinking."[1]

Intemperance is a fruitful source of *disease* and of *death*. Sir Andrew Clark says; "I do not desire to make out a *strong* case. I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you that I am considerably within the mark when I say to you, that going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten there owed their ill-health to alcohol. Now what does this mean? That out of every hundred patients that I have charge of at the London Hospital, seventy per cent. of them directly owe their ill-health to alcohol. To the abuse? I do not say that these seventy per cent. were drunkards, but to the excessive use. . . . I am not saying, because I have no means of saying, in human life, in society at large, what is the percentage of victims which alcohol seizes upon as its rightful prey. I do not know, I have no method of coming accurately to the conclusion; but I know this, that not only does a large percentage of such diseases as I have mentioned, but a great mass, certainly more than three-fourths of the disorders in what we call 'fashionable life' arise from the use of this very drug (alcohol) of which we are now speaking."[2] With this evidence as to the effect of intemperance on health, we shall not be surprised to find Dr. Norman Kerr stating[3] that 60,000 drunkards die every year in the United Kingdom, and that 120,000 of our population annually lose their lives, directly or indirectly, through excessive drinking. Yet these figures, high as they are, do not take in deaths from the greater part of the mass of diseases, alluded to by Sir A. Clark, which arise from a use of alcohol, excessive in itself, yet not such as to cause the victims to be classed among drunkards.

[1] *Christendom and the Drink Curse.* [2] *An Enemy of the Race.*
[3] *Mortality of Intemperance.*

The following was stated by M. Frère-Orban, in his report on drink laid before the Belgian House of Parliament, 1868, to be the summary of the results of drink in England: 1. Nine-tenths of the paupers. 2. Three-fourths of the criminals. 3. One-half of the diseases. 4. One-third of the insanity. 5. Three-fourths of the depravity of children and young people. 6. One-third of the shipwrecks.[1]

Nor are Catholics by any means free from this plague — would, indeed, that they were! Every priest or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, every visitor of the courts and alleys —every one, in fact, who has any acquaintance with our people must know that their besetting sin, and the sin which is the cause of so many other sins, is drunkenness.

The Chaplain to one of our largest Reformatories writes to me as follows: "Drink is not *directly* the cause of the majority of our inmates; yet if one examine the matter in detail he will find that their misfortune has *its origin* from drink, that is, their parents drink hard, take no care of their children, the homes are badly kept, and the children not finding their homes comfortable, are driven in despair into the streets. . . . Vanity of dress I have known to be the cause of the fall of many, and with this spirit in them they are soon picked up by some one, who after awhile might take them to a bar, and they soon fall into sin, and drink is the only thing to keep them in it, until they get disgusted and seek for peace in the confessional. This is the case especially with the younger ones. But with the married, drink is perhaps the great source of their ruin. Directly or indirectly, I should say that drink is the foundation of their misfortune.

The eleventh Westminster Synod calls the attention of the Clergy to "the dreadful vice of drunkenness which we see running riot everywhere with a fearful loss of souls, whence it comes to pass that men and women, parents and children, are involved in the same destruction, and perish miserably."[2]

[1] The greater part of this evidence is taken from *The Foundation of Death*, by Axel Gustafson, a valuable work of reference.

[2] Decr. 2.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan says: "Official statistics prove the havoc drink is making throughout the country, and information from the gaols corroborates our experience as pastors, as to its havoc among our own people";[1] and many other English and Irish Bishops, as well as the Cardinal-Archbishop (some of whose words I have already quoted on this point), have called attention in their pastorals to the widespread evil of intemperance.

The following striking passage is taken from the pastoral letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, at the close of the National Synod of Maynooth, 1875: "With deepest pain, and, after the example of the Apostle, weeping, we say that the abominable vice of intemperance still continues to work dreadful havoc among our people, marring in their souls the work of religion, and in spite of their rare natural and supernatural virtues, changing many among them into 'enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose end is destruction; whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame.'[2] Drunkenness has wrecked more homes once happy than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly, than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants."

Dr. Norman Kerr—a specialist in this matter—while admitting that there is a greater proportion of drunkenness among Protestants than among Catholics, adds: "At the same time I have observed of recent years an alarming rate of increase of inebriety among Roman Catholics, especially among females, which, if not arrested, will ere long secure them an equal if not greater proportion of inebriates with their Protestant brethren."[3]

With this evidence before us of the destruction wrought by drunkenness, it is surely our duty to take the best means we can to arrest the progress of this vice—even to exert ourselves to the utmost to banish it altogether from amongst our people.

[1] *Sanctification of Lent*, p. 28. [2] Philip. iii.; 18 19.
[3] *Inebriety*. By Norman Kerr, M.D.

Is the Pledge a Remedy against Intemperance?

But is the means employed by Total Abstinence Societies the right means does the pledge really offer a barrier to the progress of intemperance? does it really reclaim drunkards? does it keep the weak out of danger? There are two ways of deciding this question: firstly, by the light of experience—for Total Abstinence has now been tried for some years, sufficiently long for us to know whether it is a success or a failure—and secondly, by the very nature of the pledge.

1. What light, then, does experience throw upon the subject? Cardinal Manning, in a letter published in the *Weekly Register* June 6, 1885, says: "The League of the Cross has brought me many consolations in the happiness and Christian life of my people. . . . What homes we should have had at this day if the last generation had abstained from all intoxicating drinks!" and again: "If we had begun the League of the Cross twenty-five years ago, we should have a hundred thousand more Catholics in London; if twenty-five years ago men and women had been sober, there would have been that number of Catholics more to-day than there is."[1]

Cardinal Vaughan states that "experience abundantly proves that for a Catholic the pledge, without the Sacraments, is worthless, but that with the grace of the Sacraments, it is of much avail."[2] Father Rooke, speaking at the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of the festival of the League of the Cross, 1884,[3] said that in his short experience of the work of the League he could tell of the rescue of individuals and of families who were a short time ago sunken in the degrading vice of intemperance, whose homes had been more like pigsties than Christian dwellings—people with no decent clothes because of the pawnshop; people neglecting their most sacred religious duties. By the blessing of God these people had now cast aside their habits of intemperance, and they were now happy, well fed, and well clothed. A priest of high position and of great experience in the

[1] *League of the Cross Magazine*, February, 1887.
[2] *Sanctification of Lent*, p. 28.
[3] *League of the Cross Magazine*, October, 1884.

North of England writes: "Total Abstinence reclaims drunkards, undoubtedly, whether as members of the League of the Cross or otherwise. The League members cannot become drunkards so long as they keep to the League. The League gives a halo of religion to Total Abstinence, and keeps the members in the paths of virtue; for the mere observance of Total Abstinence does not keep a man from impurity, pride, &c."

The Total Abstinence Union of America comprises amongst its members a great number of the Clergy and several Bishops—a proof in itself of their opinion as to the benefits resulting from Total Abstinence.[1]

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1887, says: "Let the exertions of Catholic Temperance Societies meet with the hearty co-operation of pastor and people, and they will go far towards strangling the monstrous evil of intemperance." The Archbishops and Bishops of Australia, in their pastoral letter drawn up at the Plenary Council of 1886, "earnestly recommend the formation in every parish of Temperance Societies under the charge of the local pastor."

All this shows that the pledge has been found to be on the whole a useful remedy against intemperance.

2. From the very nature of the pledge it follows that, as long as it is kept, it must prevent drunkenness. For the pledge is a promise to abstain from intoxicating drink—but without intoxicating drink one cannot get intoxicated; this is self-evident, so as long as the abstainer keeps his promise, his pledge, so long must he of necessity be a sober man. But is not the pledge often broken? Certainly, the pledge is often broken; for though a drunkard may make the promise in all sincerity, and may, at the time he makes it, have the firm resolve to keep it, yet when temptation comes, he may not have strength of will, or may not have prayed for grace to keep the promise, and so he falls; and he may pledge himself again, and may again fall. But all this is nothing against the pledge. It only proves that man of himself is weak, and the power of a bad habit, very strong. The same thing takes place with the Sacraments;

[1] See *Proceedings of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America*, 1884.

persons go to Confession, and after Confession fall into the same sins. Does this prove that Confession is useless? No, for numberless souls reap the greatest benefit from Confession; it proves that their own efforts have been weak and that they have not sufficiently answered to the grace that has been given them. So with the pledge. Numbers even of the most intemperate take it once, and keep it through life; others take it and fall back into their sins, and take it again and fall anew; but at last the supreme effort is made; the pledge, with grace, has the best of it, and a complete reformation follows. Of course there are some who live on to the end in their sin, because they do not choose to be reclaimed—but they and not the pledge, are to blame for that.

Holy Scripture and Total Abstinence.

We have now to discuss an important question; what is the teaching of Holy Scripture on Total Abstinence? Does it command Total Abstinence, or forbid it? The truth is that Holy Scripture does neither the one nor the other, as a rule for general observance; it did not legislate on this point for the present state of society, so different from that of the period when the Scriptures were written. Hence many of the passages of Holy Writ commonly brought forward have no direct bearing upon the question. The chief of these passages I propose now to consider.

Wine is spoken of as "cheering the heart of man";[1] and: "Wine was created from the beginning to make men joyful and not to make them drunk; wine drunken with moderation is the joy of the soul and the heart. Sober drinking is health to soul and body. Wine drunken with excess raiseth quarrels and wrath and many ruins."[2] Yes, wine, or the knowledge of making wine, was given to us as a source of joy and cheerfulness—a gift from the good Creator who gladdens our ears with the music of the birds and our eyes with the beauty of the flowers and the landscape. But this gift has, by the wickedness of man, been abused, and at the present time is, for a great number, a source of evil rather than of good; *now*,

[1] Psalm ciii. 15. [2] Ecclesiasticus xxxi. 35–38.

wine, *i.e.*, strong drink, is "drunken with excess and raiseth many ruins," it is "bitterness of the soul."[1] This being the case, we are not obliged to use this gift: there is no command that we are to use wine, any more than there is a command to use prussic acid, which is a gift of God just as much as wine.

A word or two, now, on the word "wine." That which in our translation of the Bible is rendered "wine," exists in the Hebrew under several names, with various meanings. What were the wines of the Jews? They had no spirits, probably no beer; they knew nothing of distilling, and could not "doctor" their wines with brandy, &c. Their wines were pure as a rule; most of them were, it would seem, fermented and intoxicating, but, unless "mixed" with spices or something similar, only slightly so, not like our heavy and strong wines. Undoubtedly from time to time there was much drunkenness—though this could scarcely have been the common and constant vice it is nowadays, for the people had not then the opportunity of excessive drinking which they have now; rather, it was the accompaniment of festivities. The holy text is full of warnings against wine, not merely against excess, but warnings of danger in the use of strong drink: "Wine is a luxurious thing" (compare "wine wherein is luxury," Eph. v. 18) "and drunkenness riotous; whosoever delighteth therein shall not be wise."[2] "He that loveth wine . . . shall not be rich."[3] "Look not upon the wine when it is yellow, when the colour thereof shineth in the glass; it goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake and will spread abroad poison like a basilisk."[4] "Give not wine to kings, because there is no secret where drunkenness reigneth"[5]: "wine takes away the understanding."[6] These are some of the warnings against the danger of wine. But still there is no law bearing on the point, one way or the other; nothing *forbidding* us to take wine provided we do not exceed; nothing *obliging* us to take it even in moderation.

On the other hand, there is clear evidence that Total Abstinence was pleasing to God—more pleasing than

[1] Ecclesiasticus xxxi. 38, 39. [2] Proverbs xx. i. [3] *Ibid.* xxi. 17.
[4] *Ibid.* xxiii. 31. [5] *Ibid.* xxxi. 6. [6] Osee vi. 2.

even the moderate use of strong drink. This is shown by the vow of the Nazarites. "The Lord spoke to Moses, saying: Speak to the children of Israel and thou shalt say to them: When a man or woman shall make a vow to be sanctified and will consecrate themselves to the Lord, they shall abstain from wine and from everything that may make a man drunk."[1] Thus the Nazarites were pledged abstainers. They were of two kinds: Nazarites for life, amongst whom were Samson, Samuel, St. John the Baptist (of whom the angel foretold "he shall not drink wine nor strong drink"), and St. James the Apostle, Bishop of Jerusalem; and Nazarites "of days," for a length of time according to choice, during which time they had to abstain. Samson and Samuel were Nazarites by divine command. The latter founded the great schools of prophets, the members of which were Nazarites, and out of these schools arose most, or all, of the prophets during the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Jeremias, bewailing the desolation of Sion, says: "Her Nazarites were whiter than snow, purer than milk, more ruddy than the old ivory, fairer than the sapphire."[2]

Daniel and his three companions in Babylon were abstainers, and refused the meat and wine which were brought to them, and asked: "Let pulse be given to us to eat and water to drink, . . . and after ten days their faces appeared fairer and fatter than all the children that ate of the king's meat."[3]

Moreover, abstinence from wine formed part of the Jewish fast; on fast days water was the only drink-offering made at the holy place,[4] and the Jewish priests were forbidden to touch "wine or any thing that may make drunk" during the time of their service in the Temple.[5]

If we turn to the New Testament, we find the principles of Total Abstinence clearly laid down.

We tell the drunkard that, no matter how dearly he loves his glass, he should give it up to save his soul, because to him even a very little intoxicating drink is likely to lead to excess. Our Blessed Lord says: "If thine eye scandalize thee, pluck it out. It is better for thee with one eye to enter into the kingdom of God

[1] Numbers vi. 1–3. [2] Lamentations iv. 7. [3] Daniel i. 12, 15.
[4] *Ewald, Antiquit. of Israel*, p. 34. [5] Leviticus x. 9; Ezechiel xliv. 21.

than having two eyes to be cast into the hell of fire";[1] that is to say, if anything be an occasion of sin to us, as drink is to the drunkard and to those in danger of becoming drunkards, it is better for us, and it is even our duty, to give it up rather than risk that it should bring us into hell. As for those to whom intoxicating drink is not an occasion of sin, to them we appeal on the principle of charity and zeal for the good of our neighbour; and we ask that for the sake of our weaker brethren, to give them example and encouragement, they would forego what is perfectly lawful. This is quite according to the teaching of St. Paul: "If because of thy meat thy brother be grieved, thou walkest not now according to charity. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. . . . All things indeed are clean; but it is evil for that man who eateth with offence" (so, as mentioned above, there is no sin in strong drink itself, the sin is in those who misuse it); "it is good not to eat flesh and *not to drink wine* nor any thing whereby thy brother is offended or scandalized or made weak."[2] And again, "if meat scandalize" (be an occasion of sin to) "my brother, I will never eat flesh lest I should scandalize my brother."[3] From this it is clear that if wine be a source of danger to our brethren, as indeed it is, we do a good and virtuous act in abstaining from it for their sakes.

It is probable, judging from the part he took in the purification of the Nazarites (A.D. 58), that St. Paul himself was a total abstainer; at all events, this is the opinion of the learned Baronius. With regard to his advice to his disciple Timothy, the latter had long been a water-drinker (as is implied in the Greek text), and not without the knowledge and approval of his teacher; later on, as his health declined, St. Paul advised him "to use *a little* wine, for thy stomach's sake and *thy frequent infirmities*."[4] On this text St. Chrysostom remarks: "He does not allow him to indulge freely in wine, but as much as was for his health, and not for luxury;" and St. Jerome says: "See for what reasons the draught of wine is granted; that relief may be afforded to the aching stomach and the frequent infirmity. And lest

[1] St. Mark ix. 46. [2] Romans xiv. 21.
[3] 1 Corinthians viii. 13. [4] 1 Timothy v. 23.

we should make an excuse of our illnesses he orders that *a little* should be taken, and rather by the advice of a physician than of the Apostle, though the Apostle is indeed a spiritual physician."

But did not our Blessed Lord take wine? Did He not change the water into wine at the marriage feast? Did He not use it and ordain its constant use in the Blessed Eucharist, where it is changed into His precious Blood? All this is quite true but what follows from it? that we are *bound* to take wine and may not give up our liberty if we choose? Certainly not; else how could the Holy Baptist and St. James have been total abstainers? Indeed, according to Baronius,[1] not only St. James and St. Paul, but most of the other Apostles also were abstainers, and they, best of all, knew the teaching of the Great Master. "The kingdom of God is not in eating and drinking,"[2] that is to say, perfection does not consist solely and entirely in the use or non-use of certain kinds of food. Our Blessed Lord, Who entered into society of all classes, took the ordinary food placed before Him. Whatever He did was perfect. His mode of life, though after the common way of men, was more perfect than the severe and penitential life of St. John, His forerunner—not because it was such in itself and would be so no matter who practised that mode of life, but because it was practised by Him Whose every act was of infinite value. If we look to the motive why our Lord chose to eat and drink according to the customs of the time and of the people with whom He lived, we may say that His motive was that by leading a life such as their own He might the more easily win their hearts. There was no special reason why at that time the people should be led to Total Abstinence; they were not then given to drunkenness, and probably used intoxicating drink only on festive occasions. And so our Lord, Who became "all things to all that He might gain all," did not refuse that kind of drink, the moderate use of which was perfectly innocent; and did not disdain in answer to His Mother's request to gladden the marriage festivities, and to spare His host the shame of falling short in their provisions, by changing the water into wine. This miracle

[1] *Ad ann. Christi* 58; cxxvi. [2] Romans xiv. 17.

and our Lord's use of wine show the falsity of those who taught that wine and strong drink were evil in themselves and the work of the evil one; but it is no argument against Total Abstinence rightly understood. For though the moderate use of wine at the time of our Lord was perfectly lawful and innocent, and is so still, yet owing to the altered state of society, it cannot be denied that it may be more perfect, at the present time, to abstain from wine and strong drink that we may encourage those to whom Total Abstinence is necessary. In any case there is no command to follow our Lord in the use of wine; we are free to give up our liberty for His sake if we choose.

The same remarks apply to the Blessed Eucharist. A sect called Aquarians once held that water, not wine, was the matter of the Eucharist; but they were condemned by the Church. There are many reasons why wine is the "matter" used in the Eucharist; it very fitly represents the Precious Blood, and also inasmuch as it is made from many grapes, as bread from many grains of wheat, it represents the union of the many members of the Church. The chief reason is that Christ willed it so. But still no command can be drawn therefrom that we should use wine as ordinary food, no hint that if we choose to pledge ourselves to abstain, we may not do so.

To sum up the teaching of Holy Scripture: 1. Total Abstinence is not forbidden: 2. Neither is it commanded to be practised by all; 3. It was commanded under certain circumstances, was practised by many of the Scripture Saints, and the exhortation to practise Total Abstinence as a means of preservation from danger and an exercise of zeal and charity is sanctioned by Gospel principles.

Total Abstinence and the Church.

What has been the attitude of the Church towards Total Abstinence? Much the same as that of the Holy Scriptures. There has not been any general law enforcing it, nor any general law forbidding it, though special laws have ordered the use of wine and abstinence from it in special cases. During the period of the Manichean heresy, referred to above, Pope Leo the Great ordered that Holy Communion should be received under both

forms, namely, of bread and of wine. The special cases in which wine was forbidden will be mentioned presently.

But though there was no general law prescribing Total Abstinence, yet this was observed by a great number of Christians, who on account of their holiness and in many cases for their learning also are entitled to our veneration.

The monks of the East, of whom there were many and large communities, were all Total Abstainers. Among them were St. Anthony, their founder, St. Pachomius, St. Hilarion, St. Arsenius, St. Basil, &c. In the time of St. Jerome and St. Augustine there were many monasteries in Italy with the same rule, and St. Augustine[1] brings forward these monks of the East and West as models of Christian perfection, making special mention of their Total Abstinence. St. Jerome was himself an abstainer, and for some time a monk: he founded a monastery and convent at Bethlehem, whose members, amongt whom were SS. Paula, Eustochium and Læta, were abstainers; so were also the nuns under St. Marcella.

The British, Irish, and Welsh monks followed the Eastern rules and were abstainers: amongst them were St. Gildas, St. Columban, St. David, St. Aidan, St. Winwalve.

In the sixth century the great order of St. Benedict was instituted, and as its rules were less severe than those of the religious orders in the East, it was soon widely spread throughout Europe. Its founder allowed the moderate use of wine, but in doing so, departed, as he himself expressly declares, from the universal custom in monasteries before his time.[2] In England, after the coming of St. Augustine, A.D. 596, each convent or monastery followed its own rule as to the use of wine; in several of them, as at Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, where in 1143 St. Ælred was Abbot over three hundred monks Total Abstinence was observed.[3]

The monks were preceded by the "Ascetics," or as they were sometimes called, "Abstainers," who, while living in the world, aimed at a strict and perfect life; they all abstained from meat and strong drink.

[1] *De Morib. Eccl.* 31. [2] *Rule of St. Benedict*, ch. 40.
[3] *Fosbrooke's Monachism*, ch, 11.

The hermits, after the example of their founder, St. Paul of Thebais (A.D. 342), were all abstainers. St. Neot, St. Guthlac of Croyland, St. Henry of Cocket, St. Simon Stock, who afterwards joined the Carmelite Order, were English hermits; St. Caradoc was a Welsh hermit, and St. Psalmodius was an Irish hermit—all Total Abstainers.

In addition to those already mentioned, the following canonized saints were Total Abstainers: St. Mary Magdalen during the latter part of her life; St. Germanus, who in the fourth century preached to the Britons; St. John Chrysostom; St. Ambrose, and his sister St. Marcellina; St. Paul of Cornwall; St. Cuthbert; St. Bonaventure; St. Peter Damian; St. Bernard (except at times of illness); St. Finian; St. Francis; St. Vincent Ferrer; St. Richard of Chichester; St. Thomas of Canterbury; St. Charles Borromeo; St. Francis Xavier; St. Aloysius.

Abstinence from strong drink was a necessary part of the Ecclesiastical fast as observed in the East; this was not, it appears, of obligation in the West, but in early times it was the common practice and is mentioned by St. Augustine and other writers. It was also a part of the penitential fast imposed by the Church for public sins; though, when this penance was imposed for a long period, a little wine—in England, beer—was allowed occasionally.

A few passages from the Fathers on Total Abstinence will be interesting. St. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 195) says: "I praise and admire those who have chosen an austere life and who *take water as the preserver of moderation*, and flee wine like a threatening fire. [1] He wishes that all young people should drink water only, but allows wine mixed with water to the aged.

St. Jerome, writing to Eustochium, a lady under his spiritual direction (A.D. 384) says: "This is my chief advice to you, this I implore, that the Spouse of Christ fly wine like poison. This is the first weapon of the devil against youth. Not thus does avarice disturb us, pride swell us, ambition gratify us, we may easily be without other vices; but this enemy is shut up within us. Wherever we go, we carry with us an adversary:—wine

[1] *Pedagogue*, book II, ch. 2.

and youth, the double fire of pleasure. Why do we add oil to the flame?" To Nepotianus he writes: "Avoid, equally with wine, everything that can intoxicate or disturb the mind. I do not say this as though a creature of God were condemned by us; for the Lord was even called a wine-bibber, and a drink of wine was allowed to Timothy when in suffering; but we require a measure in drinking according to age, health, and the state of the body. And if, without wine, I am on fire, with youth, and if I am inflamed with the heat of the blood and am of healthy constitution, I will willingly do without the cup in which there is a taint of poison." Among the counsels which he gave to Læta on the education of her child was this: "Let her learn *now* not to drink wine, in which is luxury," though until she had grown to her full strength he would allow the girl "a little wine if necessity should require it."[1]

The teaching of St. Thomas is quite in harmony with the above. He says that though the use of wine (or strong drink) is not in itself unlawful, yet it may be so under certain circumstances; for instance, if a person be easily overcome by wine, or if he drink to excess, then the use of it is unlawful; and he says, moreover, that "for some persons, in order to arrive at perfection, it is necessary that they should abstain from wine, according to the circumstances of persons and places," and, "Christ withdraws us from some things not altogether unlawful, and from some others as hindrances to perfection; and in this way He withdraws some persons from wine on account of an earnest desire for perfection."[2]

It may be said that Total Abstinence as we find it in the lives and writings of the Saints is not a remedy agains drunkenness, but a means of perfection and practice of mortification; that they were exceptional persons, and therefore what they did cannot be put forward as a mode for ordinary persons. This is partly true. The pledge was unknown to the Saints and early Christians: and they, in opposing the vice of drunkenness, used other means than Total Abstinence, though we do read of some who state that those who cannot drink in moderation should

[1] *Ep. ad Lætam*, 107. [2] *2a, 2æ quest.* 14, *art.* 3.

abstain altogether. Why was not Total Abstinence proposed? Because the state of society, the nature of the intoxicating drink, the temptations to intemperance were different from those of the present day. The use of distilled liquors, which in one way or another is the chief cause of the intoxicating power of drink now, was not common until the 17th century; public-houses were not put in the people's way as they are now; the temptations to intemperance were not then a daily peril—with a double strength on a Saturday; the danger lay rather in fairs and festive gatherings, and against these chiefly were warnings directed. Now, however, that intemperance has terribly increased, some new and special remedy is required. Total Abstinence has been tried and has been judged successful by many entitled to give an opinion, and it would ill become us to reject or oppose such a remedy, with the plea that its supporters are aiming at too high a standard, and are proposing to the general public that which was the practice of the Saints. This is rather like saying that a remedy is to be rejected if it is found to be very good and much used by persons qualified to judge. On the other hand, it is not correct to say that Total Abstinence was practised by Saints only, and never by the masses of the people. The whole people of Israel were abstainers during the time of their wanderings in the desert. The tribe of Rechabites were abstainers, and kept their law of abstinence even at a time of great temptation.[1] The Essenes and the Assideans also were abstainers; the former were a long-lived race, many of them reaching the age of a hundred years. The Roman women never touched wine.[2] The Greeks were forbidden to drink wine till the age of eighteen, and from then till the age of forty they might drink it only when mixed with water.[3] According to Baronius,[4] abstinence from wine was so general among the first Christians, that those who took it, did that which was indeed quite lawful and innocent, yet so unusual as to draw upon them the notice of others. At the present time thousands of persons, of all ages, conditions of life and occupations, are Total Abstainers.

[1] Jeremias xxxv. [2] *Valerius Max.* l. ii. c.
[3] *Moroni Dizionario, art. Vino.* [4] l. c.

As regards the action of the Church in our own days towards Total Abstinence, the late Holy Father Pius IX. showed his approval of the Temperance movement by granting several Indulgences to the League of the Cross; and the present Pope, Leo. XIII., has confirmed these, and has issued a brief or letter to the League of the Cross of America, where many of the Bishops and of the Clergy are abstainers, encouraging the League in its efforts to suppress intemperance.

On more than one occasion the Holy Father has signified his approval of the Total Abstinence movement in America, and in concluding this little treatise we cannot do better than reproduce His Holiness's letter to Bishop Ireland:

"To Our Venerable Brother, John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, Leo. XIII., Pope. Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction. The admirable works of piety and charity, by which our faithful children in the United States labour to promote not only their own temporal and eternal welfare, but also that of their fellow-citizens, and which you have recently related to Us, give to Us exceeding great consolation. And above all, We have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable, is the injury, both to faith and to morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can We sufficiently praise the Prelates of the United States, who recently in the Plenary Council of Baltimore with weightiest words condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin, and a fruitful root of all evils, plunging the families of the intemperate into direst ruin, and drawing numberless souls down to everlasting perdition, declaring moreover that the faithful who yield to this vice of intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics, and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

"Hence We esteem worthy of commendation the noble resolve of our pious associations, by which they pledge

themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is a proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors therefore do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, and so the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State, may by their strenuous endeavours, be averted.

"And We most earnestly beseech Almighty God that, in this important matter, He may graciously favour your desires, direct your counsels, and assist your endeavours; and as a pledge of the Divine protection, and a testimony of Our paternal affection, We most lovingly bestow upon you, venerable brother, and upon all your associates in this holy league, the Apostolic Benediction.

"Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, this 27th day of March, in the year 1887, the tenth year of Our Pontificate.

"LEO XIII., POPE."

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

III. Fable the Basis of the Protestant View.

It was my aim, Brothers of the Oratory, in my preceding Lecture, to investigate, as far as time and place allowed, how it was that the one-sided view of the great religious controversy, which commenced between Rome and England three centuries since, has been so successfully maintained in this country. Many things have changed among us during that long period; but the hatred and the jealousy entertained by the population towards the Catholic Faith, and the scorn and pity which are felt at the sight of its adherents, have not passed away, have not been mitigated. In that long period society has undergone various alterations; public opinion has received a development new in the history of the world, and many remarkable revolutions in national principle have followed. The received views on the causes and the punishment of crime, on the end of government, on the mutual relations of town and country, on international interests, and on many other great political questions, have sustained, to say the least, great modifications; sciences, unknown before, bearing upon the economy of social life, have come into being; medicine has been the subject of new doctrines, which have had their influence on various civil and municipal arrangements; how is it,

then, that the feeling against Catholicism has remained substantially what it was in the days of Charles the Second or of George the Third? How is it that Protestantism has retained its ascendency, and that Catholic arguments and Catholic principles are at once misconstrued and ignored? And what increases the wonder is, that externally to our own island it has happened otherwise; there is scarcely a country besides ours where Catholicism is not at least respected, even if it is not studied; and what is more observable still, scarcely a country besides ours, originally Protestant, in which Protestantism even exists at present,—if by Protestantism is understood the religion of Luther and Calvin. The phenomenon, great in itself, becomes greater by its thus seeming to be all but peculiar to the British population.

And this latter consideration is important also, as it anticipates a solution of the difficulty which the Protestant, were he able, would eagerly adopt. He would be eager to reply, if he could, that the Protestant spirit has survived in the land amid so many changes in political and social science, because certain political theories were false, but Protestantism is true; but if this is the case, why has it not kept its ground and made its way in other countries also? What cause can be assigned for its decay and almost extinction in those other countries, in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and New England, diverse from each other in situation, in government, in language, and in character, where once it flourished? Evidently it must be a cause peculiar to England; those foreign countries must have something in common with each other which they have not in common with us. Now what is peculiar to our country is an established Tradition of Protestantism; what those other countries have in common with each other, is the absence of such tradition. Fact and argument have had fair play in other countries; they have not had fair play here; the religious establishment has forbidden them fair play. But fact and argument are the tests of truth and error; Protestantism, then, has had an adventitious advantage in this country, in consequence of which it has not been tried,—as, in the course of years, otherwise it would have been tried, and as it has been

tried elsewhere—on its own merits. Instead, then, of concluding that it is true, because it has remained here during three centuries substantially the same, I should rather conclude that it is false because it has not been able during that period to remain the same abroad. To the standing, compulsory Tradition existing here, I ascribe its continuance here; to fact and reason operating freely elsewhere, I ascribe its disappearance elsewhere.

This view of the subject is confirmed to us, when we consider, on the one hand, the character of our countrymen, and on the other, the character of those instruments and methods by which the Tradition of Protestantism is perpetuated among them. It has been perpetuated, directly or indirectly, by the sanction of an oath, imposed on all those several sources of authority and influence, from which principles, doctrines, and opinions are accustomed to flow. There is an established Tradition of law, and of the clergy, and of the court, and of the universities, and of literature, and of good society; and all these act upon a people peculiarly susceptible of the claims of personal merit, of embodied authority, of constituted order, of rank, and of reputation in the world, and little sensitive in comparison of abstract argument, logical sequence, moral fitness, historical results, or foreign transactions.

This was the point at which I stopped last week; now I shall continue my investigation, and I shall introduce what I have to say by means of an objection.

I.

It may be objected, then, to the conclusions at which I have arrived, that I on my part have simply ignored the fact of the innumerable multitude of independent testimonies which every one of the divines, the scholars, the lawyers, the men of letters, the statesmen, the men of the world, who have made the last three centuries glorious in Britain, has borne in his turn, in favour of Protestantism, and to the disadvantage of the Catholic religion.

Bacon and Hooker, Taylor and Chillingworth, Hampden, Clarendon, and Falkland, Russell, Somers and Walpole, Hobbes and Locke, Swift and Addison, Hume and

Robertson, Warburton and Horsley, Pitt and Fox, Walter Scott and Hallam, and a multitude of other illustrious names, nay, the whole host of educated men, are all separate authorities; each speaks for himself; they do not copy, the one from the other: there are among them men of extensive reading, profound philosophy, intimate knowledge of the world; they are all men of intelligence, and at least able to give an opinion. It is absurd to say otherwise. This simple consideration, it may be said, overthrows from its very foundation the argument drawn out in my last week's Lecture, about the traditional character of Protestantism in England. Indeed, my argument turns against myself; for I incidentally allowed on that occasion that a number of distinct testimonies, conspiring together into one view or representation, was a real and sound reason, nay, among the strongest of conceivable reasons, in its behalf; now this is just the state of the case as regards the argument for Protestantism, as drawn from the common consent of the English court, clergy, bar, literature, and general society.

This is what will be said; and I reply as follows:—I do not deny that there are great names on the side of Protestantism, which require to be considered by themselves;—minds, which certainly are superior to the influences of party, the prejudices of education, the suggestions of self-interest, the seductions of place and position, and the tyranny of public opinion. And again, there are Protestant arguments, clear and broad, which remain, whether Protestantism is received, or whether it is not. I allow all this: but now I am considering, not the Protestantism of the few, but of the many: those great men, and those philosophical arguments, whatever be their weight, have no influence with the many. Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall, mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon, Locke, or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the year 1851, and in London, or in Edinburgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bristol, or in Manchester, or in Glasgow; among the gentlemen and yeomen of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Kent; in the Inns of Court, and

in the schools and colleges of the land; and I say this Tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half-dozen wise, or philosophic, or learned men who can be summoned in its support, but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories;—a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems, and light literature of all kind, literature of the day;—a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, made up into small octavos for class-books, and into pretty miniatures for presents;—a tradition floating in the air; which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, heard, or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial, and good as far as a tradition can be good, but after all, not more than a tradition is worth: I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its very first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition, and yet after all good for nothing. What profit, though ninety-nine links of a chain be sound, if the topmost is broken? Now I do not hesitate to assert, that this Protestant Tradition, on which English faith hangs, is wanting just in the first link. Fierce as are its advocates, and high as is its sanction, yet, whenever we can pursue it through the mist of immemorial reception in which it commonly vanishes, and can arrive at its beginnings, forthwith we find a flaw in the argument. Either facts are not forthcoming, or they are not sufficient for the purpose: sometimes they turn out to be imaginations or inventions, sometimes exaggerations, sometimes misconceptions; something or other comes to light which blunts their efficiency, and throws suspicion on the rest. Testimonies which were quoted as inde-

pendent turn out to be the same, or to be contradictory of each other, or to be too improbable to be true, or to have no good authority at all: so that our enemies find they cannot do better, after all, than fall back on the general reception of the Tradition itself, as a reason for receiving the Tradition; and they find it prudent to convict us of all manner of crimes, on the simple ground of our being notoriously accused of them.

Hard measure, scanty justice! It is a principle of English law, that no one should bring a charge against another without being under the obligation of supporting it. Where should we be, any one of us—who would be safe—if any person who chose might, at any moment he would, impute to us what he pleased, bring us into court, call no witnesses, and obtain our conviction on his simple assertion? Why, at very least, an accuser is bound to make oath of the truth of what he says; and that is but the first step of an investigation, not the termination of the process. And he must swear to a fact, not to an opinion, not to a surmise, not to what he has heard others say, but to what he has witnessed or knows. Nay, even though there be reasons for being sure of the guilt of the accused, it is a maxim of our law not to make him criminate himself, but to aim at convicting him by other means and by other men. It seems a plain dictate of common equity, that an accuser should have something to say for himself, before he can put the accused on his defence.

This righteous rule is simply set aside in the treatment of Catholics and their religion. Instead of the *onus probandi*, as it is called, the burden of proof, lying with the accuser, it is simply thrown upon the accused. Any one may get up of a sudden, and may say what he will to our prejudice, without producing any warrant at all for the truth of his charge. He is not called upon to establish his respectability, or to state his opportunities or methods of knowing; he need not give presumptive proof of his allegation; he need not give his authorities; he need only accuse; and upon this the Protestant public turns round to the poor Catholic, and asks what he has to say in his defence, as if he had yet anything to defend.

There is a saying, that "a fool can ask more questions than a hundred wise men can answer:" and a bigot or a fanatic may be quite as successful. If a man presented himself this moment and said to me, "You robbed a person in the street of his pocket-book some ten years ago," what could I possibly say, except simply, "I did not?" How could I prove it was false, even if I took on myself to do so, till I was informed of the town, or the year, or the occasion, or the person on whom the pretended offence was committed? Well, supposing my accuser went on to particulars, and said that I committed the crime in Birmingham, in the month of June, in the year 1840, and in the instance of a person of the name of Smith. This, of course, would be something, but no one would say even then that it was enough, that is, supposing I had to reply to him on the spot. At the very moment I might not be able to say where I was on the specified day, and so I could only repeat as emphatically as I was able, that the charge was utterly untrue.

Next, supposing me to ask his reasons for advancing it;—how he knew it was I? did he see me? or was he told by an eye-witness? and supposing he were to decline to give me any information whatever, but contented himself with saying "that I was shuffling and evasive, for the thing was quite notorious." And next, supposing I suddenly recollected that, up to the year 1845, I had never once been in Birmingham in the course of my life; yet, on my stating this, the accuser were to cry out that I should not escape, in spite of my attempt to throw dust in his eyes; for he had a score of witnesses to prove the fact, and that, as to the exact year, it was a mere point of detail, on which any one might be mistaken. And supposing, on this unsupported allegation, a magistrate, without witness brought, or oath administered, or plausibility in the narrative, in spite of the accuser's character, which was none of the best, in spite of the vagueness of his testimony, were to send me to prison,—I conceive public opinion would say I was shamefully treated.

But further, supposing when I was safely lodged in

prison, some anonymous writer, in some third-rate newspaper, were boldly to assert that all priests were in the practice of stealing pocket-books from passengers in the streets; and in the proof thereof were to appeal first to the notorious case of a priest in Birmingham who had been convicted of the offence, and then to the case of a second priest which was given in detail in some manuscript or other, contained somewhere or other in the royal library of Munich, and occurring some time or other between the seventh and the seventeenth centuries; and supposing, upon this anonymous article or letter, petitions were got up and signed numerously, and despatched to the Imperial Parliament, with the object of sending all priests to the treadmill for a period not exceeding six months, as reputed thieves, whenever they were found walking in the public thoroughfares;—would this answer an Englishman's ideas of fairness or of humanity?

Now I put it to the experience,—I put it to the conscience of the Protestant world,—whether such is not the justice which it deals out to Catholics as a matter of course. No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wit's end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, "Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise;" or, "Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons." How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man, or that, is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every *twentieth* man was a Jesuit, and *most* nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge?

Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page: their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or, by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense, in the eyes of the public, with the references which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table-land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirito, in S. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalope, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a-dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great *naïveté*, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family

of England; had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease.

Tales such as this, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassments. First he enquires *is* there a village in Calabria of the name of Buonavalle? *is* there a convent of S. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? did it *exist* in the time of Charlemagne? who were the successive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? what has Andalusia to do with Salamanca? when was the last *Auto da fe* in Spain? did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighbourhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide-books, travels, histories;—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: are his editions *recent* enough for his purpose? do their historical notices go *far enough back?* Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful, and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? who cares for the story itself? it has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is, clear and indelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it; their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some of his details; it can be nothing more. Who

can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through a bout of controversy, where "one says," and "the other says," and "*he* says that *he* says that *he* does not say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say?" It demands an effort and strain of attention which they have no sort of purpose of bestowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing; his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then is taken down again. So true is this, from the nature of the human mind, that even though my present audience is well disposed, not hostile, to Catholicism, I should scarcely venture, in these Lectures, to enter into any minute investigation of this or that popular calumny, from my conviction that I should be detailing matters which, except in the case of the very few, would engross without interesting, and weary without making an impression.

Yet I think I may be able still, or at least I will try, without taxing your patience to the utmost, to bring before you two or three actual specimens of the mode in which the accusation against Catholics is conducted; which may serve to give you some insight into the value of the Tradition which king, lords, and commons are so zealous in upholding. The mighty Tradition flows on, replenished and refreshed continually by rivulets which, issuing from new fountain-heads, make their way, in faithful and unfailing succession, into the main stream. I am going to put my finger on three of these small fountain-heads of the Tradition,—which, as I have already complained, are not commonly accessible;—they shall not be springs of a vulgar quality, but they shall represent the intelligence, the respectability, and the strong sense of English society. The first shall be a specimen of the Tradition of Literature, the second of the Tradition of Wealth, and the third of the Tradition of Gentlemen.

2.

1. The first, which has to do with names well known in the aristocracy of talent and learning, will be somewhat tedious, do what I will; and I shall introduce it with a story. It is related by the learned Dr. Bentley, in

his controversy with Boyle, about a century and a half ago, on some point of historical criticism. In the course of that controversy, his opponent happened to spell wrongly the name of some Greek town; and when he was set right, he made answer that it was the custom of our English writers so to spell it, and he proceeded to quote as many as five of them in proof of his assertion. On this Bentley observes, "An admirable reason, and worthy to be his own; as if the most palpable error, that shall happen to obtain and meet with reception, must therefore never be mended." After this, the "slashing" critic goes on to allude to the instance of an unlearned English priest, truly or not I know not, "who for thirty years together" (perhaps it was on taking the first ablution in the Mass) "had always said, 'Quod ore mumpsimus,'" and when, says Bentley, "a learned man told him of his blunder, 'I'll not change,' says he, 'my old Mumpsimus for your new Sumpsimus.'" Now, this happily applies to the subject which I am going to illustrate, as you will presently see.

I need not remind you how much is said among Protestants of the gross ignorance and superstition of the middle age: indeed, we Catholics of the present date are considered its legitimate and veritable heirs. On this subject, one of the best read, most dispassionate, and deservedly esteemed writers of the present day, who, if any one, might be supposed, in historical matters, an original authority, in his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," writes as follows:

"In the very best view that can be taken of monasteries," he says, after allowing that many might be above reproach, "their existence is deeply injurious to the general morals of a nation. They withdraw men of pure conduct and conscientious principle from the exercise of social duties, and leave the common mass of human vice more unmixed. Such men are always inclined to form schemes of ascetic perfection, which can only be fulfilled in retirement; but, in the strict rules of monastic life, and under the influence of a grovelling superstition, their virtue lost all its usefulness. They fell implicitly into the snares of crafty priests, who made submission to the

Church, not only the condition, but the measure of all praise." Now comes the passage to which I am directing your attention. Observe, he is going on to his *proof* of what he has asserted. "He is a good Christian, says Eligius, a saint of the seventh century, who comes frequently to church, who presents an oblation that it may be offered to God on the altar; who does not taste the fruits of his land till he has consecrated a part of them to God; who can repeat the Creed or the Lord's Prayer. Redeem your souls from punishment, while it is in your power; offer presents and tithes to churches, light candles in holy places, as much as you can afford, come more frequently to church, implore the protection of the saints; for, if you observe these things, you may come with security at the day of judgment to say, 'Give unto us, O Lord, for we have given unto Thee!'" The author then continues, "With such *a definition of the Christian character*, it is not surprising that any *fraud and injustice* became honourable, when it contributed to the riches of the clergy and glory of their order."*

Now observe, first, he quotes St. Eligius, or Eloi, in order to show that Catholics were at that time taught that true Christianity consisted, not in the absence of fraud and injustice, or again, of immorality, hatred, or strife—but in merely coming to church, paying tithes, burning candles, and praying to the saints. But, observe next, he does not quote from St. Eligius' own work, or refer to it on his own authority, but, well-read man as he is, notwithstanding, he is content to rely on the authority of two other writers, and (what many well-read men would have omitted to do) he candidly confesses it. He refers to Dr. Robertson, the Scotch historian, and the celebrated German historian and critic, Mosheim. I do not see, then, that much blame attaches to this writer for publishing what you will see presently is a most slanderous representation, beyond, indeed, his taking for granted the Protestant Tradition, his exercising faith in it as true, his not doubting the fidelity of the two authors in question, and, therefore, in a word, his saying "Mumpsimus," and passing it on.

* Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 353.

Next we come to Dr. Robertson, the historian of Scotland, Charles the Fifth, and America, the friend of Hume, Adam Smith, Gibbon, and a host of literati of the latter part of last century. In his history of the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who lived at the time of the Reformation, after observing that "the Christian religion degenerated, during those ages of darkness, into an illiberal superstition;" that "the barbarous nations, instead of aspiring to *sanctity and virtue*, imagined that they satisfied every obligation of duty by a scrupulous *observance of external ceremonies*,"—Dr. Robertson annotates as follows:—"*All the religious maxims and practices* of the dark ages are a proof of this. I shall produce *one remarkable testimony* in confirmation of it, from an author canonized by the Church of Rome, St. Eloy, or Eligius." And then he proceeds to quote, nearly in the same words as Mr. Hallam, though omitting some clauses and adding others, a translation from the passage which Mosheim sets down in his history, as if the original text of the saint's. And then he adds the remark of Dr. Maclaine, Mosheim's English translator, whom he is pleased to call "learned and judicious," and whose remark he calls a "very proper reflection." This remark is as follows:—"We see here," says Maclaine, "a large and ample description of the character of a good Christian, in which there is not *the least* mention of the love of God, resignation to His will, obedience to His laws, or of justice, benevolence, and charity towards men." Here then, we trace our "Mumpsimus" a step higher; from Hallam to Robertson, from Robertson to the "learned and judicious" Maclaine.

Robertson and Maclaine were Scotchmen; but the Tradition was not idle the while in the south either. There was a certain learned Mr. White, well known, somewhat later than Robertson, in the University of Oxford. He was Professor of Arabic in that seat of learning, and happened one year to preach a set of lectures, which added most considerably to his reputation. I should not have noticed the circumstances attending them, did they not throw light on the measure of authority due to the divines, scholars, historians, statesmen,

lawyers, and polite writers, who are the doctors of the Protestant Tradition. The lectures in question, which are delivered at Oxford yearly, on some theological subject, are in the appointment of the governors of the place; who, feeling the responsibility attached to this exercise of patronage, anxiously look about for the safest, or the most brilliant, or the most rising, or the most distinguished of their members, to whom to commit the guardianship of Protestantism, and the fair fame of the University. Some such person Mr. White was considered; and, on his appointment, he selected for his lectures a subject of great interest—the rise and genius of Mahomet and his religion. Of learning he had enough; eloquence, perhaps, he wanted; yet what must have surprised his audience, when the time came for his exhibition, was the special elegance, splendour, and vivacity which showed themselves in his style. His periods, far from savouring of the austereness of an Oriental linguist, displayed the imagery, the antithesis, the flow, and the harmony of a finished rhetorician. The historian Gibbon, no mean judge of composition, goes out of his way to speak of his lectures as "a volume of controversy" more "elegant and ingenious" than any Mohammedan pulpit was likely to have produced, had Oxford become Mohammedan, instead of Protestant; and is pleased to observe that the writer "sustains the part of a lively and eloquent advocate," while he "sometimes rises to the merit of an historian and a philosopher." Such were the lectures delivered, and such was the reputation in consequence obtained by the Arabic Professor: however, after a time, it came to light that a great portion of the volume, at least many of its finest passages, were the writing of another. Indeed he was obliged to confess that he employed in the work, and actually paid for it, a country curate in Devonshire (who, I think, had once been a dissenting preacher), whom he supplied with the raw material of thought, and who returned it back to him in a dress suitable to the audience to whom it was to be presented. This was the man, who was getting credit for what was not his own, who, in treating of Mahomet, must make a diversion from his course—which never

comes amiss in a Protestant volume—in order to bring a charge of incapability and pretence against the Catholic Church; and what should he unluckily choose for the instrument of his attack but the identical passage of St. Eligius, and on that same authority of Mosheim, which we have already seen used by Hallam, Robertson, and Maclaine. Mr. White writes thus:—

"*No representation can convey stronger ideas of the melancholy state of religion* in the seventh century, than the description of the character of a good Christian, as drawn at that period by St. Eligius, or Eloi, Bishop of Noyon." And then he quotes the extract, already cited, from the pages of Mosheim.

And now we are approaching the fountain-head of the Tradition, but first I must just allude to one other author of name, who bears the same testimony to "Mumpsimus," and simply on the same authority. This is an elegant writer, a divine and an Archdeacon of the Established Church, Jortin, who in the year 1773, published "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History." In the table of contents prefixed to the third volume, we are referred to "Eligius' *system* of Religion;" and turning to the page set against that descriptive title, we are told, "In this seventh century, . . monkery flourished prodigiously, and the monks and Popes were in the firmest union. As to true religion, here is the *sum and substance* of it, as it is *drawn up* for us by Eligius, one of the principal saints of that age." And then follows the cut-and-dried passage as given by Mosheim.

Now, at last, let us proceed to the first father of Mumpsimus, the Lutheran Mosheim himself. His words run thus in his Ecclesiastical History: "During this century (the seventh) true religion lay buried under a senseless mass of superstitions, and was unable to raise her head. The earlier Christians . . . taught that Christ had made expiation for the sins of men by His death and His blood; the latter" (those of the seventh century) "seemed to inculcate that the gates of heaven would be closed against none who should enrich the clergy or the Church with their donations. The former were studious to maintain a holy simplicity, and to follow a pure and chaste piety, the latter place the *substance* of

religion *in external rites and bodily exercises*." And then, in order to illustrate this contrast, which he has drawn out, between the spirituality of the first Christians and the formality of the Papists, he quotes the famous passage which has been the matter of our investigation.

Brothers of the Oratory, take your last look at the Protestant Tradition, ere it melts away into thin air from before your eyes. It carries with it a goodly succession of names, Mosheim, Jortin, Maclaine, Robertson, White, and Hallam. It extends from 1755 to the year 1833. But in this latter year, when it was now seventy-eight years old, it met with an accident attended with fatal consequences. Some one for the first time, instead of blindly following the traditional statement, thought it worth while first to consult St. Eligius himself. His work is in every good library; but to no one had it occurred to take it down from the shelf, till the present Protestant Dean of Durham, Dr. Waddington, who was engaged in publishing an Ecclesiastical History at the date I have named. At first, indeed, he relied on his Protestant masters: and, taking Mosheim for his guide, and quoting St. Eligius from Mosheim's volume, he observes that, as the saint was "a person of influence in his day, we may venture to record what, in his opinion, was the *sum* and *substance* of true religion." Then follows the old extract. This is at the 153d page of Dr. Waddington's work; but by the time he got to page 298, he had turned to the original, and the truth came out. He found that the received Protestant extract was only a small portion, nay, only sentences picked out here and there, of a very long sermon,—other sentences, of which, close by, and in the very midst of those actually quoted, contained all those very matters, the supposed absence of which was the very charge brought against St. Eligius by Mosheim, Maclaine, Robertson, Jortin, White, and Hallam. They, forsooth, pure Protestants, had been so shocked and scandalized, that there was nothing of moral virtue in the saint's idea of a Christian, nothing of love of God or of man; nothing of justice, of truth, of knowledge, of honesty; whereas, in matter of fact, there turned out to be an abundance of these good things,

drawn out in sentences of their own, though certainly not in the other sentences which those authors had extracted. I will quote what Dr. Waddington says, on his discovery of his mistake:—

He says that "the sense, and even the words" of the passage which he had cited, "had been previously retailed both by Robertson and Jortin, and the original quoted by Mosheim;" but that he had since "been led to look more particularly into the life of Eligius, as it is published in the 'Spicilegium Dacherii?'" Then, he continues, "he"—that is himself, the Author—"was pleased to discover many excellent precepts and pious exhortations scattered among the strange matter"—so he speaks as a Protestant—"with which it abounds. But at the same time it was with great sorrow and some shame, that he ascertained the *treachery* of his historical conductor," that is, Mosheim. "The expressions cited by Mosheim," he continues, "and cited, too, with a direct reference to the 'Spicilegium,'" in which the Sermon is contained, "were forcibly brought together *by a very unpardonable mutilation* of his authority. They are to be found, indeed, in a Sermon preached by the Bishop, but found in the *society of so many good and Christian maxims*, that it had been charitable entirely to overlook them, as it was certainly unfair to weed them out and heap them together, without notice of the rich harvest that surrounds them."

He then proceeds to quote some of these exhortations of the Saint to which he alludes, and which Mosheim had omitted. For instance:—"Wherefore, my brethren, love your friends *in* God, and love your enemies *for* God, for he who loveth his neighbour hath fulfilled the law. . . . He is a good Christian who believes not in charms or inventions of the devil, but places the whole of his hope in Christ alone; who receives the stranger with joy, as though he were receiving Christ himself, . . . who gives alms to the poor in proportion to his possessions, . . . who has no deceitful balances or deceitful measures, . . . who both lives chastely himself, and teaches his neighbours and his children to live chastely, and in the fear of God. . . . Behold, ye have heard, my brethren, what

sort of people good Christians are . . . to the end that ye be true Christians, always ponder the precepts of Christ in your mind, and also fulfil them in your practice. . . . Keep peace and charity, recal the contentious to concord, avoid lies, tremble at perjury, bear no false witness, commit no theft, . . . observe the Lord's day, . . . do as you would be done by, . . . visit the infirm, . . . seek out those who are in prison." So the holy Bishop proceeds; and *then* he adds, "If you observe *these things*, you may appear boldly at God's tribunal in the day of judgment, and say, Give, Lord, as we have given." Scattered about in the midst of these exhortations, are the few sentences, excellent also, in spite of Dr. Waddington, though they are not the whole of Christianity, which the Protestant writers have actually quoted.

Such is the Sermon upon which Dr Maclaine makes this (as Dr. Robertson thinks) "very proper reflection:" "We see here a large and ample description of the character of a good Christian, in which there is not *the least* mention of the love of God, resignation to His will, obedience to His laws, or justice, benevolence, or charity towards men." But as Mosheim and his followers have their opinion of St. Eligius, so, in turn, has Dr. Waddington his opinion of Mosheim. "The impression," he says, "which" Mosheim, by "stringing together" certain sentences "without any notice of the context, conveys to his readers, is *wholly false;* and the *calumny* thus indirectly cast upon his author is not the less reprehensible, because it falls on one of the obscurest saints in the Roman calendar. If the very essence of history be truth, and if any deliberate violation of that be sinful in the profane annalist, still less can it deserve pardon or mercy in the historian of the Church of Christ."

This, as I have said, took place in 1833: two years later the exposure was repeated, in a brilliant paper inserted by Dr. Maitland in an Ecclesiastical Magazine; the editor, moreover, drawing the especial attention of his readers to his correspondent's remarks.*

However, after all—after surveying the whole course

* I do not add Dr. Lingard, as being a Catholic authority.

of the exposure—I could not help expressing to myself my intense misgivings that the efforts of Dr. Waddington and Dr. Maitland to do justice to the saint would be in vain. I knew enough of the Protestant mind, to be aware how little the falsehood of any one of its traditions is an effectual reason for its relinquishing it; and I find too truly that I was not mistaken in my anticipation. Mumpsimus still reigns. In a new edition of Mosheim's history, published in 1841, the editor, a recent successor of Mr. White in the Oxford lectures, reprints those precious legacies, the text of Mosheim, the "very proper reflection" of Maclaine, and the garbled quotation from St. Eligius, for the benefit of the rising generation of divines, without a word of remark, or anything whatever to show that a falsehood had been recklessly uttered, a falsehood blindly perpetuated, a falsehood luminously exposed.

3.

2. I have given you, my Brothers, a specimen of the Tradition of Literature; now I proceed to the Tradition of Wealth, Respectability, Virtue, and Enlightened Religion; for all these, in a country like ours, are supposed to go together, the Tradition of our merchants, traders, and men of business, and of all who have anything to lose, and are, therefore, conscientiously attached to the Constitution. And I shall select, as the organ of their Tradition, a writer whom they will at once acknowledge to be an unexceptionable representative of their ideas. If there be a periodical of the day which lays claim to knowledge of this globe, and of all that is in it, which is Catholic in its range of subjects, its minute curiosity, and its world-wide correspondence, which has dealings with all the religions of the earth, and ought to have the largeness and liberality of view which such manifold intercourse is calculated to create, it is the "Times" newspaper. No men avow so steady a devotion to the great moral precepts embodied in the Decalogue, as its conductors, or profess so fine a sense of honour and duty, or are so deeply conscious of their own influence on the community, and of the responsibilities

which it involves, or are so alive to the truth of the maxim, that, in the general run of things, honesty is the best policy. What noble, manly, disinterested sentiments do they utter! what upright intention, strong sense, and sturdy resolution, are the staple of their compositions! what indignation do they manifest at the sight of vice or baseness! what detestation of trickery! what solemn resolve to uphold the oppressed! what generous sympathy with innocence calumniated! what rising of heart against tyranny! what gravity of reprobation! how, when Catholic and Protestant are in fierce political antagonism, they can mourn over breaches of charity, in which they protest the while they had no share! with what lively sensibility and withering scorn do they encounter the accusation, made against them by rivals every half-dozen years, of venality or tergiversation! If anywhere is to be found the sternness of those who are severe because they are pure—who may securely cast stones, for none can cast at them—who, like the Cherub in the poem, are "faithful found among the faithless"—you would say that here at length you had found the incorruptible and infallible, the guides in a bad world, who, amid the illusions of reason and the sophistries of passion, see the path of duty on all questions whatever, with a luminousness, a keenness, and a certainty special to themselves. When, then, I would illustrate the value of the Anti-Catholic Tradition, as existing among the money-making classes of the community, I cannot fix upon a more suitable sample than the statements of these accomplished writers. Accordingly I refer to their columns; and towards the end of a leading article, in the course of the last month or six weeks, I find the following sentence:—"It is the practice, as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries, for the clergy to post up a list of *all the crimes* to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the *exact sum* of money for which their perpetration will be indulged."* And what makes this statement the more emphatic, is the circumstance that, within two or three sentences afterwards,—ever mindful, as I have said, of

* June, 1851.

the Tables of the Law,—the writer takes occasion to refer to the divine prohibition, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Such is a specimen of the Tradition, marvellous to say, as it exists among the classes who are well-to-do in the world. You see, they are so clear on the point, that, for all their mercantile sense of the value of character, their disgust at false intelligence, their severity with fraud, and their sensitiveness at libel, they have no hesitation in handing down to the next generation this atrocious imputation, that the Catholic Church proclaims that she is commissioned by the Moral Governor of the world to bestow on her children permission to perpetrate any sin whatever, for which they have a fancy, on condition of their paying her a price in money for that perpetration, in proportion to the heinousness of the offence.

Now this accusation is not only so grave in itself, but, miserable to say, is so industriously circulated, that, before using it for the purpose for which I have introduced it, in order to remove all suspicion against us, I am induced to go out of my way to enunciate, as briefly and as clearly as I can, what the Catholic Church really does teach upon the subject.* The charge in question then rests on a confusion between the *forgiveness of sins* and *admission to Church communion*, two ideas perfectly distinct from each other, both in themselves and in Catholic theology. Every scandalous sin contains in it, as we consider, two separate offences, the offence against God, and the offence against the Church; just as Protestants would allow that murder is at once a sin against God and our neighbour, a sin in the eyes of God, and a crime in the eyes of the law. And, as human society has the arbitrary power of assigning punishments to offences against itself, heavy or light, or of overlooking the offence altogether, or of remitting the penalty when imposed, so has the Church. And as the magistrate often inflicts a fine, under sanction of the law, instead of committing to prison, so

* The subject of indulgences does not enter into the charge as contained in the extract from the "Times;" but I purpose to add a word about it before the end of these Lectures.

does the Church allow of the commutation of her own punishments, which are called censures, into alms to the poor, into offerings for some religious object, or even into the mere paying the expenses of the process, that is, the costs of the suit. And as the connivance or free pardon of the magistrate is no pardon in the sight of Heaven of the adulterer or the burglar, nor is supposed to be such, so neither does the offender receive, nor is he promised, any forgiveness of his sin, either by the Church's taking off the censure (whether in consequence of an almsgiving or otherwise), or by her forbearing, which is the common case, to inflict censure altogether. It is true, the Church has the power of forgiving sins also, which I shall speak of directly; but this is by a different instrument, and by a totally different process, as every Catholic knows.

I repeat, the Catholic who perpetrates any great and public sin offends his Maker and offends his ecclesiastical Society; the injury against his Maker is punished by an *ipso facto* separation from His favour; the injury against his Society, when it is visited at all, is visited by excommunication or other spiritual infliction. The successor of St. Peter has the power committed to him of pardoning both offences, the offence against God and the offence against the Church; he is the ultimate source of all jurisdiction, whether external or internal, but he commonly restores such a sinner to the visible society of Christians, by an act of his own or of the metropolitan or ordinary, and he reconciles him to God by the agency of the priesthood. Repentance is required on the part of the offender for both restorations; but the *sin* is forgiven and its punishment remitted only in one of them,—viz., in the Sacrament of *Penance;* and in this Sacrament, in which is the only real pardon, no money is, or ever can be paid. The Sacrament cannot be bought; such an act would be a horrible crime; you know this, my Brothers, as I know it myself; we witness to each other that such is the received teaching among us. It is utterly false then to assert that it has ever been held in the Catholic Church that "the perpetration of crime could be indulged" for any sum of money. Neither for sins committed, nor sins to come, has money ever been taken as an equivalent,

for one no more than for the other. On the other hand, it is quite true that the injury done to the Church, when it happens to have been visited with a censure (which is not a common case), has certainly sometimes been compensated by the performance of some good work, and in the number of such works, almsdeeds and religious offerings are included. I repeat, the Church as little dreams of forgiving the sinner by removing the censure and readmitting him to public communion, as the magistrate by letting a culprit out of prison.

And in matter of fact, the two acts, the external reconciliation and the inward absolution, are not necessarily connected together. The Church is composed of bad as well as good, according to the Parable, which prophesied that the net should gather of every kind; a man then may be readmitted to visible fellowship on a general profession of repentance, yet when he proceeds to the Sacrament of Penance, may be unable to satisfy the priest that his repentance is sincere, and thus may fail of absolution. Then he would be in a case, alas! so commonly found in the Church, and ever to be found—viz., allowed to attend Mass, to hear sermons, to take part in rites, offices, and processions, and regarded as a Christian, yet debarred from the use of the Sacraments, deprived of Penance and of Holy Eucharist, getting no benefit from Indulgences, meriting nothing for his salvation, but on the contrary being separate from his God, and lying under His wrath, and a dead branch, though he has offered his alms and is visibly connected with the trunk. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable in idea, that the spiritual reconciliation, that is, the forgiveness of sin, might be bestowed without the external or ecclesiastical restoration. Something like this took place, I think, in the case of the Emperor Napoleon, who, up to the time of his death, lay under the censures of the Church, and was excommunicate, yet in his last days expressed a desire to be reconciled to God. To the ecclesiastical society whom he had offended, he was not publicly reconciled; but it is never too late to be saved; he confessed, he received the priest's reconciliation to the Church and to God; and if his repentance was true, he departed with

an absolute certainty of heaven, though he had not received that pontifical restoration to the visible body to which offerings and alms have sometimes been attached.*

However, in spite of the clear and broad distinction I have been laying down, it is the Tradition of Protestantism, immutable and precise, as expressed in the words of its eminent Teacher and Doctor I have quoted, that the Catholic Church professes to forgive sins past and to come, on the payment of a price. So it has come down to us, so it will flow on; and the mighty flood of falsehood is continually fed and kept to the full by fresh and fresh testimonies, separate and independent, till scepticism is overcome and opposition is hopeless. And now I am going to give you an account of one of these original authorities, as they are considered, who has lately presented himself to the world, in the person of a zealous Protestant clergyman, who once visited Belgium, and on occasion of the late outcry about "Popish Aggression" was moved to give his brethren the benefit of his ocular testimony in behalf of one of the most flagrant abuses and abominations of "that corrupt Church."

His account, given at a public meeting, was to the following effect:—That in the year 1835, when on a visit to Brussels, he was led to inspect the door of the Cathedral, St. Gudule's; and that there he saw fastened up a catalogue of sins, with a specification of the prices at which remission of each might severally be obtained. No circumstance, it would appear, called for his giving this information to the world for the long space of sixteen years; and it is a pity, for the Protestant cause, that another sixteen did not pass before circumstances suggested his doing so. Why did he not consign it to some safe volume of controversy, weighty enough for England, too heavy for the Channel, instead of committing it to the wings of the wind and the mercy of reporters? Then tranquilly and leisurely would the solemn tale have ventured out upon platforms and into

* I think I recollect an *absolutio post mortem*, when La Belle Poule was sent out for his remains. I do not forget the passage in the Council, *Pie admodum, ne hac ipsâ occasione quis pereat*, &c. Sess. 14, de Pœn. c. 7. *Vide* Ferrari's Biblioth. v. Absol. art. i. 55–57.

pulpits, when contemporaries were gone, and would have taken its place beside my own Don Felix of Andalusia and similar worthies of Exeter Hall. But the fates willed otherwise; the accessory was to join the main stream at once, and to its surprise to be tumbled violently into its bed. The noise drew attention; curiosity was excited; the windings of the infant rill were prematurely tracked to its source; so we can now put our finger on the first welling of its waters, and we can ascertain the composition of a Protestant tradition.

On the news of this portentous statement getting to Brussels, it excited a commotion which it could not rouse among the Catholics of England. We are familiarised to calumny, and have learned resignation; the good Belgians were surprised and indignant at what they had thought no sane man would have ventured to advance. Forthwith a Declaration was put forth by the persons especially interested in the Cathedral, categorically denying the charge. It is signed by the Dean of Brussels, who is also curé of the Cathedral, by his four assistant clergymen, by the churchwardens, by the judge of the high court of justice, and two other judges, and by others. They observe that they had privately asked the accuser to withdraw his statement, and on his refusal they made the following terse Declaration;—

"The undersigned look upon it as a duty to come forward and protest against the allegations of the" clergyman in question. "They declare, upon their honour, that such a notice as the one spoken of by the said clergyman has never disgraced the entrance, either of the Church of St. Gudule, or of any other church of Brussels, or of the whole country. They further declare, that they have never even suspected for one instant that permission to sin could, for any possible motive, be granted, nor that any one could ever obtain remission of his sins for money. Such a doctrine they repudiate with indignation, as it is, and always has been, repudiated by the whole of the Catholic Church." This Declaration is dated, "Brussels, April 2, 1851."

One thing alone was wanting to complete the refutation of the slander; and that was, to account how its

author was betrayed into so extraordinary a misrepresentation. No one will accuse a respectable person of wilful and deliberate falsehood: did his eyes or his memory deceive him? or did he really see something on the door, which he wrongly translated and interpreted by his prejudices? That the latter is the true explanation of the phenomenon, is probable from a piece of information with which a Brussels journal supplies us. I daresay you know that in cathedrals and large churches abroad chairs are used for worship instead of benches; and they are generally farmed by the beadles or others attached to the church, who let them out to all comers at the price of a small copper coin every time they are used. Now, it so happens that on the right-hand door of the transept of this church of St. Gudule there really is affixed a black board, on which there is a catalogue in the French language of the price to be paid, not for sins, but for the use of these chairs. The inscription translated runs as follows:—"A chair without cushion, one cent (about a farthing); a chair with cushions, two cents. On great festival days; a chair without cushion, two cents; a chair with cushion, four cents." This board, it may be supposed, our anti-Catholic witness mistook for that abominable sin-table, the description of which so deservedly shocked the zealous Protestants of Faversham.

Such is the ultimate resolution, as detected in a particular instance, of that uniform and incontestable Protestant Tradition, that we sell sin for money. The exposure happened in March and April; but Protestantism is infallible, and the judgment of its doctors irreversible; accordingly, in the following June, the newspaper I have mentioned thought it necessary to show that the Tradition was not injured by the blow; so out came the Tradition again, "though brayed in a mortar," not at all the worse for the accident, in that emphatic statement which I quoted when I opened the subject, and which I now quote again that I am closing it. "It is the practice," the writer pronounces *ex cathedrâ*, "*as our readers are aware*, in Roman Catholic countries to post up a list of all the crimes to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the exact sum of money for which the perpetration will be indulged."

4.

3. Two of my instances are dispatched, and now I come to my third. There is something so tiresome in passing abruptly from one subject to another, that I need your indulgence, my Brothers, in making this third beginning; yet it has been difficult to avoid it, when my very object is to show what extensive subject matters and what different classes of the community are acted on by the Protestant Tradition. Now I am proceeding to the Legislature of the Nation, and will give an instance of its operation in a respectable political party.

Its fountain springs up in this case, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all in judging of its quality. Its history is as follows:— Coaches, omnibuses, carriages, and cars, day after day drive up and down the Hagley Road; passengers lounge to and fro on the foot-path; and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundations and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring, it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment. This leads to a good deal of talk, especially when the bricks begin to show above the surface. Meantime the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level; and then, since there is a prejudice among Catholics in favour of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface higher at one end of the building than at the other; in fact that, whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a vault or cellar at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building. Accordingly, he turns his necessity into a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of ground. While he is thus intent on his work, loungers, gossipers, alarmists are busy at theirs too. They go round the building,

they peep into the underground brickwork, and are curious about the drains: * they moralise about Popery and its spread; at length they trespass upon the inclosure, they dive into the half-finished shell, and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea; you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting-box, or a church like a barn. Religious houses, in like manner, have their own idea; they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless, there was much in the very idea of an Oratory perplexing to the Protestant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility. Why should so large a room be here? why so small a room there? why a passage so long and wide? and why so long a wall without a window? the very size of the house needs explanation. Judgments which have employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic hierarchy and its need, found no difficulty in dogmatising on bedrooms and closets. There was much to suggest matter of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject. At length one question flashed upon his mind:

* It is undeniable, though the gentleman who has brought the matter before the public has accidentally omitted to mention it, that the Protestant feeling has also been excited by the breadth of the drain, which is considered excessive, and moreover *crosses the road*. There exists some nervousness on the subject in the neighbourhood, as I have been seriously given to understand. There is a remarkable passage, too, in the scientific report, which our accuser brings forward, and which has never been answered or perhaps construed: "One of the compartments was larger than the rest, and *was evidently to be covered in without the building over it.*" This is not the first time a dwelling of mine has been the object of a mysterious interest. When our cottages at Littlemore were in course of preparation, they were visited on horseback and on foot by many of the most distinguished residents of the University of Oxford. Heads of houses and canons did not scruple to investigate the building within and without, and some of them went so far as to inspect and theorise upon the most retired portions of the premises. Perhaps some thirty years hence, in some "History of my own Times," speculations may be found on the subject, in aid of the Protestant Tradition.

what can such a house have to do with cellars? cellars and monks, what can be their mutual relation? monks —to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and corners, and outhouses, and sheds? A sensation was created; it brought other visitors; it spread; it became an impression, a belief; the truth lay bare; a tradition was born; a fact was elicited which thenceforth had many witnesses. *Those cellars were cells.* How obvious when once stated! and every one who entered the building, every one who passed by, became, I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had happily been unknown to England, for the incarcerations, the torturings, the starvings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment.

Now I am tempted to stop for a while in order to *improve* (as the evangelical pulpits call it) this most memorable discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of—1. THE ACCUSATION; 2. ITS GROUNDS; 3. THE ACCUSERS; and, 4. THE ACCUSED.

First.—THE ACCUSATION.—It is this,—that the Catholics, building the house in question, were in the practice of committing *murder*. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other than we know it to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel. His words were these:—"It was not usual for a coroner to hold an *inquest*, unless where a rumour had got abroad that there was a *necessity* for one; and how was a rumour to come *from the underground cells of the convents?* Yes, he repeated, underground cells: and he would tell them something about such places. At this moment, in the parish of Edgbaston, within the borough of Birmingham, there was a large convent, of some kind or other, being erected, and the whole of the underground was fitted up with cells; *and what were those cells for?*"

Secondly.—THE GROUNDS OF THE ACCUSATION.—They are simple; behold them: 1. That the house is built level; 2. and that the plot of earth on which it is built is higher at one end than at the other.

Thirdly.—THE ACCUSERS.—This, too, throws light

upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance—but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high in position, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name,—such are the men who deliberately, reiteratedly, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices; with beating and imprisoning, with starving, with murdering their dependants.

Fourthly.—The Accused—I feel ashamed, my Brothers, of bringing my own matters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations; but bear with me. *I* then am the accused. A gentleman of blameless character, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room knows me, putting aside my personal friends; he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, with enjoying the shrieks and groans of agony and despair, with presiding at a banquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances. Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it, if he recollected of whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished, for the greater part of our lives, in the bosom of the great schools and universities of Protestant England; we have been the foster sons of the Edwards and Henries, the Wykehams and Wolseys, of whom Englishmen are wont to make much; we have grown up amid hundreds of contemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society which are the very walk of a member of the legislature. Our names are better known to the educated classes of the country than those of any others who are not public men. Moreover, if there be men in the whole world who may be said to live *in publico*, it is the members of a College at one of our Universities; living, not in private houses, not in families,

but in one or two apartments which are open to all the world, at all hours, with nothing, I may say, their own; with college-servants, a common table,—nay, their chairs and their bedding, and their cups and saucers, down to their coal-scuttle and their carpet brooms,—a sort of common property, and the right of their neighbours. Such is that manner of life,—in which nothing, I may say, can be hid; where no trait of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day—such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to my accusers; such is almost the life which we all have led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accessible, I may almost say, at any hour; and this being so, considering the *charge*, and the *evidence*, and the *accuser*, and the *accused*, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and the value of a Protestant Tradition?

I set it down for the benefit of time to come; "though for no other cause," as a great author says, "yet for this: that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be for men's information extant thus much." One commonly forgets such things, from the trouble and inconvenience of having to remember them; let one specimen last, of many which have been suffered to perish, of the birth of an anti-Catholic tradition. The nascent fable has indeed failed, as the tale about the Belgian sin-table has failed, but it might have thriven: it has been lost by bad nursing; it ought to have been cherished awhile in those underground receptacles where first it drew breath, till it could comfortably bear the the light; till its limbs were grown, and its voice was strong, and we on whom it bore had run our course, and gone to our account; and then it might have raised its head without fear and without reproach, and might have magisterially asserted what there was none to deny. But men are all the creatures of circumstances; they are hurried on to a ruin which they may see, but cannot evade: so has it been with the Edgbaston Tradition. It was spoken on the house-tops when it should have

been whispered in closets, and it expired in the effort. Yet it might have been allotted, let us never forget, a happier destiny. It might have smouldered and spread through a portion of our Birmingham population; it might have rested obscurely on their memories, and now and then risen upon their tongues; there might have been flitting notions, misgivings, rumours, voices, that the horrors of the Inquisition were from time to time renewed in our subterranean chambers; and fifty years hence, if some sudden frenzy of the hour roused the anti-Catholic jealousy still lingering in the town, a mob might have swarmed about our innocent dwelling, to rescue certain legs of mutton and pats of butter from imprisonment, and to hold an inquest over a dozen packing-cases, some old hampers, a knife-board, and a range of empty blacking bottles.

Thus I close my third instance of the sort of evidence commonly adducible for the great Protestant Tradition; not the least significant circumstance about them all being this, that, though in the case of all three that evidence is utterly disproved, yet in not one of the three is the charge founded on it withdrawn. In spite of Dr. Waddington, Dr. Maitland, and Mr. Rose, the editors of Mosheim still print and publish his slander on St. Eligius; in defiance of the Brussels protest, and the chair tariff of St. Gudule, the Kent clergyman and the *Times* still bravely maintain our traffic in sins; in violence to the common sense of mankind, the rack and the pulley are still affirmed to be busy in the dungeons of Edgbaston;—for Protestantism must be maintained as the Religion of Englishmen, and part and parcel of the Law of the land.

And now, in conclusion, I will but state my conviction, which I am sure to have confirmed by every intelligent person who takes the trouble to examine the subject, that such slanders as I have instanced are the real foundation on which the anti-Catholic feeling mainly rests in England, and without which it could not long be maintained. Doubtless there are arguments of a different calibre, whatever their worth, which weigh against Catholics with half-a-dozen members of a University,

with the speculative Church-restorer, with the dilettante divine, with the fastidious scholar, and with some others of a higher character of mind; whether St. Justin Martyr said this or that; whether images should be dressed in muslin, or hewn out of stone; what is the result of criticism on passages in the Prophets;—questions such as these, and others of a more serious cast, may be conclusive for or against the Church in the study or in the lecture-room, but they have no influence with the many. As to those charges which do weigh with the people at large, the more they can be examined, the more, I am convinced, will they be found to be untrue. It is by wholesale, retail, systematic, unscrupulous lying, for I can use no gentler term, that the many rivulets are made to flow for the feeding the great Protestant Tradition,—the Tradition of the Court, the Tradition of the Law, the Tradition of the Legislature, the Tradition of the Establishment, the Tradition of Literature, the Tradition of Domestic Circles, the Tradition of the Populace.

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